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North Hastings Review.

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JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 383. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 4, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

In the administration of all Governments since the earliest history of parliaments there has always been two parties contending for the guiding of the State. If we look over the great history of the nation of which we form a part, we can see that each party has alternately held the control of administering the Government, and as long as either party conducts the Administration without recourse to base and corrupt practices in order to hold that power they are entitled to a share of moral support. If not, there is a power independent of political partyism, a moral power that ultimately will prevail against them, and bring them to disgrace. From past history we must draw our conclusions of the future. All who are conversant with the History of England during the reign of James the Second will see how the moral power of the Kingdom prevailed over the tyrannical rule of that sovereign who allowed himself to be ruled by a party of Jesuits.

The order of Jesuits it appears from history were a society independent of the Vatican, Pope Innocent, XI suppressed them from his Dominions as a sect dangerous to Church and State. They found favor in France in the reign of Louis XIV. King James being a mere vessel in the hands of that monarch, the Jesuits found free access at the Court of King James. We find in McCaulay's History of England, 2nd volume, page 42, the first mention of an ultramontain party, a term applied to the Jesuits who formed a cabal round the King of France and held his conscience in their keeping. At the same time the more liberal part of the R. Catholics of Christendom repudiated the high pretentions of the ultramontains and were called Jansects or anti-Jesuits. Pope Innocent II leaned to the latter party, thus the Jesuits became estranged from the Supreme Pontiff. The chief representative of the Jesuits cabal that had access to the Royal ear of James was one Edward Petre, and through their council bore the largest part in the fate of the house of Stuart. Father Petre became a great favorite of King James, he was sworn in as one of his Privy Council and became his chief adviser. James sent an Embassy to Pope Innocent, at great expense of retinue to demand a Cardinel's hat for Petre, but the Pontiff positively declared that the rule which excluded the Jesuits from Ecclesiastical preferments should not be relaxed in favour of Father Petre. His refusal to comply with the demand of James shows plainly that he disapproved of his policy, but notwithstanding the advice of the Pontiff, through his Nuncio, to pursue a more liberal policy towards his protestant subjects, and many of the Roman Catholic nobility remonstrated with him to change his suicidal policy, but to all their advice James turned a deaf ear. Had he taken the advice of the Jesuits of England he might have lived and died a great King, but he preferred the council of Father Petre, and his Jesuitical cabal. Through their advice he jeremandered the constitutencies of England, withdrew the charter of the city of London, re-organized the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford by dismissing all the principals and filling the vacancies with Jesuits, the same course he perused the Army and Navy, and through their council he sent to the Tower the seven Anglican Bishops. While this high-handed policy pursued King James and his Jesuit council the moral power of the Nation was gaining strength, the Anglican Church and all other protestant dissenters who had been politically opposed to each other began to loose its force, the antagonism that had existed between them began to dissolve, they saw they were all embarked in the same boat, and they must either unite or submit to a Jesuit Government and become a province of France. Thus the moral power of the nation prevailed to unite all the liberal parties in England, to unite in an effort to save the nation and their religion. This was accomplished by an invitation to William, Prince of Orange, and his Royal Consort, to come and rescue the Kingdom from the tyrannical government of King James, and the Jesuit cabal that ruled him. That eminent statesman complied with their invitation, came to England, and by his wise and judicious policy conciliated all parties, and laid the foundation of England's present greatness. And now let us cast our eyes over this land of oars and say do not scenes that transpired in England in 1686 cast their shadows over the Dominion of Canada, are we not drifting into the same position that the people of England was during the reign of James the Second. Is not our Government composed of the same element that caused the downfall of the Stuart Dynasty? Is it not evident to every intelligent man in the Dominion, who is not a slave to his party, that the ultramontian party of Quebec rules our Federal Government, they hold the existence of any future Ministry at their finger ends. All future Cabinets must succumb to the views and caprices of the ultramontian party, or their term of office will be short. Through their advice the late Governor of Quebec was dismissed from office, a precedent unknown in the history of Colonial Governments. They have prevented the Ratification of the Award of three of as able men as could be found fixing the Boundaries of Ontario. Through their advice the constitutencies of Ontario were gerrymandered, and other acts intended to weaken the Province. Is it not time that the antagonism that has existed between the two political parties should cease to control their better judgment, and all unite their moral powers in an effort to secure the rights and privileges of Ontario, and the future good government of the Dominion. Therefore I would recommend a close application to the study of the politics of our country, we must not confine ourselves to the publications of one party more than the other, neither party will publish any of their acts that will tend to injure their popularity with the people, therefore it is our duty to examine both and draw our conclusions of the truth of events as they transpire.

A CITIZEN.

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Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

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Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

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A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

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Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

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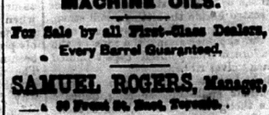

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A MORAL EXIGENCY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

At five o'clock, Eunice Fairweather went up-stairs to dress herself for the sociable and Christmas tree to be given at the parsonage that night in honor of Christmas-eve. She had been very busy all day making preparations for it. She was the minister's daughter, and had, of a necessity, to take an active part in such affairs.

She took it as usual loyally and energetically, but there had always been seasons from her childhood—and she was twenty-five now—when the social duties to which she had been born seemed a weariness and a bore to her. They had seemed so to-day. She had patiently and faithfully sewed up little lace bags with divers colored worsteds, and stuffed them with candy. She had strung pop-corn, and marked the parcels which had been pouring in since daybreak from all quarters. She had taken her prominent part among the corps of indefatigable women always present to assist on such occasions, and kept up her end of the line as minister's daughter bravely. Now, however, the last of the zealous, chattering women she had been working with had bustled home, with a pleasant importance in every hitch of her shawled shoulders, and would not bustle back again until half-past six or so; and the tree, fully bedecked, stood in unconscious impressiveness in the parsonage parlor.

Eunice had come up-stairs with the resolution to dress herself directly for the festive occasion, and to hasten down again to be in readiness for new exigencies. Her mother was delicate, and had kept her room all day in order to prepare herself for the evening, her father was inefficient at such times, there was no servant, and the brunt of everything came on her.

But her resolution gave way; she wrapped herself in an old plaid shawl and lay down on her bed to rest a few minutes. She did not close her eyes, but lay studying idly the familiar details of the room. It was small, and one side ran in under the eaves; for the parsonage was a cottage. There was one window, with a white cotton curtain trimmed with tasselled fringe, and looped up on an old porcelain knob with a picture painted on it. That knob, with its tiny bright landscape, had been one of the pretty wonders of Eunice's childhood. She looked at it even now with interest, and the marvel and the beauty of it had not wholly departed for her eyes. The walls of the little room had a scraggly-patterned paper on them. The first lustre of it had departed, for that too was one of the associates of Eunice's childhood, but in certain lights there was a satin sheen and a blue line visible. Blur roses on a satin ground had been the original pattern. It had never been pretty, but Eunice had always had faith in it. There was an ancient straw matting on the floor, a home-made braided rug before the cottage bedstead, and one before the stained pine bureau. There were a few poor attempts at adornment on the walls; a splint letter case, a motto worked in worsteds, a gay print of an eminently proper little girl holding a faithful little dog.

This last, in its brilliant crudeness, was not a work of art, but Eunice believed in it. She was a conservative creature. Even after her year at the seminary, for which money had been scraped together five years ago, she had the same admiring trust in all the revelations of her childhood. Her home, on her return to it, looked as fair to her as it had always done; no old ugliness which familiarity had ceased to pass unnoticed before gave her a shock of surprise.

She lay quietly, her shawl shrugged up over her face, so only her steady light brown eyes were visible. The room was drearily cold. She never had a fire; one in a sleeping-room would have been sinful luxury in the poor minister's family. Even her mother's was only warmed from the sitting-room.

In sunny weather Eunice's room was cheerful, and in look, if not actually its atmosphere, would warm one a little, for the windows faced south-west. But to-day all the light had come through low gray clouds, for it had been threatening snow ever since morning, and the room had been dismal.

A comfortless dusk was fast spreading over everything now. Eunice rose at length, thinking that she must either dress herself speedily, or go down-stairs for a candle.

She was a tall, heavily built girl, with large, well-formed feet and hands. She had a full face, and a thick, colorless skin. Her features were coarse, but their combination affected one pleasantly. It was a staunch, honest face, with a suggestion of obstinacy in it.

She looked unhappily at herself in her little square glass, as she brushed out her hair, and arranged it in a smooth twist at the top of her head. It was not becoming, but it was the way she had always done it. She did not admire the effect herself when the coiffure was complete, neither did she survey her appearance complacently when she had gotten into her best brown cashmere dress, with its ruffle of starched lace in the neck. But it did not occur to her that any change could be made for the better. It was her best dress, and it was the way she did up her hair. She did not like either, but the simple fasts of them ended the matter for her.

After the same fashion she regarded her own lot in life, with a sort of resigned disapproval.

On account of her mother's ill health, she had been incumbered for the last five years with the numberless social duties to which the wife of a poor country minister is liable. She had been active in Sunday-school picnics and church sociables, in mission bands and neighborhood prayer-meetings. She was a church member, and a good girl, but the rôle did not suit her. Still she accepted it as inevitable, and would no more have thought of evading it than she would have thought of evading life altogether. There was about her an almost stubborn steadfastness of onward movement that would forever keep her in the same rut, no matter how disagreeable it might be, unless some influence outside of herself might move her.

When she went down-stairs she found her mother seated beside the sitting-room stove, also arrayed in her best—a shiny black silk, long in the shoulder seams, the tops of the sleeves adorned with pointed caps trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

She looked up at Eunice as she entered, a complacent smile on her long, delicate face; she thought her homely, honest-looking daughter charming in her best gown.

A murmur of men's voices came from the next room, whose door was closed.

"Father's got Mr. Wilson in there," explained Mrs. Fairweather, in response to Eunice's inquiring glance. "He came just after you went up-stairs. They've been talking very busily about something. Perhaps Mr. Wilson wants to exchange."

Just at that moment the study door opened and the two men came out, Eunice's father, tall and round-shouldered, with grayish sandy hair and beard, politely allowing his guest to precede him. There was a little resemblance between the two, though there was no relationship. Mr. Wilson was a younger man by ten years; he was shorter and slighter; but he had similarly sandy hair and beard, though they were not quite so gray, and something the same cast of countenance. He was settled over a neighboring parish; he was a widower with four young children; his wife had died a year before.

He had spoken to Mrs. Fairweather on his first entrance, so he stepped directly toward Eunice with extended hand. His ministerial affability was slightly dashed with embarrassement, and his thin cheeks were crimson around the roots of his sandy beard.

Eunice shook the proffered hand with calm courtesy, and inquired after his children. She had not a thought that his embarrassment betokened anything, if indeed she observed it at all.

Her father stood by with an air of awkward readiness to proceed to action, waiting until the two should cease the interchanging of courtesies.

When the expected pause came he himself placed a chair for Mr. Wilson. "Sit down, Brother Wilson," he said, nervously, "and I will consult with my daughter concerning the matter we were speaking of. Eunice, I would like to speak a moment with you in the study."

"Certainly, sir," said Eunice. She looked surprised, but she followed him at once into the study. "Tell me as quickly as you can what it is, father," she said, "for it is nearly time for people to begin coming, and I shall have to attend to them."

She had not seated herself, but stood leaning carelessly against the study wall, questioning her father with her steady eyes.

He stood in his awkward height before her. He was plainly trembling. "Eunice," he said, in a shaking voice, "Mr. Wilson came—to say—he would like to marry you, my dear daughter."

He cleared his throat to hide his embarrassment. He felt a terrible constraint in speaking to Eunice of such matters; he looked shamefaced and distressed.

Eunice eyed him steadily. She did not change color in the least. "I think I would rather remain as I am, father," she said quietly.

Her father roused himself then. "My dear daughter," he said, with restrained eagerness, "don't decide this matter too hastily, without giving it all the consideration it deserves. Mr. Wilson is a good man; he would make you a worthy husband; and he needs a wife sadly. Think what a wide field of action would be before you with those four little motherless children to love and care for! You would have a wonderful opportunity to do good."

"I don't think," said Eunice, bluntly, "that I should care for that sort of an opportunity."

"Then," her father went on, "you will forgive me if I speak plainly, my dear. You—are getting older; you have not had any other visitors. You would be well provided for in this way—"

"Exceedingly well," replied Eunice, slowly. "There would be six hundred a year and a leaky parsonage for a man and woman and four children, and—nobody knows how many more." She was almost coarse in her slow indignation, and did not blush at it.

"The Lord would provide for His servants."

"I don't know whether He would or not. I don't think He would be under any obligation to if His servant deliberately incumbered himself with more of a family than he had brains to support."

Her father looked so distressed that Eunice's heart smote her for her forcible words. "You don't want to get rid of me, surely, father," she said, in a changed tone.

Mr. Fairweather's lips moved uncertainly as he answered: "No, my dear daughter; don't ever let such a thought enter your head. I only—Mr. Wilson is a good man, and a woman is best off married, and your mother and I are old. I have never laid up anything. Sometimes— Maybe I don't trust the Lord enough, but I have felt anxious about you, if anything happened to me." Tears were standing in his light blue eyes, which had never been so steady and keen as his daughter's.

There came a loud peal of the door-bell. Eunice started. "There! I must go," she said. "We'll talk about this another time. Don't worry about it, father dear."

"But, Eunice, what shall I say to him?"

"Must something be said to-night?"

"It would hardly be treating him fairly otherwise."

Eunice looked hesitatingly at her father's worn, anxious face. "Tell him," she said at length, "that I will give him his answer in a week."

Her father looked gratified. "We will take it to the Lord, my dear."

Eunice's lip curled curiously; but she said, "Yes, sir," dutifully, and hastened from the room to answer the door-bell.

The fresh bevies that were constantly arriving after that engaged her whole attention. She could do no more than give a hurried "Good-evening" to Mr. Wilson when he came to take leave, after a second short conference with her father in the study. He looked deprecatingly hopeful.

The poor man was really in a sad case. Six years ago, when he married, he had been romantic. He would never be again. He was not thirsting for love and companionship with a kindred spirit now, but for a good, capable woman who would take care of his four clamorous children without a salary.

He returned to his shabby, dirty parsonage that night, with, it seemed to him, quite a reasonable hope that his affairs might soon be changed for the better. Of course he would have preferred that the lady should have said yes directly; it would both have assured him, and shortened the time to when his burdens should be lightened; but he could hardly have expected that, when his proposal was so sudden, and there had been no preliminary attention on his part. The week's probation, therefore, did not daunt him much. He did not really see why Eunice should refuse him. She was plain, was getting older; it probably was her first, and very likely her last, chance of marriage. He was a clergyman in good standing, and she would not lower her social position. He felt sure that he was now about to be relieved from the unpleasant predicament in which he had been ever since his wife's death, and from which he had been forced to make no effort to escape, for decency's sake, for a full year. The year, in fact, had been up five days ago. He actually took credit to himself for remaining quiescent during those five days. It was rather shocking, but there was a good deal to be said for him. No wife, and four small children, six hundred dollars a year, moderate brain, and an active conscience, are a hard combination of circumstances for any man.

He returned thanks, however, to-night to the Lord for His countless blessings with pious fervor, which would have been lessened had he known of the state of Eunice's mind just at that moment.

The merry company had all departed, the tree stood dismantled in the parlor, and she was preparing for bed, with her head full, not of him, but another man.

Standing before her glass combing out her rather scanty, lustreless hair, her fancy pictured to her, beside her own homely, sober face, another, a man's, blonde and handsome, with a gentle, almost womanish smile on the full red lips, and a dangerous softness in the blue eyes. Could a third person have seen the double picture as she did, he would have been struck with a sense of the incongruity, almost absurdity, of it. Eunice herself, with her hard, uncompromising common-sense, took the attitude of a third person in regard to it, and blew her light out at length, and shut it out, with a bitter amusement in her heart at her own folly.

There had been present that evening a young man who was comparatively a recent acquisition to the village society. He had been in town about three months. His father, two years before, had purchased one of the largest farms in the vicinity, moving there from an adjoining State. This son had been absent at the time; he was reported to be running a cattle ranch in one of those distant Territories which seem almost fabulous to New Englanders. Since he had come home he had been the cynosure of the village. He was thirty and a little over, but he was singularly boyish in his ways, and took part in all the town frolics with gusto. He was popularly supposed to be engaged to Ada Harris, Squire Harris's daughter, as she was often called. Her father was the prominent man of the village, lived in the best house, and had the loudest voice in public matters. He was a lawyer, with rather more pomposity than ability, perhaps, but there had always been money and influence in the Harris family, and these warded off all criticism.

The daughter was a pretty blonde of average attainments, but with keen wits and strong passions. She had not been present at the Christmas tree, and her lover, either on that account, or really from some sudden fancy he had taken to Eunice, had been at her elbow the whole evening. He had a fashion of making his attentions marked: he did on that occasion. He made a pretense of assisting her, but it was only a pretense, and she knew it, though she thought it marvellous. She had met him, but had not exchanged two words with him before. She had seen him with Ada Harris, and he had seemed almost as much out of her life as a lover in a book. Young men of his kind were unknown quantities heretofore to this steady, homely young woman. They seemed to belong to other girls.

So his devotion to her through the evening, and his asking permission to call when he took leave, seemed to her well-nigh incredible. Her head was not turned, in the usual acceptation of the term—it was not an easy head to turn—but it was full of Burr Mason, and every thought, no matter how wide a starting-point it had, lost itself at last in the thought of him.

Mr. Wilson's proposal weighed upon her terribly through the next week. Her father seemed bent upon her accepting it; so did her mother, who sighed in secret over the prospect of her daughter's remaining unmarried. Either through unworldliness, or their conviction of the desirability of the marriage in itself, the meagreness of the financial outlook did not seem to influence them in the least.

Eunice did not once think of Burr Mason as any reason for her reluctance, but when the day but one before her week of probation was up he called, and when, the next day, he took her to drive, she decided on a refusal of the minister's proposal easily enough. She had wavered a little before.

So Mr. Wilson was left to decide upon some other worthy reliable woman as a subject for his addresses, and Eunice kept on with her new lover.

How this sober, conscientious girl could reconcile to herself the course she was now taking was a question. It was probable she did not make the effort; she was so sensible that she would have known its futility and hypocrisy beforehand.

She knew her lover had been engaged to Ada Harris; that she was encouraging him in cruel and dishonourable treatment of another woman; but she kept steadily on. People even came to her and told her that the jilted girl was breaking her heart. She listened, her homely face set in an immovable calm. She listened quietly to her parents' remonstrance, and kept on.

There was an odd quality in Burr Mason's character. He was terribly vacillating, but he knew it. Once he said Eunice, with the careless freedom that would have been almost insolence in another man: "Don't let me see Ada Harris much, I warn you, dear. I mean to be true to you, but she has such a pretty face, and I meant to be true to her, but you have—I don't know just what, but something she has not."

Eunice knew the truth of what he said perfectly. The incomprehensibleness of it all to her, who was so sensible of her own disadvantages, was the fascination she had for such a man.

A few days after Burr Mason had made that remark, Ada Harris came to see her. When Eunice went into the sitting-room to greet her, she kept her quiet, unmoved face, but the change in the girl before her was terrible. It was not wasting of flesh or pallor that it consisted in, but something worse. Her red lips were set so hard that the soft curves in them were lost, her cheeks burned feverishly, her blue eyes had a fierce light in them, and most pitiful thing of all for another woman to see, she had not crimped her pretty blonde hair, but wore it combed straight back from her throbbing forehead.

When Eunice entered, she waited for no preliminary courtesies, but sprang forward and caught hold of her hand with a strong nervous grasp, and stood so, her pretty, desperate face confronting Eunice's calm, plain one.

"Eunice!" she cried, "Eunice! why did you take him away from me? Eunice! Eunice!" Then she broke into a low wail, without any tears.

Eunice released her hand, and seated herself.

"You had better take a chair, Ada," she said, in her slow, even tones. "When you say *him*, you mean Burr Mason, I suppose."

"You know I do. Oh, Eunice, how could you? how could you? I thought you were so good!"

"You ask me why *I* do this and that, but don't you think he had anything to do with it himself?"

Ada stood before her, clinching her little white hands. "Eunice Fairweather, you know Burr Mason, and I know Burr Mason. You know that if you gave him up and refused to see him, he would come back to me. You knew it."

"Yes, I know it."

"You know it; you sit there and say you know it, and yet you do this cruel thing—you, a minister's daughter. You understood from the first how it was. You knew he was mine, that you had no right to him. You knew if you shunned him ever so little, that he would come back to me. And yet you let him come and make love to you. You knew it. There is no excuse for you: you knew it. It is no better for him. You have encouraged him in being false. You have dragged him down. You are a plainer girl than I, and a soberer one, but you are no better. You will not make him a better wife. You cannot make him a good wife after this. It is all for yourself—yourself!"

Eunice sat still.

Then Ada flung herself on her knees at her side, and pleaded, as for her life. "Eunice, oh, Eunice, give him to me. It is killing me. Eunice, dear Eunice, say that you will."

As Eunice sat looking at the poor dishevelled golden head bowed over her lap, a recollection flashed across her mind oddly enough, of a certain recess at the village school they two had attended years ago, when she was among the older girls, and Ada a child to her; how she had played she was her little girl and held her in her lap, and that golden head had nestled on her bosom.

"Eunice, oh, Eunice, he loved me first. You had better have stolen away my own heart. It would not have been so wicked or so cruel. How could you? Oh, Eunice, give him back to me. Eunice, *won't you?*"

"No."

Ada rose, staggering, without another word. She moaned a little to herself as she crossed the room to the door. Eunice accompanied her to the outer door, and said good-by. Ada did not return it. Eunice saw her steady herself by catching hold of the gate as she passed through.

Then she went slowly up stairs to her own room, wrapped herself in a shawl, and lay down on her bed, as she had that Christmas eve. She was very pale, and there was a strange look, almost of horror, on her face. She stared, as she lay there, at all the familiar objects in the room, but the most common and insignificant of them had a strange and awful look to her. Yet the change was in herself, not in them. The shadow that was over her own soul overshadowed them and perverted her vision. But she felt also almost a fear of all those inanimate objects she was gazing at. They were so many reminders of a better state with her, for she had gazed at them all in her unconscious childhood. She was sickened with horror at their dumb accusations. There was the little glass she had looked at before she had stolen another woman's dearest wealth away from her, the chair she had sat in, the bed she had lain in.

At last Eunice Fairweather's strong will broke down before the accusations of her own conscience, which were so potent as to take upon themselves material shapes.

Ada Harris, in her pretty chamber, lying worn out on her bed, her face buried in the pillow, started at a touch on her shoulder. Some one had stolen into the room unannounced—not her mother, for she was waiting outside. Ada turned her head, and saw Eunice. She struck at her wildly with her slender hands. "Go away!" she screamed.

"Ada!"

"Go away!"

"Burr Mason is down-stairs, I came with him to call on you."

Ada sat upright, staring at her, her hand still uplifted.

"I am going to break my engagement with him."

"Oh, Eunice! Eunice! you blessed—"

Eunice drew the golden head down on her bosom, just as she had on that old school-day.

"Love me all you can, Ada," she said. "I want—something."

Keep up Your Spirits.

Don't get down in the mouth, man! Don't lose your faith in men and thing just because for a time you have seemed to lose your hold. All broken up it may be you are, and insurance seems to be the best way toward bread-getting and paying the expenses of that little family that are now housed in a flat; but don't you show the white feather. Stick! Up, and at 'em again! The long road must turn, you know. You have been at it quite a good while, and somehow you fail to get your work in, they don't sign applications yet, and you are blue. But keep at it! Pluck and patience must win the day. Then just screw your courage up to the sticking-place, and peg away; and keep on pegging away and on, and on, and on; for there is no good in halting for an instant. It's all nonsense about you not being suited to the business. What you lack is just a little tact, most likely, and that will come to you soon. You have legs and brains, and therefore you can get around and do life insurance business. Having a hard time of it, you say? Yes, but how much harder time would that little woman have without you? Think of it. It will help put you in sympathy with your work; help you build a wall of protection around some other home, to shield when the worker and bread-getter has gone farther along and out of sight on life's road. Don't get blue; but if you must, don't look blue. That will be death to you. Fight against odds with a smiling face, and don't slack, but keep fighting. You will awake some sunshiny morning to find you have conquered.

"Mary," said Mrs. Sharply to her maid, "you really must put some sort of a dish out on the step to hold the ice, so there won't be a puddle of water left there every morning." "What dish shall I use, mum?" "Anything would do. Suppose you use a tea cup."

Some Definitions.

Wages.—Sweet oil for human machinery.

Poverty.—Death in life.

Patronage.—A big boy helping a little boy to raise his kite.

Law.—A trap baited with promise of profit or revenge.

Debt.—The example set by Government to its people.

Prison.—An oven in which society puts newly made crime to harness.

Taxes.—Periodical bleeding, as prescribed by Government.

Congress.—Men assembled to prevent each other from doing anything.

Experience.—Life's daybook.

Soldier.—A target set up by one nation for another to shoot at.

Revenge.—The only debt it is wrong to pay.

Dinner.—The breakfast of the poor and the supper of the rich.

Luxury.—The labor of the wealthy.

Pawnbroker.—The man who holds your coat while you fight.

Miser.—One who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.

Tobacco.—One whose life is consumed in establishing its character.

Time.—To the aged an atom; the young a world.

Poetry.—Thought in blossom.

Ireland.—The Actæon of nations, torn to pieces by its own dogs.

Bachelor.—A wild goose that tame geese envy.

Family.—Matrimony doing penance.

Marriage.—The only lottery not put down.

Child.—The future in the present.

Coat.—The scabbard that offers no guarantee for the blade it sheathes.

Theatre.—Nature in the "House of Correction."

Ink.—The Black Sea on which Thought rides at anchor.

TRACKING HIS MOTHER'S MURDERER.

A Young Polander's Faithful Watch and Prospective Revenge.

Fourteen years ago Joseph Comoski, Sr., died in Poland, leaving a snug estate and Joseph Comoski, Jr., his sister, and the two children's mother. The hours of mourning had scarcely passed when Michael Shamollo turned his eyes upon Miss Comoski. He wooed and won. To possess the estate now became his unholy ambition. The widow stood in the way of the successful accomplishment of his foul object. He meditated and finally determined to resort to foul means for the removal of his obstacle.

One morning the little Polish village was excited as it had never been before. Some one during the hour of sleep had foully murdered Widow Comoski. Suspicion at once attached itself to the son-in-law. Pursued by the law and a guilty conscience, he fled from the land of his birth, crossed the ocean and found employment in the mines of Pennsylvania. Here he considered himself secure.

Joseph Comoski, Jr., though but a boy of 14 years, swore solemnly to avenge his mother's death, even should the murderer seek the most distant spot on earth. In pursuance of this resolve he bade a tender adieu to his betrayed sister and sailed for America. Fortune favored the brave youth and after a time he discovered his mother's murderer in Pottsville. He at once made known his discovery to the Polish Consul at New York and acquainted him with all the facts in the case. The sympathy of the official was enlisted in the boy's behalf and he promised his assistance. The boy kept a watch over the murderer's doings, tracing him from town to town. Finally the fugitive was apprehended while engaged in the commission of a robbery and sent to the Philadelphia penitentiary for a term of three years. The consul, in the meantime, had written to Poland and learned of the correctness of the boy's story. He then secured the extradition papers, and the boy came to Mount Carmel, where so many of his countrymen reside, to work while the three years were passing. He found employment at the Pennsylvania colliery as an ash-wheeler. By his industrious habits he gained the good will of his bosses, and was finally promoted foreman, a position which he now satisfactorily fills.

The young man is scrupulously careful in saving his earnings, and it was a knowledge of this, followed by an inquiry from an official, that led to a recital of the above facts. The young man has succeeded in keeping his secret from his countrymen, and this account will probably be to them startling. He has collected a snug little sum by his economical habits, and, with fire in his eye, one day this week remarked to our informant that upon the completion of the murderer's term of imprisonment the extradition papers would meet him in the face and the villain should swing from the Polish gallows if it took every cent he earned at the Pennsylvania colliery.—Mount Carmel *News*.

True Appreciation.

The observation of a great writer on having half a dozen bottles of brandy sent him by an anonymous admirer is well known. "This," he said with complacency, "is true fame." For my part, as is only in accordance with the rules of proportion, I have had to be content with much inferior liquor—mere ginger beer, a drink which is effervescent no doubt, but while it lasts is refreshing enough. I once lost a Persian cat, which (I had almost written "who,") was very dear to me, and went to a suburban police office for professional advice as to hand-bills and rewards. "What is your name, Sir?" inquired the intelligent Inspector. (It is cynically observed that Inspectors are always called in the newspapers "intelligent;" but this one, as will be seen, fully deserved the title.) As my business was a lawful one, I of course gave him no alias. "James Payn?" he echoed. "Are you the story teller?" I modestly murmured that I was. "Then I tell you what," he said, in a tone in which generosity and gratitude were finely blended, "you are out of my district, but I'll take the case." And he took it. That was my brandy. I have also had sums of money borrowed of me at various times by admirers of my genius—but that has given me less satisfaction.—*James Payn, in the Cornhill Magazine.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Brewing Beer in Europe—The Cholera Scare in Spain—Irish Ladies as Cricketers—Proposed Canal Across Ireland, &c., &c.

A new sculpture room in the British museum will soon be opened to the public. In this gallery have been arranged the remains of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected by Artemesia, about 350 B. C., over the remains of her husband, Mausolus.

The *Moniteur des Arts* says that "Les Artistes Saponais" are now collecting in Tokio the material for special exhibition in Paris. A society has been formed in Japan, under the presidency of a member of the imperial family, for the protection and revival of Japanese art.

The Ottoman porte has taken in hand the preservation of ancient monuments. They are not to be disturbed, to be used as building materials, or worked up as lime. A useful provision forbids the erection of a lime-kiln within some miles of such remains.

At Bellona, on the northern frontier of Turkey, the administrator of the forest office of Baron Birsch was recently attacked by Turkish brigands while returning from a journey, and was carried off into the country. Ransom in the sum of 1,000 Turkish pounds is demanded.

Near Gastein, in Austria, there is a small watering place called Zelt-on-the-lake, in which, during the past year, not a single arrest was made. The night watchman is the last and only representative of the police force, and him the common council has unanimously resolved to pension.

There recently arrived at one of the hotels in Paris a young woman named Pauline A——, who paid a week's rent in advance and two days afterward was found hanging behind the door in her room. Life was extinct. In her dress was found a pocket-book containing 50,000 francs in bank notes.

A bronze medal and certificate have just been awarded in England to a lad named Mitchell, only 13 years of age, who at Southampton saved from drowning a boy aged 5. The boy fell into the river Test while playing on its bank, and Mitchell, who was passing, took off his clothes, jumped, in and saved him.

The French Northern Railway company has begun experiments on the motive power generated by electricity at the Chapelle station. The company has established an electric lift, with two Siemens eletro-magnetic machines, one for elevating the weight and the other for moving the machinery along side the railway.

At the Louvre, in Paris, is once more to be seen in its former place the Venus de Milo. The statue stands on a new plinth, and the plaster which hid many of the details of the figure has been carefully removed, while the fragments of two arms, and the small Hermes discovered in the same place with the statue having been placed at its side.

The new English judge, Mr. Justice Wills, is a well-known mountaineer, and possesses in Switzerland the reputation owned by very few, even of the best climbers, of being able to ascend any mountain without the assistance of a guide. His books, "Wanderings Among the High Alps," and "The Eagle's Nest," are widely read and circulated.

Two Frenchmen, the brothers Forre, have invented a new kind of harp, made entirely of wood. Instead of strings the inventors use strong strips of American fir. The sound is produced as in the ordinary harp, by the contact of the fingers, but the player wears leather gloves covered with rosin. The tone of the instrument is said to be of remarkable purity.

MM. Strauss and Roux, two of the students attached to the laboratory of M. Pasteur, have returned from Toulon, where they had been carrying out a series of anatomical researches complementary to those made by them at Alexandria. They are preparing a paper to read shortly before the Academy of Medicine on the anatomopathological view of the disease raging at Toulon.

The civil courts of Bengal, after paying their own expenses, yield a profit of more than 75 lakhs rupees. Out of this profit is paid the cost of most of the criminal courts, law offices, jails, and the penal settlement of the Andamans, after which the net profit amounts to about 12 lakhs of rupees. The fairness of compelling civil suitors to pay for the administration of criminal justice is questioned.

Next year, says the London *World*, we shall have the Indian exhibition; and, as a daughter of the ex-king of Punjaub is already being utilised as an attraction, there is no reason why Rummun Loll should not persuade a few ranees of the easier order to supply a fillip to the jaded appetite for aristocratic shop-girls which a succession of Shaksperean shows, medieval streets, and Elizabethan booths have done much to deaden.

At a public garden near Stuttgart, a few weeks ago, several young Frenchmen expressed pleasure at the insult which had been offered in Paris to the German flag. An elderly German who overheard the conversation, remonstrated with the young men for the unseemliness of such conversation in that place. Angry words followed which soon led to blows, one of which was inflicted with a cane on the old man's head. He died from the injury.

Irish ladies must be very good cricketers or Irish gentlemen must play very much below themselves when competing with a sex which in the matter of catching cricket-balls, is certainly the other. During the recent Donegal assizes eleven ladies challenged eleven gentlemen to a cricket match. The ladies were to have bats, the gentlemen were to play with broomsticks. Now the broomstick of cricket is, or used to be, no ordinary handle of a broom. It is, or was, a round club, not much lighter than a bat, and with a handle pleasantly fined down, so as to be easy to grasp. With this kind of a broomstick a strong defense was not easy to display, but you could hit as far, or even further, than you could with a bat. Armed with these, then, the gentlemen should have beaten the ladies, whose bowling can not have been like that of Messrs. Spofforth and Palmer. But the ladies won a keenly-contested affair by one wicket, in spite of the great innings of Mr. Richardson, an Irish Q. C., who scored 93 off his own broomstick. Perhaps these Irish ladies will next play eleven ladies of Australia.

The alarm caused by the appearance of cholera in the south of France has been intensified in the Spanish capital by the dangers arising from the condition of the cemeteries in that city. After the French occupation of Madrid at the beginning of the century two cemeteries were opened, one to the north and the other to the south of the city, but the coffins, instead of being buried in the earth, were placed inside walls built for the purpose of receiving them. In 1831 religious associations called Sacramentales were formed for opening fresh cemeteries, where the coffins were also placed in walls above ground, and these cemeteries are now nine in number, exclusive of one reserved entirely for Protestants. Many of these cemeteries which, when first opened, were isolated from all buildings, are now surrounded by dwelling-houses, and for some time past the municipality has been anxious to open a large necropolis at some distance from the city. The ecclesiastical authorities, however, which derive large profits from the existing cemeteries, have opposed the scheme in a most uncompromising manner, and though the decree for closing the latter was signed a year ago by the king, it has not yet been put in force.

The Art of Not Being Understood.

The importance of the art of being able to express one's self, either in conversation or in writing, with conciseness, force and accuracy cannot be over-estimated. Yet, if one may judge from the talk of his neighbors in a railway car, and from the columns of the average newspaper, there is no branch of learning that, considering its importance, is so neglected. If he has plenty of time at his disposal since everyone can make himself understood, but too often the number of words used is out of all proportion to the idea. The peculiarly nervous temperament, and the limited vocabulary of most Americans lead them to express themselves in a vague, verbose fashion. They are too long in getting at the pith of what they are talking about; and when they reach this point their inability to remember the two or three words, that would put their thoughts in a compact, intelligible form, compels them to use ten, where one, were it the right one, would have been sufficient. Not infrequently this vagueness is a cloak assumed for the moment to cover imperfect information or ill-defined ideas regarding the subject that is being discussed.

This false pride which shows itself in a desire to seem to know something about that of which one knows little or nothing, is the cause of much loose, meaningless talk which may serve its purpose temporarily, but which more often leaves a listener in such a state of uncertainty that he is as likely as not to attribute his doubts to his own dullness. Honesty, simplicity and exactness are not qualities that are conspicious in the conversation of an ordinary American, or even in that of a man of liberal education. The temptation to extravagance and insincerity, which strictly speaking, are forms of dishonesty, is great, especially if one wishes to create the impression that he is unusually clever; and simplicity and exactness of statement, being oftentimes unattainable, give way to circumlocution and generalities. The result is that one gives at best only imperfect expression to his ideas.

Imitation Pearls.

"You would hardly think," said a dealer in fancy goods, holding up a string of glass beads as big as a cherry, made in imitation of pearls, "that to get the pearl tint on each one of those little globes the lives of at least fifteen beautiful fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But they do, though, and although they are made in Venice and that string represents a catch of nearly 500 fish and the exhaustion of a good many cubic inches of glassblower's breath, I can sell it to you for a quarter and make a fair profit.

"They've been turning out beads like these in Venice ever since 1656. There is a fish in the Adriatic they call the bleak fish, but why bleak I can't say. There is nothing bleak about its appearance. It is a graceful fish, with a glittering armor of silver scales. They are more prolific and swarm in larger schools than herring. One day in 1656 a resident of Venice, Salvator Jacquin by name, placed several of these fish in a small acquarium, to observe their habits. After they had been confined in the aquarium some time, he noticed that the water took on a pearly hue. Believing that this was communicated by the scales of the bleak fish, Jacquin trien some experiments with them. He found that water could be so densely charged with the tint from these scales that glass on being dipped in it and then allowed to dry had every appearance of a pearl. He coated glass beads with the liquid, and they were readily taken for large pearls. The coating would not resist much friction, however, and soon rubbed off of the surface. Finding that a great sale could be had for beads made in imitation of pearls if the coating could be made permanent, Jacquin conceived the idea of having the globes blown hollow and then filling the fish-scale liquid to the inner surface. This was a success from the start, and the glass pearl bead business got its first boom. It requires the scales of 4,000 bleak fish to make half a pint of the pearl liquid. They are simply removed from the fish, which are as cheap as mossbunkers, and soaked in tepid water. Nowadays a very small quantity of salammonia and isinglass is added to the liquid. It is introduced inside the bead by a small tube, and when it is dry, a coating of wax is run over it. Fortunately for the fish, the trade in these beads, pretty and cheap as they are, is not alarmingly large.

A Unique Monomaniac.

There is a young woman at the seashore who disregards prevailing fashions and overstates her age. It is added, however, that she is not in her right mind. Persons who ride past a certain cottage see on the piazza a figure clad in the garments of a hundred years ago. A near view of the face indicates about twenty-five years. She is a unique monomaniac. She firmly believes that she has been dead a century. Her delusion had a start in her conversion to Spiritualism. She became deeply interested in the materialization of spirits, and for a time deemed herself a medium for that sort of alleged phenomena. Then the idea took possession of her mind that she was the permanently re-embodied form of a spirit which had long ago departed from mortal clay. Under this crase she deems it suitable to dress in the styles which were in vogue at the time of her previous human existence. In all other matters she is sane and well-behaved.

PERSONAL.

Millais, the painter, is fishing and shooting in Scotland.

"Nearly all the rich men in the United States," says Mr. Moody, "were born poor."

A descendant of William Pitt, the famous British statesman, Mr. H. M. Pitt, plays in the *Rajah*.

Mr. Worth's flower garden outside the city of Paris contains fifty acres of plants and flowers.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson has left Wheatlands for Baltimore, there she intends to make her home.

It is said that Bret Harte now makes a handsome picture, with his silver hair and dark mustache.

"Wind Points" is the name of Jenny Lind's English country place, and the house is called "John's Folly."

The Egyptian deserts are to be explored by professor Schweinfurth for the Berlin Academy of Science.

The finest amateur singer in the world is said to be M. Jules de Soria, who had been singing in London society.

It is thought that the Queen of Sandwich Islands, who gives garden parties, should give nothing but Kalakaua balls.

A niece of Mr. Blaine is the mother superior of one of the largest convents in the country, in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Although eighty years of age Signor Scotti, the harp professor, at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Naples, still teaches.

"American complexion drinks" were dispensed by Lady Churchill at a bazar, the other day, in aid of a fashionable charity in England.

The decline of the vocal art is predicted by Tamberlik, who thinks that great singers are to disappear from the stage, and much be spoken that is now sung.

Miss Arnold resembles her father, Matthew Arnold, and is tall and stately. She was quite a belle in New York, and after marriage will reside there.

A costly cattle ranche has been bought, forty miles west of Fort Macleod, in the Canadian North-west, by the son of the Earl of Shannon, Viscount Boyle.

One of the Central Pacific millionaires, Mr. Charles Crocker, says he began business at nine by selling oranges and newspapers in the streets of Troy, New York.

The inventor, Captain Ericsson, begins work after an early breakfast, and continues it for sixteen hours daily, either with pen or tools, although he is eighty-one years old.

Dr. Koch thinks that watering the streets during the cholera season is the worst thing to be done, as the microbe loves moisture, but dies when exposed to high temperature and a dry atmosphere.

Mrs. Hendricks is a fine-looking woman of about fifty, with dark eyes and hair; she wears eyeglasses, and has rather a *distingue* appearance. She has no children, having lost her only boy.

Mrs. Robert Ingersoll increases her resemblance to Martha Washington by dressing her hair and arranging her neck gear in the same style as that to be seen in the portrait of the elder lady.

The novelist Mrs. Augusta (Evans) Wilson is a friend of Mrs. Vanderbilt, widow of the commodore, and has given her assistance in the preparation, it is said, of a genealogy and history of the Vanderbilt family.

Wombwell's London Menagerie, latterly known as Edmond's, dating back to the time when lions were kept in the Tower, and contemporary with George IV's historical giraffe, has lately come under the hammer.

At the late Russian marriage festivities Prince Louis of Battenburg, who married the Queen's granddaughter, was excluded from the imperial table, where his wife sat, because he himself was not born in the purple.

The Father of Miss Catherine Wolfe, a lady who has an income of five hundred thousand dollars a year, began life as a wholesale dealer in hardware, tin, and general notions. She has refused many offers of marriage.

The front of the wedding gown of Signor Arditi's daughter, who was lately married in London, was designed by the bridegroom and wrought by the bride; and the bridesmaid's gown was sprinkled with red, white, and green flowers, emblems of Italy.

Miss F. F. Beechy, youngest daughter of Admiral Beechy, of the British navy, who, for taking an active part in chess affairs, has been styled the "British Queen of Chess," has married Mr. T. B. Rowland, the leading Irish problem composer and solver.

At the recent festivals in honor of Lieutenant Kirkby, at Portsmouth, Mrs. Greely wore white cashmere with scarlet flowers on the corsage, and a white hat with scarlet tufts; Mrs. Greely, the mother, wore rich black silk and black lace. Those who know the latter lady say it is very evident whence the arctic hero derived his pluck and courage.

Proposed Canal Across Ireland.

The project for constructing a ship canal across Ireland has been warmly espoused by influential people in England. Elaborate plans and surveys have been made at considerable expense, and have been submitted by Capt. Eads, the American engineer. The plans were prepared by Mr. T. A. Walker, of Great George street, Westminster. The proposed canal would be 127 miles in length, and would contain thirty locks. For ships of 1,500 tons the cost would be eight millions; for ships of 2,500, twelve millions; and for ships of 5,000 and upward, twenty millions sterling. If built on this scale the canal would be 200 feet wide on the surface and 100 feet at the bottom. The passage through the canal would be effected by a system of towage, and it is estimated that the passage of a ship from Galway Bay to Kingstown would occupy between twenty-four and thirty-six hours.

An alternative scheme of a ship railway in which the ships would be carried in cradles, which could be constructed for ten millions, is proposed, by which the duration of the passage through the island would be reduced to twelve hours. An immense aqueduct would have to be constructed to carry the canal over the Shannon at Benagher, and would be over three miles in length, being one of the most difficult and costly works in connection with the undertaking.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

KIDNEYS.—Beef and sheep's kidneys are often recommended for food on account of their cheapness. Epicures are fond of them. The taste for them is an acquired taste, which is not desirable to cultivate. The latest decision of physicians is that they are not suitable to eat; "as from their constant use in the animal system as excretory organs—organs which separate from the blood that which, if it remained in the blood, would poison the system—they are often liable to become diseased."

DANISH PUDDING, OR FRUIT TAPIOCA.—Three-quarters of a cup of pearl tapioca, a pint and a half of boiling water, one salt-spoonful of salt, quarter of a cup of sugar, and half a tumbler of currant jelly. Pick over and wash the tapioca. Put it in the double boiler with the boiling water, and cook one hour, or till soft and transparent, stirring often. Add the salt, sugar and currant jelly. Stir till the jelly is all dissolved. Pour into a glass dish, and keep on ice. Serve very cold with sugar and cream. Half a cup of lemon juice, or any acid fruit syrup, or one cup of canned apricot, peach or quince, may be used instead of the jelly. Or, in summer, use one pint of ripe berries or any small fruits, adding more sugar as required.

MRS. LINCOLN'S LEMON JELLY.—Take a half box of gelatine, one scant cup of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, half a (large) cup of lemon juice, one square inch stick of cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in cold water till soft. Shave the lemon rind thin, using none of the white. Steep it with the cinnamon in the pint of boiling water ten minutes, then add the soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice, and when dissolved, strain.

GRAPE PICKLES.—Fill a jar with alternate layers of grapes and sugar, and cover with cold vinegar.

HASTY CUP PUDDING.—Beat four spoonsful of flour with a pint of milk and four eggs to a good batter, nutmeg and sugar to taste; butter teacups, fill them three parts full, and send them to the oven. Will bake in a quarter of an hour.

NO EGG COOKIES.—One cup of butter, one of milk, two of sugar, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, with flour enough to roll.

LIGHT AND PUFFY ICING.—White of one egg beaten so a stiff froth, beat in gradually a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, with not quite half a teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with it, flavor to taste. Nice for the top of any baked pudding whether to be served in what it is baked in or in saucers.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Cut out the heart of a fine large cabbage, fill the vacancy with cooked chicken or veal, minced very fine, highly seasoned, and rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle two hours.

CHEESE POTATOES.—Select large potatoes of even size, bake, and when done cut a piece from each and remove the inside and rub through a fine sieve or mash thoroughly; put on the fire with half an ounce of butter, and one ounce of grated cheese for every four potatoes, add boiling milk, pepper and salt as for mashed potatoes, fill the potato shells, and put in a hot oven and brown.

CHILI SAUCE.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, four ripe peppers, two onions, two tablespoonsful of salt, two tablespoonsful of sugar, three teacups of vinegar, and a little cinnamon. Peel the tomatoes and chop them fine, also the peppers and onions, and boil all together one hour. Canned tomatoes may be used if fresh ones are not convenient.

OATMEAL CAKES.—One cup of cream, two cups of sour milk, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one large teaspoonful of soda, oatmeal sufficient to make a thick batter.

RYE BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two cups of rye meal, one-half cup of molasses, a little salt, a cup and a half of sweet milk, to be mixed very soft, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake at once in a roll-pan or muffin-rings.

SKELETONS.—Two eggs, three tablespoonsfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter. Flour to make very stiff, roll very thin, and cut in fancy shapes.

WAFERS.—One quart of flour, four ounces of lard or butter, a little salt, mix with cold water; pound with a rolling pin twenty minutes, to be rolled out very thin and cut with a doughnut cutter. To be eaten with jelly.

CURRANT JELLY PIE.—One cup of currant jelly, rind and piece of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one spoonful of flour. Two crusts.

ENGLISH STEAMED PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, and one cup of milk, a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of different spices, one cup of chopped raisins, three and a half cups of flour. Steam two or three hours.

Uncomfortable Genius.

Half a dozen hearts are worth a world of heads. Once upon a time I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that were worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatary, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it rarely coddles. It wants to be heard; it seldom listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what you are matters little. Accustomed to be adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser mortals. Now if I have a talent it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women, I am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more illusions.

An Easier Shave.

The minister had gone to see a dying parishioner, and when he reached the cottage he found the family bathed in tears. "Is he worse?" he asked. "Oh, Sir, he's just a-cein'," was the reply given in an agony of sorrow. Looking toward the "box bed" where the sufferer lay, he was astonished to see two men bending over it. "What are they doing there?" "Eh, Sir, they're just shaving him!" "Shaving him!" said the minister in amazement. "Can they not let the man die in peace?" "It's far easier nor" was the strange answer which mingled with the sobbing.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

H. A Rowland, Professor of Physics in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has been elected an honorary member by the Philosophical Society, Cambridge, England.

In order to say what action superphosphates will have on a soil, M.P.P. Dehérain insists that it is not sufficient to determine merely the total quantity of phosphoric acid, but to ascertain also with what bases it is combined.

In experiments on manures artificially prepared M. H. Joulie has determined that the loss of nitrogen during the process of fermentation is about 20 per cent., a proportion inferior to what takes place in actual practice.

To make plaster set quickly mix it with water into which a little sulphate of potash has been dissolved. To make plaster set slowly mix it with fine slacked lime. The time of setting may be regulated after a few trials by changing the relative proportions.

The report on recent improvements in astronomical instruments, drawn up by Prof. Newcomb and presented to Congress as the fruit of his visit last year to the principal observatories in Europe, has been received with due consideration by astronomers on that Continent.

The British Social Science Association meets this year in Birmingham, from Sept. 17 to 24, when its first meetings were held in 1857. It is now 16 years since this organization met for the second time in Birmingham. Mr. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre has accepted the Presidency of this body for the ensuing year.

Taking the nitrifying action of gypsum on soil as 100, M. Pichard says that of sodium sulphate is 47.71, that of potassium carbonate 12.52. The nitrifying power of gypsum explains its beneficial action in producing crops of lucerne, while that of the lime salts justifies the ancient practice of marling.

Horseshoes made entirely of the horns of sheep have been tested of late in Lyons, France. Horses shod with them have been driven over a variety of pavements, at a rapid pace without slipping. They are more expensive than the ordinary iron horseshoes, but they are more durable and more readily adapt themselves to the changing size and shape of the horse's hoofs.

A memoir by M. E. Maumene treats on the presence of manganese in plants and animals and on the part played by this substance in the animal system. Tea and tobacco are found to contain the largest quantities of metallic manganese, which is on the whole injurious to animals and constantly rejected by them; hence he infers it should no longer be employed medicinally.

That the various powers of a great nation may have free exercise and influence in the world its people must have, says Sir James Paget, distributed among them, besides the possibilities for the attainment of every form or depth of knowledge, "abilities to live healthily wherever work must be or can be done." Herein, he asserts, is the essential bond between health and education.

M. Yeyrenest, says the *Chemical News*, finds that with coal gas or with hydrogen sound undergoes a less diminution of intensity than in traversing the same stratum of air. This result is contrary to that shown in Leslie's experiment, but in this latter the vibrations were communicated to the gas from a solid body, and not, as in the present researches, from one gas to another.

Dr. Pietra Santra injected the body of a rabbit with a solution containing two milligrammes of biniodide of mercury and that of a sheep with five milligrammes, and he asserts that, after several months, the preparation sufficed to keep the carcasses in a perfect state of preservation. Of course this method of arresting decay will hardly recommend itself to dealers in game or meat, or to their customers.

It is reported from Kyleakin, Isle of Skye Scotland, that a large basin made of small pieces of copper rivited together, and several wooden kegs containing "bog butter" have been dug up from a depth of seven feet in a peat-moss at that place. The kegs were hollowed out of solid blocks of wood, and they show traces of fire all over the surface. The largest is 1 foot 6 inches in height and 3 feet 6 inches in circumference.

Mr. C. V. Boys, in a recent lecture, gave the results of some experiments on the crushing resistence of the small hardened steel balls used in the bearings of bicycles and tricycles. A ball .187 inch in diameter broke with a weight of 2 tons 13 hundredweights, one .25 inch in diameter broke with 4 tons 9 hundredweights, and one .375 inch in diameter broke with 8 tons 7 hundredweights. The wear of a set of 12 of these balls in an Otto machine after a thousand miles of running was under 21 grains.

Freaks of Watches.

Watches are queer things. They possess some unaccountable peculiarities. For instance, some time about the beginning of last summer, when there had been a succession of fine displays of *aurora borealis*, it was estimated that in a single night in the City of New York the mainsprings of no less than 3,000 watches broke. This estimate is based on actual enquiries. Fine sensitive watches are particularly liable to be affected by electrical atmospheric disturbances. During the months of June, July and August, when these phenomena are most frequent, there are more mainsprings broken than during all the remaining months of the year. They break in a variety of ways, sometimes snapping into as many as twenty-seven pieces. It is a fact that since the introduction of the electric light has become so general a large number of watches, some of them very fine ones, have become magnetized. While in this condition they are as useless as timekeepers. This defect used to be incurable, and because of it thousands of watches have been thrown away after much money has been spent on them in vain attempts to persuade them to keep good time.

In ascending a peak in the Himalayas of more than 23,000 feet, or any similar elevation, Mr. Graham suffered no other inconvenience than a decided increase in the rate of the motion of the heart, the beating of which became audible. But he experienced no difficulty in breathing, and had no nausea, bleeding at the nose, or temporary loss of sight and hearing as other travellers say fell to their lot in accomplishing like mountaineering feats.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 4, 1884.

—HAWLEY, the Reform candidate, was elected in Lennox last Thursday, by a majority of over 40. The late Conservative candidate at the last general election had a majorty of over 160. The electorate of Lennox are very changeable. Has money anything to do with it?

—FRANCE and China have at last come to open war, by the bombardment by a French fleet of a Chinese city a few days ago. The French have been spoiling for a fight for some years past, and it is to be hoped they will now get all they want. They have been "running on" China for some time, and their only pretext for this war is because the latter will not accede to their unreasonable and unjust demands. The only thing to regret about the matter is that England may be drawn into the dispute by interferance with her trade with China.

—THE Minister of Education has appointed J. A. McLellan, L. L. D., Conductor of Teachers' Institutes for the Province. The appointment will, we have no doubt, prove not only popular but extremely useful. Dr. McL's energy, abilities as a public speaker, enthusiasm, and acquaintance with the theory and practice of education, will make his labours in his new sphere of great benefit. The position vacated by him, Inspector of High Schools, has been filled by the appointment of Jno. Seath, M. A., Head Master of St. Catharines Collegiate Institute. Mr. Seath is an accomplished scholar and a man of marked ability.

AN APPALLING DEATH.

ROASTED ALIVE IN A BURNING RAILWAY CAR.

Greely, Col., Aug. 29.—The burning of the circus car nine miles north of Greely was attended with indescribable horrors, which are published to-day. The burned car was next to the engine in a train of seventeen cars containing Orton's Anglo-American circus, which left Fort Collins about midnight for Golden over the Greely and Salt Lake Pacific road. The train was nearing Windsor, a small station near Greely, running about 25 miles an hour when the engineer discovered a car on fire. He reversed the engine, threw open the whistle valve. There were sixty men in the car arranged in three tiers of berths on either side. The forward side door was closed and men in bunks sleeping against it. The rear side door was also closed and the men who awoke discovered the lower unoccupied berth next to it containing rubbish on fire, filling, the car with smoke, cutting off escape in that direction. The only other means of egress was through a small window between the car and engine. Owing to the suffocating gases it was difficult to arouse the sleepers. Some were kicked and bruised in a shocking manner, and pitched out of the window. The screams of those unable to get through the blockaded aperture were terrifying. The wild glare of the flames, the sight of the burning victims outside, who writhing in agony on cactus beds caused the wild beasts in the adjoining car to become frantic with terror, making

A SCENE APPALLING.

The performers who occupied the rear cars gazed with white faces at the awful spectacle. In the midst of the confusion two or three heroic souls appeared equal to the occasion, and bravely cut their way to their companions, to find them already in the agony of death. The heartrending cries of the men on the prairie, the smothered appeals of the dying within the car, the roar of the flames, and the howling of the animals made the scene terrible beyond description. The odor of roasting flesh, the distant cry of coyotes, added to the general horror of the scene. Meantime the engine had gone to Greely for assistance. It returned with Dr. Jesse Hawes. Many of the rescued having been pulled through a small window had their limbs broken and joints dislocated. Hands and feet were found burned off. Roasted trunks and bodies were found in one place and legs in another, and piles of roasted, shrivelled carcases were pulled out of the ruins. At daylight a flat car carried the charred bodies into Colorado for interment. The County Commissioners buried the bodies in a huge coffin seven feet wide and ten feet long in Greely cemetery.

FOR GORDON'S RELIEF.

LORD WOLSELEY AGAIN IN COMMAND.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The government has ordered 250,000 pounds more of Chicago compressed beef for the Soudan expedition.

Certain particulars with reference to the relief expedition up the Nile have been finally arranged. The force which will proceed south of Assouan will be composed of 8000 British troops 2500 Egyptian and a flotilla of 950 river boats. The boats will be manned by 400 Canadians, 300 Kroomen and about 2000 Egyptian and Nubian boatmen. The cost of the expedition is estimated at £8,000,000.

It is reported that Gen. Lord Wolseley before accepting the chief command of the expedition, insisted upon being granted carte blanche as to the strength of the equipments of the force. The total number of British troops in Egypt at the present moment is 10,128, of whom 601 are on the sick list. When all the reinforcements destined for Egypt reach there the total number will be 15,000.

The exact composition of the force which will take part in the expedition to Khartoum will not be decided upon until Gen. Wolseley reaches Egypt. General orders have already been given however to eliminate from the troops all men whose physique renders it unlikely that they would be able to undergo the privations which the expedition will no doubt be exposed to. Several special correspondents leave London for Egypt to-night.

THE SCOTT ACT IN PERTH.

STRIKE OF HOTEL KEEPERS AGAINST PROHIBITION ADVOCATES.

From the Carleton Place Canadian.

Mr. McLanahand, a young farmer near Balderson's, went to Perth a few days ago and as usual put his team in the Wilson House yard and went to Meighen's to transact his business. Returning for his horses, the porter stood at the gate and asked for fifty cents for the use of the shed. "You are a Scott Act man," said the sentinel in effect, "and we are going to make you pay sweetly." "All right," was the cheerful reply. Several people of the McLenahan type have been similarly served. The hotel men have secured all the signatures on the petitions praying for the submission of the Act, and thus know fully all who are aggressive. Those who are not outspoken, who are inactive, who are strong in principle but weak in execution are not troubled. Those only who expose themselves are shot at. All through the surrounding townships the hotel notices of magnified charges are posted up. In Lanark village the hotels have not yet taken action. There is a good Temperance House in the place, which is a wholesome terror to evil doers. The hotel keepers in North Lanark are anxiously awaiting the results in South Lanark before signing their declaration of war. The Courier has heard the matter stated in this way. Under the old tariff, "use of stable, single horse, hay and oats," say 35 cents: 10 cents for the attendance, and 12½ cents each for hay and oats. The charge has been rarely known to exceed this. At present quotations oats cost 40 cents per bushel, and hay ten dollars per ton. There are eight feeds (a gallon each) in a bushel, and about three hundred in a ton of hay. That is, the hotels' old retail price was $1 per bushel for oats, and $37.50 per ton for hay; a profit of 60 cents per bushel, and $27.50 per ton; and a very fair profit as the world goes. Under the new—LIVE AND LET LIVE" tariff, the charge for "use of stable, single horse, hay and oats," is $1 that is, say for attendance 25 cents, and 37½ each for a feed of hay and oats. Quoting the above prices, the present charges mean $3 a bushel for oats or a progt of $2.60 on a bushel and $112.50 a ton for hay or a profit of $102.50 per ton. The new tariff is probably intended for the farmers.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.

ON the Bridgewater road, about a month ago, near the village of Madoc, a pair of gold spectacles. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving them at this office.

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS will be received up to the 25th of September, instant, for the position of Caretaker for the Methodist Church, village of Madoc. The highest nor any tender not necessarily received.

C. G. WILSON,
Sec. of Com.

Madoc, Sept. 4th, 1884.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

REQUISITION,

To F. D. O'Flynn, Esq.,

Reeve of the village of Madoc.

WE the undersigned business men of the village of Madoc, would respectfully suggest to your worship that Tuesday the 9th inst., be appointed as a civic holiday in this place.

The season is far advanced, and we would not like to encourage the decline of so old a custom by omitting to observe it even for one year:—

R. R. Casement & Co. — Travis & Mouncey.
O'Flynn & O'Hara. — John Robertson.
G. A. Rollins. — G. D. Rawe.
D. C. Clarke. — Scobee & Co.
W. H. Hastings. — Graham & McDonald.
John G. Deans. — J. A. Chambers.
Jno. R. Orr. — William Wright.
John Dale & Son. — C. L. Weiss.
Gray & McGregor. — J. Barnum.
D. W. Wright. — Alex. Morrice, jr.
Wm. Atkin.

In accordance with the above I would appoint Tuesday, the 9th of September, instant, a civic holiday for the corporation of the village of Madoc, and respectfully request its observance as such by all our citizens.

F. D. O'FLYNN, Reeve.

Madoc, Sept. 4th, 1884.

LAND FOR SALE.

The following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

HUNGERFORD.—n ½ 30 in 10th concession.

HUNTINGDON.—w ½ 3 in 11th concession, s ½ 18 in 13th.

MADOC.—w ½ 1 in 1st, e ½ 8 in 1st, e ½ 13 in 1st, w ½ 16 in 1st, 29 in 1st, w ½ 15 in 4th, e ½ 8 in 6th, e ½ 30 in 9th.

MARMORA.—29 in 2nd, w ½ 29 in 3rd, w ½ 29 in 4th.

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the United Townships of

MAYO AND CARLOW,

County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, at Noon, on the 20th day of Aug., 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

JOHN BREMNER,
Clerk of said municipality.

Dated this 20th day of August, 1884.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE

has removed into

Old Stand,

in Wilson's Block.

New advertisement next week.

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Bunsevery day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT,

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

A No 1 WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co.
MADOC, ONT.

Latest Local News.

Free Fair.

Farmers and others are reminded of the free fair in this village on Tuesday next.

Arm Broken.

Last week Mr. P. Marrin, of Madoc township had the misfortune to break his arm by falling off a load of grain. Mr. M. has been unfortunate lately in the matter of accidents.

Cheap Rates.

Both the Grand Trunk and the Ontario division of the Canada Pacific railways, (late Ontario & Quebec) are granting return tickets from this place to Montreal, good to the 13th, for only $4.00. This is cheap travelling.

Fatal Accident.

On Tuesday afternoon a little son of Mr. Simon Bronson, of this township, aged about 11 years, fell off a load of grain, and the wagon wheels passed over his neck, inflicting severe injuries that afterwards proved fatal. The accident is a sad one.

Civic Holiday.

A numerously signed requisition to the Reeve which appears in another column asking that Tuesday next, 9th inst., be appointed a civic holiday for this village, has been granted by that official. The public will therefore take notice that Tuesday next will be a holiday in this village.

Back Again.

Mr. D. Morrice returned to the village last week, after an absence of about two months, during that time he has been rusticating down the St. Lawrence for the benefit of his health. We are glad to learn that in this respect he has considerably improved.

A Good Sign.

Some good soul yesterday, who must enjoy a clear conscience and a sound mind, left in our office a nice piece of water melon. I t was certainly delicious, as the editor, who was absent at the time, returned to find that the staff had left only the rind. Thanks all the same.

Retiring from Business.

Yesterday Mrs. Wright disposed of her grocery and liquor business in this village to Mr. J. B. Church, a late resident, possession to be given to the new proprietor on the 1st of November. Up to that date Mrs. Wright will sell as much of the stock as possible at greatly reduced prices. See new advertisement next week.

Madoc's Loss!

The *Advocate* says:—Trenton is beginning to feel the benefits of our northern extension of the C. O. Ry. People from the back country who never heard of the town are commencing to trade at our stores and bring their merchandise to our market. When the road is in proper running order the benefit will be more generally felt.

Sabbath School Picnic.

On Tuesday the children of the Methodist Sabbath School of this village were treated to their annual picnic at Moira Lake. There was a large attendance of the pupils of the school, and their friends, and a pleasant and happy time was spent, happily without accident of any kind. Mr. J. C. Dale, the Superintendent, Mr. C. G. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Beer, Mr. E. D. O'Flynn and others, looked after the welfare of the juveniles during the day.

Methodist Church.

The financial district meeting of the Madoc District of the Methodist Church will be held in the Church in this village on September 10th, at 10 o'clock, a.m. A mass temperance meeting will be held in connection therewith on the same evening, at 7.30 o'clock. Several of the members present will address the meeting, and an opportunity given to discuss the Scott Act. The public is invited.

The last sad Rites.

The funeral of Miss Carrie Wood, whose sad death by drowning was recorded in these columns last week, took place on Thursday last, and was largely attended, notwithstanding the unavoidably short notice. The sermon was preached by Rev. D. Wishart, in the Presbyterian Church, which was crowded to the doors with friends and acquaintances, and who further paid their respects to their deceased young friend and the bereaved family by following the remains to the cemetery. All the business places in the village were closed as the funeral cortege passed through. Among those present from a distance we noticed Dr. Boulter, ex.M.P.P., Dr. Faulkner, and Mr. James Baldrick, of Stirling. No event that has happened in this village for years has caused such a profound and universal feeling of sorrow as the untimely death of Miss Wood.

The municipal wrangle continues in Belleville about city disasters. We must say that discussion will not prove a very good advertisement for the City of the Bay.

At Belleville on Saturday afternoon a boy named Merriam, 13 years of age, fell from a freight car on the Grand Junction and was cut in two. Death was instantaneous. Deceased was the son of a widow who lives close to the scene of the disaster.

Holloway's Pills.—Dysentery, Diarrhœa and Disordered Bowels.—These maladies are ever present, and if left unattended frequently terminate fatally. It should be everywhere known that all these complaints originate in the presence of some undigested substance in the stomach or bowels, or of some deleterious matter in the blood, and that Holloway's Pills can eliminate either with ease and expedition. They combine in a surprising degree purifying, alterative, regulating, and strengthing qualities, and thus exert over every internal organ the wholesomely controling influence so necessary for subduing excesive action in the human frame. Holloway's medicine may be advantageously taken as a means of keeping the blood pure and the body cool—the only practicable plan of maintaining health in youth, in manhood, and in old age.

Local Chit-Chat.

—September.

—The first month of Oysters.

—Civic holiday in this village next Tuesday.

—The weather has warmed up again, and once more dusters take the place of overcoats.

—Mr. Charles Caverly, who had the misfortune to lose his right hand by an explosion at Port Arthur last spring, was in the village during the past week.

—The "Peck's Bad Boy" Company, which gave an exhibition in the Masonic Hall on Monday evening, drew a large audience, but the "Show" was very inferior.

—The Milanese Concert Company had a small but delighted audience on Friday and Saturday evenings. Their concerts were the finest musical treats ever heard in this village.

—It is again announced that the Salvation Army is going to establish a barracks in Madoc. This time it is said the first attack will be made by a detachment from Stirling.

—A gang of gypsies were encamped below the T. & O. railway track several days last week. They are at all times very undesirable visitors, and happily did not stay long.

—It is rumoured that a $1,000 suit for damages will be entered against the village by a late occupant of the lock up over night, on the ground that the cell was in a filthy condition.

—There was no meeting of the village Council on Monday evening, out of respect, we presume, to "Peck's Bad Boy," who held forth in the Masonic Hall. The Council will meet on Saturday evening in Mr. O'Flynn's office.

—Parts 33 and 34 of Picturesque Canada were delivered in this village this week by Mr. J. A. De La Hooke. These numbers are, we think, superior, in the matter of engravings to the previous few instalments, the scenes being principally Nova Scotian scenery and views of the city of Halifax. The work certainly keeps up its reputation as it nears the end. We understand about four or six more numbers will complete the interesting work.

C. O. Railway.

Trenton Courier.

The Dominion Government Inspector was over the road last week and said he would report that permission be given to open the road for passenger traffic. The company have accordingly made arrangements to open the road on the 1st of September.

TWO TRAINS DAILY.

One train will start in the morning from Trenton station connecting with the G. Trunk from the east and proceed north to Coe Hill. The other train will leave Coe Hill in the morning, and connect with the Picton train, the noon express, and the mixed, returning to Coe Hill in the afternoon. Both trains will make connections with the Ontario and Quebec. It is hoped also to make connection with the Grand Junction but the Midland has not yet signified its assent.

SHIPMENTS OF ORE.

The company have an open order to ship to the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company all the ore they can this fall. Already over twelve thousand tons have been shipped. The schooners, Speedwell, E. Blake, Craftsman, Maggie McRae, Shandon, and St. Louis have all been at the docks this week. The St. Louis has been purchased by the McMullen Co. for this trade. The Craftsman and St. Louis have discharged cargoes of coal at the docks at Weller's Bay. These schooners would charge 50 cents a ton more to load at Belleville, making a difference in favor of Weller's Bay, on 12,000 tons of $6,000 which in itself would soon constitute a nice income.

A TRIP TO THE ST. LAWRENCE CAMP GROUND.

FOR THE REVIEW.

DEAR EDITOR.—Our little party set out on a camping expedition from your town on Friday the 22nd. Left by the 3.45 train, and after spending the night in Belleville embarked on board the steamer Hero—at 7 a.m. sharp—en route for the Camp-ground. Considerable time was taken in reaching Kingston as we called at all the ports on the way. Had a most pleasant sail, and on leaving the latter place our company had augmented enough to make a very agreeable party. The run from Kingston to this place was most delightful, passing in sight of Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Westminster Park,—the round house—and calling at the Thousand Island Park, gave us the opportunity of witnessing the natural and artistic scenery of the entire group of Islands. We reached the camp-ground at 7.15 p.m. the famous Hero beating her former good record in point of time, as also in kindness, etc., bestowed by officers and crew. Now comes the scramble for lodging, it is about dusk, passengers are strangers, and become impatient for a time, lest they fail to secure a place to sleep. However, all at length is quiet, and there are still beds to spare. The Sabbath dawns cold, which makes it a little unpleasant and militates against a crowd. Three fine sermons and social means of grace wind up a good day. The lectures during the entire week were grand possibly that of Dr. Wild on "Men in Iron Shoes," surpassing in interest and attendance any of the others.

The sermons yesterday were of a high order—the day was delightful—and the grounds seemed a living mass of human kind. The Sunday School Parliament closed last night, and the camp-meeting opens this p.m. Altogether our journey and stay thus far have been most pleasant. These grounds bid fair, under the extended patronage, to become in other respects what they naturally are, the finest in the land, if not on the continent.

We were pained to read of the sad accident occurring in the home of our friend, A. F. Wood, M.P.P., since our departure.

More anon.

F. B. S.

From our home on the beach, Sept. 1st, 1884.

FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

Out in the corn field, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true:
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw, made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL.

Council met in the Town Hall on Monday. All the members present. Minutes read and confirmed.

On motion of Messrs. English and McKinnon the sum of $4.25 was paid to R. T. Ferguson, for expenses in attending the Free Fairs in the village of Madoc, for 1883 and 1884.

Moved by Mr. Thompson, seconded by Mr. Ketcheson, that the Clerk be authorized to give orders for the payment of School Debentuees of S. S. No. 2, when the Trustees of said section make application properly signed with seal attached. Carried.

A number of accounts were ordered to be paid.

The Estimates of the current year were submitted for consideration. The liabilities were placed at:—

County purposes	$4424.77
Blind and Indigent	160.00
Court of Revision	40.00
Councillors	100.00
Selecting Jurors	16.00
Printing	100.00
Salaries	375.00
Auditors	16.00
Roads and Bridges	400.00
Elections	64.00
Rent for Town Hall	20.00
Stationery	15.00
Municipal Grant	372.00
Miscellaneous	120.00
Interest R. R. Debentures	2232.00
	$8455.77

The assets of the municipality amounted to about $445.90. It was thought a levy of about 15 miles on the dollar would be sufficient to meet these estimates.

As a number of School Sections had not yet sent in the applications for school requirements it was decided to postpone the meeting another week to give them a chance to do so, before buying the rate on the dollar.

Council accordingly adjourned to Saturday next, 6th inst.

Died.

BRISTOL.—On the 3rd of September, Fred. W. Bristol, aged 3 months and 12 days. Funeral at 10 o'clock Friday morning, from the house.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

COUNTY
MODEL SCHOOL

The County Model School
AT MADOC,
Will open on
Tuesday, 9th Septemb'r
at 9 o'clock, a. m.

All who desire to enter as Students-in-training for Third Class, or District Third Class Certificates, must apply, without delay, sending their non-professional Certificates to

W. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Public Schools.
Madoc, August 25th, 1884.

BUTLER'S
Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,
BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,
Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,
For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also
Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,
—AT—
T. ROBERTS'
Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

NOTICE.

The Council of the Municipality of Mayo and Carlow, at their next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 27th day of September, 1884, intend passing a by-law establishing a Public Highway, starting at the post at the north-east corner of Lot 7 in the 14th concession of Carlow, and running 57 degrees west of south 3 chains and 50 links thence 16 degrees west of south 4 chains 50 links, 54 degrees west of south 5 chains, 74 degrees west of south 6 chains, 32 degrees west of south 4 chains, 2 degrees east of south 9 chains, 21 degrees east of south 10 chains, thence 6 degrees west of south 19 chains, to the Carlow and Monteagle Road on Lot 6 in the 13th concession of Carlow. All parties concerned please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN BREMNER,
Clerk.
Conroy's Farm, Aug. 25th 1884. 382-4

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20	
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00	
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05	
Oats, 42 cents to 45 cents	
Rye, 56 " to 56 "	
Barley, 45 cents to 45 cents	
Peas, 70 cents to 70 cents	
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents to 90 cents	
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents	
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents	
Wool, 15 to 17cents	
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00	
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00	
Cheese, 10c to 12c	

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse.
Highest prices paid.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs
W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

DOMESTIC WANTED.

Wanted at once, a good Servant girl, must be a good Cook, and experienced in general Housework. Wages $7.00 a month, and if suitable will engage for the year at $8.00 a month.

Mrs. E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.
AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS
Look to your interests, and
BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,
and avoid all trouble about points, etc.
Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY
Art Gallery,
FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,
DEALER IN
Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.,
NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

AGRICULTURAL.

Hay-Making.

The value of the hay crop of this country is immense, being exceeded only by that of corn and wheat, and the increase or diminution of half a dollar in the value of each ton made, would amount to a difference of over 18,000,000 for or against the farmers, and his difference is easily made by the difference in the time of cutting and the manner of curing. Though I am a firm believer in clover and clover hay, yet I realize that on many soils clover does not thrive, and that in much of the country permanent meadows are a necessary part of farming, and that under such conditions the grasses must be used. The hay from them is not quite as easily ruined by the mode of curing; but it is as much dependent for the highest quality upon the time of cutting. Very much of the Timothy hay made is for sale in the city markets, and I have seen tons sold for the highest price, so ripe that on cutting the bales open the seed rattled out very freely, and the color showed that it had got by far too ripe before cutting, while by its side was either Timothy selling as second or third quality, which was green and nice and worth for feeding purposes several dollars per ton more than the other, and I wondered that city people knew so little of the real value of hay cut at different times. Though Prof. Sanford, in what he said in the *Rural* of May 24, may be right as to the value of hay cut at different stages of maturity, yet I am quite sure that in practice ten times more injury results to hay by too late than by too early cutting. The time from the point indicated by the Professor (after bloom) to full ripening is so very short, and ripe Timothy straw is so very little better than any other straw, that I don't think it safe to advise farmers to wait for this period to arrive before cutting. In case of Orchard Grass, it is much worse, for though it makes a fair substitute for good hay, if cut just as it is passing out of bloom, it becomes only a poor substitute for good straw, if left till nearly or quite ripe.

My father was a firm believer in the theory of allowing Timothy to pass from the milk to the dough state before cutting, arguing that he got a greater weight of hay per acre, and, though well satisfied that he was right as to the weight, I always noticed that the cattle preferred the earliest cut, and after I began farming for myself, I began experimenting, and I found the earlier cut always the first eaten, and I believed this was because it was the most palatable and nutritious, and I preferred to let the stock be the judges, and for that reason I began cutting each year a little earlier until I arrived at my present custom of beginning the haying as soon as the grass is well out of bloom, and if there is a large area of meadow, some of it will get too ripe before it is cut.

Though the grasses are not as susceptible of injury or utter ruin as the clovers, yet much of their feeding value depends upon the manner in which they are handled. A heavy dew upon hay thoroughly cured, detracts much from its value, and the curing should be so managed that what is cut in the early part of each day should be in the barn or cock, or at least in the windrow, before dew falls at night. Where the labor of turning and stirring has to be done by hand, the mowers should not be started until the dew is all risen and the ground has become dry and hot. Should the hay be heavy, that cut before dinner should be stirred out immediately after, and if the weather is good for hay-making, it will be fit to rake by three o'clock, and go into the barn or stack. That mowed after dinner up to five o'clock, should be nearly turned over, so as to get the cured side next the ground, and the green side up to receive the dew, and that cut after five will not be sufficiently wilted to take any harm. In the morning following by 10 o'clock, any thick places should be stirred out, and the hay will be ready to rake and draw by one o'clock, so that no hay is left out over more than one night, and none is left partly cured except the uncured side left up. If one has a tedder (and one is very useful even in a Timothy meadow) the mower may be started at pleasure in the morning, as the dew makes no difference, because at 10 o'clock the boy and tedder should be started, and every particle of dew is dispelled by the shaking and airing, and the grass is left in the best possible condition for curing. If the hay is very heavy, let the tedder go over it the second time immediately after noon, and by one o'clock it will be fit to rake and draw, and all that is cut before one o'clock, can be put into windrows before the dew falls. If I keep my mower going till one o'clock, and then do not start it again till four, and mow from that time as long as the driver can see. In this way the dew falls only on wilted hay, and does no more harm than if it fell on standing grass.

This system leaves no hay out over night that has been cured, and dispenses with the necessity of putting the hay into cock, which involves great labor, and is not at all necessary unless storms threaten, and the hay will be found just as good as it is possible to get hay made from the grasses, though not nearly so good as first-class clover hay. —*Rural New Yorker.*

The Easiest Keeping Cattle.

This is precisely what most men who want cattle at all are in quest of. But it is true of cattle as it is of meadow grass, that by the law of nature we cannot get something from nothing. If any one attempts to keep two cows of any sort ordinarily kept for beef making, upon a surface pasture where only one had been kept before, he must select two animals possessing the qualities which enable them to digest and assimilate as nearly as is possible all the food taken. The easiest keeping cow may be compared, with profit, to the best heating furnace. The more name given to the furnace may be but a slight index to its capacity for economical heating, especially if there be different grades of capacity for feeding up in any named breed of cattle.

Each forage crop has its peculiarities in the matter of taking up sustenance from the soil, as each breed of fattening cattle has its peculiarities in converting food into flesh and fat. Yet there are individual plants in a given species, as there are individual cows of a breed, that greatly excel, while there are others that fall materially below the average. To illustrate more fully that the fattening tendency is not confined to any one breed, we cite the fact that by breeding together two animals taken from two different so-called distinct breeds, neither of which individual animals possesses in a high degree the fattening tendencies of the breed from which it is taken, progeny may come that will take the highest rank when put up to feed. This is not owing to any superlative tendency in either parent breed, but rather to a quality which tells us the plain fact—that all breeds are *made*, and that we secure any particular tendency through *combined forces*. Two combustibles, when combined and ignited, may make a hotter fire than either can possibly make separate. So the digestive and assimilative power of the progeny from a cross between two distinct breeds, may be increased much beyond that of either progenitor.

It should not be lost sight of that there is a wide difference in the value of two animals, one being an easy keeper, while at the same time it is a slow grower, and the other a rapid grower, keeping fat while growing. To be an easy keeper because of being a small eater, presupposes slow growth, hence a non-paying piece of property. The value of the laboring ox lies in the work of his muscles. The value of the beef-making animal, regardless of breed or family, lies in the working capacity of its digestive and assimilative systems, presupposing, of course, that there is a favorable anatomical structure to build upon. If breeders could, figuratively speaking, mould cattle forms with as much uniformity and accuracy as the honey bee moulds her cell honey-receptacle, then supposing they all had views alike back of their breeding movements, they would have precisely what they like best; but they are quite a remove from that consummation yet, and must watch and work.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A writer in the *Chicago Live-Stock Journal* dwells upon the necessity of caring for cattle during the summer months as well as at other seasons usually considered more critical. The same remark might well be profitably extended in its application to all kinds of stock. No class of live stock should be left long without careful scrutiny and frequent visits, even though plentifully supplied with pasturage and water. Where a number run together they are liable to mishaps that often end fatally, which a little timely attention might easily have avoided. Indeed the successful stock-man must keep constantly vigilant if best results are to be attained. A trusty little lad will answer very well for visiting and noticing as to how the flocks and herds get on, with an occasional visit from the owner. If the farm is large, the aid of a safe little pony may be profitably called in, in which case the daily visits are likely to become a source of pleasure to the lad rather than the reverse.

A Russian Wedding Feast.

The banquet is ordered at some fashionable confectioner's. Nothing is wanting—silver, crystal, flowers and lustres laden with candles of the purest wax. The young married pair occupy seats about the middle of the table, the parents supporting them on both sides, the rest of the company take seats according to the degree of relationship or rank. If they want a grand dinner they order a "general's" dinner, which costs $30 more than an ordinary one. If this dinner, so ordered, the master of ceremonies invites a real old pensioned off general, who is received with all the reverence due to his rank and seated in the place of honor. He is the first to drink to the health of the young couple, and is always helped before any one else. He never speakes unless it is absolutely necessary. He is there only for show, and he does his best, in return for the $30 paid him. He never refuses a single dish of all the thirty or more served on such occasions. As the last roast disappears from the table the champagne corks fly, the glasses are filled to the brim, the music strikes up, and huzzas resound from all parts. But here comes the bride's father with a glass in hand, going up to her bowing and making a most woeful face saying that his wine was so bitter that he could not drink it it until she had sweetened it. After a good deal of pressing she rises and gives her husband a kiss; her father still pretends that his wine is bitter, and it remains so till she has given her husband three kisses; each kiss not only sweetens his wine, but is accompanied with roars of laughter and bursts of applause. After the dinner comes the ball and "the general's walk." They lead him through all the rooms once every half hour; everybody salutes him as he passes along, and he graciously replies by an inclination of the head. At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, all the young folk and those who dressed the bride take her away to undress her and put her to rest; the men do the same by the husband. The next morning the house of the newly married couple is again filled with the crowds of the evening before. The young wife is seated in a drawing room on a sofa with a splendid tea service before her. One after another approaches her and salutes her. She then offers tea, coffee or chocklate, according to the taste of the visitor. She is dressed for the first time in all splendor as the mistress of the house. The most intimate friends remain to spend the day with the young pair.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Another wonder in the progenitive line has turned up three miles southeast of Eureka, in Jefferson County, her name being Mrs. H. W. Pullman Twelve days ago Mrs. Pullman became the happy mother of four bouncing boys, all of whom are in good condition, and to all appearances likely to grow up together in peace and harmony to inflict a double Dromio act upon an unsuspecting world. The chronicle of Mrs. Pullman's past career leads up to the present occurrence very naturally. One year after her marriage she was delivered of a boy, now living. A year after another boy came into the world, who died. Her next was still another boy, who still lives, and later on she became the mother of three more boys at one time, one of whom died. Her next experience was that of twelve days ago.

In East Africa nearly every woman wears the *pelele*. When she is a little girl a small hole is pierced through the middle of the upper lip, and into this is placed a small wooden pin to prevent the puncture from closing up. After a time this is changed for a larger pin, and so on until the hole is large enough to admit a ring. In proportion as the *pelele* is made gradually larger, so the lip enlarges also and come to look like a snout. An average specimen measures 1½ inches in diameter and almost an inch in length. When she becomes a widow fashion compels her to take out her *pelele*, the lip falls, and the great round hole, called *lupenale*, shows the teeth and jaw quite plainly, making her hideous.

CANNIBALISM.

Something About Men Who Have Eaten Their Fellow-Men.

The publication of the alleged cannibalism of the survivors of the Lady Franklin bay expedition turns public attention strongly to the subject of anthropophagy. The fact that men under stress of hunger will eat men is as old as the stone age of Europe. Remains of human banquets are to be found in the lately-opened caves of France and the prehistoric remains of Denmark. Savage tribes the world over have eaten their enemies, a fact which induced the philosopher Compte to declare that the greatest step forward in civilization made by man was the invention of slavery, which substituted service for food. When the early explorers came first to America, they found the West Indian islanders all man-eaters, whence the name cannibal comes, "Carribal" being the word used by the Spanish discoverers. These Indians were exceedingly partial to human flesh, eating, however, only that of their enemies. In Marco Polo's travels in the east, he described markets in which human flesh was offered for sale in Tartary, and later travellers have confirmed this fact. The same open sale is said to be the custom among the wild tribes near the Congo in Africa, and in other parts of the interior of the dark continent. In New Zealand and the South Sea islands generally, especially at Feejee, cannibalism was the rule rather than the exception. It was associated with the religious beliefs of the people, and the most horrible excesses were continued down into times within the memory of men now living. In the South seas the chief epicures in anthropophagy were to be found, the New Zealanders, and, indeed, all of those with educated palates, esteeming the palm of the human hand as the choicest tid-bit in all gastronomy. Singularly enough, the Australian cannibals, after a number of experiments, declared that civilized man had so saturated himself with salt and tobacco that his flesh was ruined for cookery, and the white man among the cannibals of the South seas is looked upon much as we regard a flash-eating duck. Instances are on record where crews of wrecked vessels were preserved for the sole reason that they were unfit to eat.

Among white men cannibalism has always been regarded with the deepest loathing and horror, and it has only been under the direst stress of famine that food so unnatural has been resorted to. There has always been an idea, amounting almost to a superstition, that once a man partakes of the ghoulish repast the foul appetite grows upon him, and that no fear of punishment or detection can keep him from seeking new victims. This is said to be a mania, and a name has been given to it, "anthropagia," of which many well authenticated cases are to be found in the books.

A Milanese woman named Elizabeth, was burned in the middle of the thirteenth century for murdering and

DEVOURING A NUMBER OF CHILDREN.

In Saxony the celebrated Goldsmith cave will be remembered. This wretch had killed a man, and in order to conceal the body burst and ate it. He then committed several other murders for the same purpose, being finally executed in 1782. It is asserted that the reason that swine and similar flesh was declared unclean by the lawgivers of the east was the fact that it tasted much like man, and led to the use of the latter food. It is related of Richard Coeur de Lion that after being sick in Palestine he craved a boar's head, a luxury hard to get in a Mohammedan land, and that a Saracen's head was dressed, baked, and eaten ravenously by the king, who, according to the ballad, said:

> King Richard shall warrant
> There is no flesh so nourrissant
> Unto an English man,
> Partridge, plover, heron ne swan,
> Cow ne ox, sheep ne swine,
> As the head of a Saracyne.

In the wars that devastated Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, cannibalism was common in the prolonged sieges and determined resistance of the besieged. At the siege of the castle of Borretino in 1340, the soldiers who formed the ward of the castle ate their horses, dogs, and other such domestic animals as they could find, and then devoured the servants, women, and children in the fortress. When the castle fell the constable was burned and the soldiers still living executed at once. When Cortez was besieging the city of Mexico the inhabitants were driven to the last extreme of famine, and slaughtered and ate their prisoners, making the most desperate sallies in quest of human food. It is noted, however, that in spite of their most desperate hunger the Mexicans would not eat their companions or their dead friends, regarding that as sacrilege. During the conquest of Peru instances of cannibalism are numerous, both on the part of the Spaniards and Peruvians, the former learning the habit from the latter. When the Spaniard De Narvaez was making his explorations in Florida, after a complete failure of provisions, those of his troops who died of the famine

WERE DEVOURED BY THE OTHERS,

to the horror of the Indians, who exclaimed against the sacrilege of eating one's friends. Exploring parties in the Rocky mountains were driven to the same dreadful necessity; in one case, that of McCalmont and Hughes, being as recent as 1853, the latter killing and eating his companion, and subsequently going crazy. He was finally found a raving maniac beside the mutilated body of his friend.

Shipwrecks, and the consequent suffering and starvation have often tinged the pages of history red with the consequent records of inhuman and ghoulish feasts.

Perhaps the best known case in recent times followed the wreck of the Medusa in 1816. The Medusa frigate with several other ships set sail June 17, 1816, from Rochefort, France, for Senegal, Africa, and went aground on the Arguin bank on the west coast. A raft was constructed upon which over a hundred soldiers and some of the passengers of the ship were put. Most of the officers took to the boats and made off, leaving the others to get to the African coast the best way possible.

There was no food and no instruments on the raft; there was plenty of wine and some water. The raft was the scene of the most indescribable suffering. A storm arose and many of the unfortunates were washed away; others committed suicide before they had been a day afloat. The men became despondent and mutinied, seizing the wine and drinking themselves into a state of intoxication. They then tried to destroy the raft so that all might be involved in one common ruin. A desperate fight between the passengers and the officers on the one side and the drunken mutineers on the other followed, in which many were slain, the raft being simply strewn with dead bodies. The mutineers, wild with hunger, and entirely delirious, began feasting on the bodies of the dead. They tore the flesh from their dead comrades, and, strengthened by their horrible meal, again attacked the officers against whom they seemed to be animated by a blind fury. For thirteen days these terrible scenes were repeated daily until the end. At last but twenty-seven remained alive, and of these twelve were so weak from wounds and exposure that the rest threw them into the sea in order to save their rations. This expedient saved the lives of the rest, who were rescued by the Argus brig thirteen days after parting company with the Medusa. There were 150 on the raft when it started; fifteen of these were picked up by the Argus, and five of them died immediately after their rescue.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Handy Housewife.

"I wish there was some way to keep those children quiet on a rainy day, or when it is too warm for them to be out in the sun playing," said a weary mother the other day to her friend and neighbor. "I always notice what little trouble you have with your children, although you have three more than I have, and I thought perhaps you could tell me how to manage it."

"A very easy matter, my dear," replied her friend. "Children must be amused or they will become cross and naughty; so would you or I. Suppose we were doomed to stay all day, or half a day, in one room, were not allowed to read, write, or sew, could only sit on certain chairs and handle certain articles, and there was no one to talk to or nothing but a game of *solitaire* for us to play. Why we'd be almost crazy. Any one, man, woman, or child, in good health, must have something to do during their waking hours. Yet how few mothers try to give this something to the busy hands and active brains of the little ones. You notice children out in the street or garden, are they ever still or quiet? No. It is true they find amusement in the most trival things. Now, I have thought about all this, and I have fixed up one room in the house, the play-room exclusively for the children.

"The room is the large one on the top floor. It was all I had to spare, and as I could not afford a good carpet I painted the floor and left it bare. A poor carpet would be worn out in six months. In the winter the room is heated by a little circular stove, and over this I put a wire screen, so there is no danger of the children burning themselves. The walls are painted a delicate grey, with a pale pink border, and I have a wainscoting that is one of the chief charms of the room.

"What is it? Well, I collected all the pictures I could out of magazines, illustrated papers, etc., and pasted them on the wall from the floor almost as high as the mantel. pictures of birds and animals, and those of child-life, are, of course, the greatest number. I put the colored prints down near the surface, so that the smaller children could enjoy them, and they are pasted on so nicely that tearing them is impossible.

"Then," continued this nice little mother, "I have five boxes in the room, all of different sizes. These boxes have covers that fasten down, and are padded on the top, with a flounce around the edge, so that when the box is closed they have the appearance of little ottomans. Each child keeps his playthings in the box, and it is his particular property. A nursery rug, with all kinds of animals cut out of cloth, with the name embroidered underneath, is among the furnishings of the room.

"My children amuse themselves for hours in that room, with only excursions now and then to the kitchen for something to play 'tea-party' with, and I flatter myself that they learn considerable from the pictures, as well as neatness and order with their playthings."

A Colossus of Colossi.

In the course of the excavations at San (Zoan-Tanis) there have been disclosed several portions of a red granite colossal statue of Ramesses II., which, when whole, must have been the largest statue known. It appears to have been a standing figure of the usual type, crowned with the crown of Upper Egypt, and supported up the back by a pilaster. Judging from the dimensions of various parts, such as the ear and the instep; and comparing the proportionate size of the cartouches (which are three feet wide) with those engraved upon other statues, this colossus must have been ninety-eight feet high from the foot to the crown. Together with its pedestal, which we can scarcely doubt was in one piece with it, it would altogether be about 115 feet high. The great toe measures 18 inches across. That it was a monolith is almost certain, from the fact that all the largest statues are without any joint; nor does this seem incredible, since there are obelisks nearly as long. But this may claim to have been the tallest and heaviest statue that we know of, as the figure alone would weigh 700 tons, to which the accessories would probably add as much again. A total weight of 1200 tons is most likely under rather than over the actual sum. The statue has been cut into building blocks by Shoshank III., and used in the construction of the great Pylon; hence only small pieces of a few tons each are now to be seen.

There is a little Shoshone papoose out West, only four years of age, and not much larger than a pickle jar, who evinces wonderful aptitude for modeling images out of mud and clay. His mother was engaged at a wash-tub outside of a house the other day, and from the mud caused by the sloppings the little savage moulded a deer and a horse, which were almost perfect in contour and form. He displayed but little pains in his work, to which he appeared to adapt himself as naturally as an ordinary white child would to the making of mud pies. With proper cultivation there is evidently the development of a wonderful sculptor in this infant redskin.

Precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

LAUGHS.

The most verdant young man of the period was the one who attempted to cut grass with a bicycle.

The long and short of it: "When I'm waiting for Jim's a minute seems an hour; when he is with me an hour seems but a minute."

A Jersey City man tans leather with stale eggs, and in view of the number of long-winded orators who are now taking in ballast this waste of useful material should be discouraged.

To enable ladies to view the dresses of others of their sex as they come into church a Western man has invented a seat which is set on a pivot. This saves much neck straining.

A Long Island man kicked a professional dude who visited his daughter, and broke his own leg. He was not familiar with the terrible rebound from kicking at nothing.

A quip by sweet sixteen: "What do you do down here at the shore when it is so awfully damp all the time?" was the inquiry of a young visiting miss. "Do? Why, we just mildew."

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a little girl, running breathlessly into the house from the garden, "you know my beans that I planted, don't you?" Yes, dear." Well, there's peas on 'em."

Mrs. Bascom's pun: "Here is an article about 'The Land of the Midnight Sun,'" said Mrs. Bascom. "It can't mean this country, because this is the land of the midnight husband."

Verbatim: At a German court-martial—Captain (presiding): Then I'm to understand that the accused offered you a cigar when you were doing sentry duty?" "Yes, your honor." "And you declined?" "Yes, to command, your honor." "And what reply did he make?" "You are an ass, your honor!"

Entomological: A Pulman palace car porter refused to admit a lady's pet rabbit to a car and was shown a small turtle carried by another passenger, with the query why the rabbit was excluded and a turtle admitted. "Cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs," was his emphatic answer, "but a turtle is an insect."

It is reported that King Thebaw has murdered four hundred and seventy-five of his relatives since he ascended the throne. He may have had provocation enough. No doubt they were city relatives, and the King, who has a country seat, anticipated a visit from them during the summer. Don't judge the King too harshly, until all the facts are known.

"But, oh, papa, Georgie and I do love each other so devotedly." "I don't care. I say you shall not marry him. How can he support the daughter of a wealthy merchant when his salary is only five thousand dollars a year?" "But, papa, you forget he is your confidential clerk, your trusted employe." "What of that?" "Why he probably owns more of that store than you do already."

Little Billy Simpson is age about ten. Not long since the Simpson family was increased by still another little boy, and a friend of the family, meeting Billy, said to him: "So you have got another baby at your house. He is a right smart little fellow, ain't he?" "Humph!" sneered Billy, turning up his nose; "how many smart boys do you expect us to have in our family?"

Lord Coleraine was noted for imperturbable presence of mind. Going up to his room in an Irish inn one night he found his bed occupied by a stranger, who started up, exclaiming furiously: "How dare you come into my bedroom sir! My name is Johnson; I shall demand satisfaction in the morning." Just then a wizen-faced little woman popped her head from under the clothes. Lord Coleraine pointed at her and coolly observed: "Mrs. Johnson, I presume."

The Growth and Vitality of Proverbs.

Since the dawn of history the East has always been the favorite breeding-ground of proverbs. Proverbs are the natural language of a contemplative race, and the people of the East are and have been always contemplative to a marked degree. To the East, therefore, the student of this kind of literature must look for the best specimens with the certainty of finding there a wealth, the abundance of which must be seen to be appreciated. But not alone in the East is there found a proverbial philosophy, for every nation to some extent grows its own proverbs as it raises the most necessary articles of daily use. Few nations impart what they can raise at home, so few nations incorporate into the language of daily life forms of speech from foreign sources. The literature of a country may perish, but proverbs never die, because they have in themselves a germ of life that renders them practically immortal. It is with the proverbs of a nation as with the proper names and the native flowers. Every kind of social, moral and political revolution may sweep over the land, the native language may disappear and the native people vanish before the sword of the destroyer, but the native names and the native flowers never perish, and the proverbs have an almost equal tenacity of life.

The Queen of Siam's Thimble.

The thimble is a Dutch invention that was first brought to England in 1695 by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years, steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles.

A thimble owned by a Queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, that being the royal flower of the country, and almost everything about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold thickly studded with diamonds that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the King, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

The Land of the Vedas.

It was close upon midnight when we reached Ajmere, the last halting place on the journey to Bombay, writes a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* from Ajmere, India. It was some consolation to know that Dak bungalow, where we were to stay, was just over the way from the station. These Dak bungalows are an institution peculiar to a condition of things that is rapidly passing away in India. They are, in their way, identical with the refuges that are sprinkled over the bleak passes of the Alps. The structures erected by the government, who at more frequented stations, place a khansamah, or caterer, who supplies food at charges subject to the supervision of the district committee. In out-of-the-way places the Dak bungalow is simply a shed, as comfortless as any in Alpine passes. It had not hitherto come in our way to stop at a Dak bungalow, and hearing that there was an exceptionally good one at Ajmere, we decided to go there. The room into which we were shown was plain but sufficiently comfortable for a traveller's rest. The lofty walls were recently whitewashed; there was a spacious bath-room, and the bed-room was furnished with a few chairs, a table, and a small trackle-bed in the corner. There were neither sheets, blankets or quilts on the bed, but the man, who had disappeared after showing us into the room, had doubtless gone in search of them.

After waiting a reasonable time I went to hurry him up, and made the pleasing discovery that sheets, blankets, and counterpanes do not enter into the domestic economy of a Dak bungalow. We had omitted, in packing up for our journey, to put in our feather-bed, a blanket or two, and a change of sheets, and the prospect for the night was not attractive. It was varied by the appearance on the scene of a boisterous Briton, a fellow-lodger, who, hearing of our dilemma, literally broke into the room, dragging his bed-clothes with him, and insisting upon our accepting the load. I weakly protested, but he stormed so, declaring in typhoonic manner that he "could not lie in his bed and know that a lady was without sheets," that there was no help for it. The matter settled by his insistance he left his bed-clothes and disappeared down the passage like a gale of wind blowing itself out to the southward.

Ajmere is not one of the show places of India, lying out of the hurly-burly of trade, and having nothing well-advertised in the way of tombs or temples. But it is, in its quiet way, a singularly

INTERESTING EXAMPLAR OF NATIVE LIFE.

Moreover, it has its Hindoo temple and its Moslem mosque, both of hoar antiquity. The temple is know to the Hindoos as Araidin-ka jhopra, which, being translated, means "the work of two days and a half." The story is that the king, one of the old rajahs of Rajputana, projecting a journey to his residence on a hill overlooking the town, gave orders for the building of a temple, mentioning by the way that he would be back on the third day, and that he expected to find the work complete. He went off, returned in sixty hours, and the temple was ready for service. This fact, strange in itself, becomes even more amazing reflected upon among the ruins of the temple, and taking note of the enormous labor that must have been expended on its construction. There remain now only the brick wall and the roof, supported by red sandstone pillars. These are exquisitely and elaborately carved. Some recent excavations, accidentally conducted, have brought to light a number of slabs of stone covered with inscriptions which, as far as I could gather from inquiries on the spot, no one has attempted to decipher. In the main street stands the mosque, in much better preservation and in daily use by the faithful, who form a considerable proportion of the population of Ajmere. The mosque was founded in the early days of the Mogul empire, by Khaia Synd, the first missionary to the heathen Hindoo of Ajmere. We have visited many mosques in India without let or hindrance, and were taken aback when, on proposing to enter this building, a Musaulman, with ferocious beard and imaginary scimitar in his hand, waved us back.

The fortress of Zoraghur, whither the rajah went pending the building of the Hindoo temple, still stands on the hill with its ruined battlements looking down upon the city. A betel-nut man reclined in a chair while the barber, aproned and toweled hovered about him. The two squat down face to face and knee to knee, and thus is the shaving accomplished. The barber is one of the luxuries of European residence or travel in India. He is innumerable and ubiquitous. On arrival at a station after an all night journey he is sure to be waiting, and will enter the carriage and shave you without troubling you to remove from your seat. At the hotels he

KNOCKS TIMIDLY AT THE DOOR

as soon as he conceives time has been allowed for the consumption of chota hasree, will patiently wait half an hour or an hour, and thankfully takes his threepence, conscious that it is eight times as much as he would get from a native, whilst Sahib is not exigeant in the matter of nostrils and ears, and would even be angry if he laid waste a square inch or so on the crown of his head.

It was curious, as we strolled about, to find the dogs barking at us. One suddenly coming upon us would stand and gaze for a moment, marvelling at the strange thing, and then, first observing the precaution of sliding out of the way, begin to bark. Others coming out to see what was the matter, and being equally disturbed in their mind, took up the cry until matters began to grown exciting. We came upon a shoemaker sitting full in the sun by the dusty roadside with the forlornest agglomeration of wrecked boots and shoes ever seen off a dust heap. He was gazing upon the moldy mass of soleless uppers and earthquake-rent soles, a picture of despondency. A possible customer coming along, he brightened up, and in a long and animated speech appeared to be demonstrating that though eccentric in appearance, these were the kind of shoes, which, with judicious mending, were warranted to carry a man on to fortune. Boot-making and boot-mending, a poor trade generally throughout India, is brisker in Ajmere, where the men are much more given to wearing them than is the rule. Women here as elsewhere invariably go barefooted. Shoes used by a native must necessarily be a size too large, since their career is a constant alteration of slipping off and shuffling on. No native enters a room or shop with his shoes on.

Driving out to the gardens we came upon a gang of road-makers. The process of mending the Ajmere roads is peculiar. A strip about six feet wide is formed in the centre with a mixture of hard clay and gravel. When it is level it is beaten down and makes an admirable road for light traffic. The outer edges get whatever may be left. A gang of ten or more were beating the road with rammers. They stood in double line, five facing five, one line retiring, and the other advancing. As they moved they

CHANTED IN QUICK TIME,

a refrain which phonetically reads, "Sydly-hum, Sydly-hum," the rammers being brought down all together at the "hum." Women brought in baskets, carried on their heads, the road material, which they flung down as it was wanted. One woman, doing her full share under the hot sun, carried a lusty year old boy on her hip. This is a marked distinction between Japan and India. While in the former country babies are always carried on the back, in India they are invariably borne astride on the hip.

Women work hard in Ajmere. I expect it would not have taken four of them to make those thin cakes. By the Dak bungalow I saw a file of a dozen, chiefly young girls, uplifted high on an unfinished house, busily engaged in bricklaying. The drawing of water is an important item in the days work of the women in Ajmere. In most towns water is supplied in frequent wells, approachable from the street level. At Ajmere the daily store of water is found in a dip between two walls of rock, approached by steep flights of steps. One rock raising there out of the water was almost literally hidden from view by a cloud of pigeons that clung to its ragged front. It was a pretty sight, the constant stream of straight, lithe women in many-colored kirtles coming and going with their red jars poised on their heads. Some had a small ring of plaited straw, which they placed on their heads, and on this stood the water jar, slim-necked, full-bodied, and rounding off at the base to a ring not larger than the palm of the hand. Far up at the top of the steps on the town side was a stalwart blind beggar, who had miraculously caught sight of us, and at short intervals broke forth into stentorous entreaty for backsheesh. The pigeons, alarmed at the reverberation, started off from the rock, darkening the air in their flight. I don't know what becomes of the pigeons; evidently no one kills and eats them. In the peepal tree under which the betel-nut man was getting shaved there were trays suspended from the boughs on which passers-by threw a few grains of rice or millet. The tree was peopled with birds, which, when not overeating themselves, hopped about as if the place belonged to them; which indeed it does, for no Hindoo would disturb them.

All the life of an Indian bazaar dies out at sundown, as it began at sunrise. There are no flaring gas-lights, no crowd of promenaders. As darkness falls over the narrow streets the goods are taken in from the ever open shop, the shop-keepers disappear, the shops become dark, empty caverns, and only here and there the glare of a miniature furnace with a man's face suddenly lighted up, as he applies the blow-pipe, shows the fate worker in silver or brass.

A Dog's Practical Joke.

There is in Sheepshead Bay a sad-eyed, black-muzzled brindle pup which is known thereabouts as "The Dude." He is the property of Mr. W. A. Edwards, the celebrated alligator expert. He (the dog) has a broad chest, parenthetical forelegs, and a small stub which is popularly supposed to be a tail. "The Dude" veils beneath a haughty and indifferent exterior a deep vein of humor. He has at various times in his career thrown the Edwards household, the whole of Sheepshead Bay, and a large portion of Coney Island into a state of excitement by his antics; but he never perpetrated quite so complete and thorough a practical joke as on Thursday night. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon "The Dude" went with his master to take a swim in the bay. When the master returned he suddenly discovered that "The Dude" was not with him. A search was made, but no trace of the brindle pup could be found. Mr. Edwards' brother and several neighbors searched Sheepshead Bay until dark, but were obliged to give "The Dude" up at last, and at 9 o'clock at night no trace of him could be found. At that hour several men and boys started out with lanterns to look for him. At 10 o'clock the youngest son of the Edwards family returned with the mournful intelligence that he had found "The Dude" lying in two compact and well-severed parts on either side of the railroad track. The dog was dead. When the boy returned to the house he was afraid to tell his mother for fear of the grief it would cause her, but after mustering up courage the family was apprised of the affliction, and a short time afterward Mr. Edwards and his brothers and friends took a wheelbarrow and a lantern and went forth to bury the remains. When they arrived at the railroad track a more minute examination of the dog revealed the startling fact that it was not "The Dude," but another brindle pup which had lived across the way, and which had waged perpetual warfare with "The Dude." Only that morning Mr. Edwards' pup had gloriously defeated the brindle which lived across the way, and it is now supposed that the brindle pup went and committed suicide through sheer chagrin.

The mourners returned to the house in great haste to convey the good news to Mrs. Howell, Mr. Edwards' mother. They threwopen the gate and were about to enter the grounds when they were brought to a stop by a low growl and they discovered "The Dude" himself, as large as life and in a great state of apparent ferocity, guarding the gate. He guarded it so effectively that he kept his master and all the younger members of the Edwards household at bay. They coaxed and pleaded, but without avail. "The Dude" positively refused to allow them to enter. When eventually Mrs. Howell came out and coaxed the dog away from the gate, there was a reunion in the front parlor, and the fact was developed that "The Dude" had been on the top floor of the house watching the search from a front window ever since his return from the water. When they went out to look at the brindle pup, the last thing before retiring, the youth of the Edwards family discovered a broad grin upon his rugged features and observed that his stubby tail was wriggling with the semblance of ecstastic joy.

The Transmission of Emotions.

The wife of Arthur Severn, the distinguished landscape painter, woke at 7 o'clock with a start, feeling a hard blow on the mouth, and with a distinct sense of being cut and bleeding on the under lip. She seized her handkerchief and put it to her mouth as she sat up in bed, and was surprised on taking it away to find that it was not bleeding. She concluded she had been dreaming. At breakfast her husband, who had been out for an early sail, appeared with a bad cut on the lip made at that hour by the tiller, which had struck him in a squall.

A case of transferred emotion is that of Rev. J. M. Wilson, headmaster of Clifton College, a senior-wrangler and a distinguished mathematician. When in good health, one evening, while a student at Cambridge, he suddenly felt ill, trembled with a sort of fright, thought he was dying, tried to study, but could not, went to see a friend, who tried to distract his mind, but could not. After three hours it passed off, and the next morning he was well. In the afternoon a letter informed him that his twin brother had died the evening before.

A case of transfer of will is given by Alex. Skirving, a foreman of masons. While at work, one morning, he suddenly felt an intense desire to go home. It was a long distance, and he could not well leave his work, and he resisted it. But the feeling became uncontrollable, and, though he believed his wife would ridicule him, he went home. There he was met by a woman who asked him: "Why, Skirving, how did you know?" He knew nothing, but he had been compelled to come home. He was told that his wife had been run over by a cab, and seriously injured, and had been piteously calling for him.

These cases do not go into the supernatural. They do not concern visions of the dead or assumed communications from them. They do not pass belief. We have all known of similar cases in our acquaintance. Science has laughed at them as incredible, but we may remember that Lavoisire said: "Stones cannot fall from the sky; for there are no stones in the sky." But there are stones in the sky, and stones do fall. The incredible happens, and it is of no use to deny such facts as we have given.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinay succes that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Nature combs the rooster's head, but man has to comb his own.—*N. Y. Times.* Quite a comb-ination of circumstances, so to speak.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 1,000 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

A man who sleeps at a lodging house in the West End call his neighbor's dog "Tree," because its bark is all on the outside.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system! In large bottles 50 cents

Why is it, that one woman who wants to get on a street car, always wants to get on before the half dozen who want to get off can get off?

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Will some of you smart paragraphers tell us who keeps the road to fame in repair?—*Ky. State Journal.* Yes we will, but for valuable information like that, we want $5. No charge, cash in hand.

Carrying War

Into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The large demand from the United States for this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietary goods sold here emanate from those countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this discomfort to test its merits.—Exchange.

"What do you mean by disturbing me at this hour of the night?" asked an Austin doctor angrily of a darky who woke him at 3 o'clock in the morning. "I jess thought, boss, dat as yer was busy yer didn't hab time to tend ter poor folks in de day, so I 'lowd I'd jess drap in after supper."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Rich and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large size 50 cents.

"Look at that dirty little boy mamma." "Yes, my son." "Why he is just black. How I hate a dirty boy." You shouldn't hate anybody. You know we are all made out of dust, and one little boy is just the same as another in sight—" "Well," interrupted the urchin conclusively, "he must have been made out of coal dust."

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier. All Druggists 50 cents

Wagner, though modern, is given high rank among clash-ic composers.

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's NERVILINE is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

A.P. 192.

WHEAT Valley $4, Scott $1.35, Dahl $1.35, Amber $1.35, (bus) Rye 85c. Jas. Rennie, Toronto.

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THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE. 130 ACRES IN GOOD order; easy terms. DR. PYNE, Toronto.

SAW MILL PROPERTIES FOR SALE—stave machinery included if desired. Send for circular. H. J. LEACOCK, Brigden.

MEN WANTED.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $3000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.
100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement,
Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings,
Water Lime, Fine Covers, Whiting,
Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay,
Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair Bed & Springs

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The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 343 Montreal.

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Manufacturers of Star Rivet
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Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60; blacksmith's shop, 20 x 43, lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Rose Corners, four miles from Bellaville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $6,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY Bellaville.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co, Halifax; Rhea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine. 1 Able Triumph Do. 1 G. O. Morrison & Co. 12 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horozontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Foey Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Slat Tenoner. 1 Bugay Planer or Jointer. 1 band saws. 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rouge Stand. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 32-inch Inserted Tooth Saw, &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machiner, in stock. Address,
H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $100 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $1.65. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.60 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. DELAHE, Secretary, London, Ont

JUST PUBLISHED
"THE ONE MEDIATOR,"
By Rev. J. E. Evans, Hamilton, Ont.

This book, as indicated by the title page, contains "Selections and Thoughts on the Propitiatory Sacrifice and Intercession presented by the Lord Jesus Christ, as our Great High Priest." It has appended chapters on the conditions of salvation; also appended exposition of Romans V., 11-21, and notes. It revives the distinction correctly made by Anselm, between "Satisfaction" and "Punishment," and shows that what the Mediator did in relation to God, was to render satisfaction to Divine Righteousness for the suspension of the punishment threatened by Divine Justice; and for its full remission on condition of repentance and faith.

The Editor of the *Christian Guardian* says: "This is an able and thoughtful work. The view of the Atonement presented by Mr. Evans, is sustained by Scripture and reason, and frees this great central doctrine from objections that have led to its rejection by many. It also combats a popular misleading theory with philosophical insight, and unanswerable logical arguments. This feature alone makes this book worthy of a wide circulation throughout the Methodist world." He adds "we regard this work to be the most important contribution to Christian Theology published by any Canadian author. We recommend all our ministers to get it, and read it." It contains 418 pages on good toned paper. It will be sent by mail or otherwise for one dollar enclosed in a registered letter to MISS EVANS, Box 46 Hamilton, Ont.

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MANUFACTURED BY
A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,
are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

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Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday, during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

	QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL		
Brooklyn,	Aug. 23	Montreal,	Sept. 13
Toronto,	Aug. 30	*Vancouver	Sept. 20
*Oregon,	Sept. 6		

Rates of passage: Cabin: Quebec to Liverpool $60, $65, $75, $80. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $30. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
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Offers the best facilities for obtaining a thorough preparation for a successful business career. The latest and most improved methods of instruction are adopted. Six Teachers and Lecturers, including two Directors, form the staff, are permanently employed. The Annual College Circular will be mailed free to any address.
MacCormick, Begle & Timmins.

THE MODEL
Washer
BLEACHER.
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in action. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.
$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. Mhe clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Presbyterian says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec Charges paid $2.50 Send for circulars.
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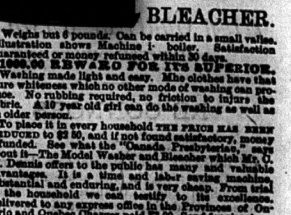
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.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CARRIAGE TOPS
ARE THE
Latest, Neatest, Lightest, Strongest, Cheapest and most Stylish Top in the market.
Buy no other until you see them.
For sale by all the leading Carriage Builders.
Manufactured in great variety at 407, 409 and 411 King St. W., Toronto.

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STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.
Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
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High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run.
Silent and Rapid in movement
Plain and Simple to learn
It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.
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1763 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 88 King St., West, Toronto.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

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Hides, Sheep and Calf Skins, Wool, Tallow and Eggs.

Opposite Harper's Block, St. Lawrence Street.

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HARVEST TOOLS !

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE CONNORS.

PURSUANT to an order of this Honorable Court made in the above matter, the creditors of Thomas Conners, late of Madoc, farmer, who died in or about the month of May, A. D. 1876, are on or about the 15th day of September, A. D. 1884, to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, the Solicitor for petitioner herein, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall, Belleville, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for the adjudication on the claims.

Dated August 16th, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER, Local Master.

S. B. BURDETT, Solicitor for Petitioner. 381-4

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

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GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

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LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL—OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

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M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

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WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
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WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

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All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

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A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

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Weiss' Block, Madoc.

E. B. Casement & Son, Stoves, Tinware, Oils, &c., Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance.

VOL. VII., No 384. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 11, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAI

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Ed'tor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—Confidentially I can give you some news of considerable interest. That letter of J. P's caused quite a sensation in Faraday. Did'nt he go for "Reformer" who threatened to turn his coat—did'nt he lash him with his tow string! well it was nothing more than he deserved, what is it his business what the Ontario Government do with the public lands? these matters are above our understandings. Oh, it did me good to see the stylish manner J. P. plyed it to him. There were quite a number of Reformers who have turned their coats, but now they are badly scared since they have seen the way J. P. handled the other fellow, and I am told they have hid their coats away until required for use. But did not J. P. take the hip-lock on the National Policy, he gave that "stumbling block" of his a grand toss, he is a smart fellow "that same" J.P. And how nicely he showed up that the "Central Ontario railway" was an undertaking of equal magnitude and importance with the Canada Pacific. His demonstration that "Monopoly" did not mean the enjoyment by an individual or corporation (as the case may be) of privileges to the exclusion of all other parties, we fellows here in Faraday have been using that word in a wrong sense. J. P. has plainly proved that the grant of land to Coe in advance and in preference to all others was not granting a monopoly, and no doubt he knows best. We fellows in here must have a few dictionaries, J. P. advises "Reformer" to borrow one, J.P. seems a generous sort of a fellow and I wish he would lend us a few even supposing we never returned them. And here is another matter that we did not know, "Reformer" says that he hears complaints about Coe applying for lands that are already occupied, and J.P. says that all lands in Ontario are held under the same "tenure," we did not think that all the lands in Ontario were held under the frail title of mere occupation, but J.P. says so, and I suppose so it must be. There is some "sand" in J.P., this production of his is not rhyme, it looks and sounds to me like *blank* verse, I think there is music in him, my imagination pictures him to me as a plump, jolly good fellow, and I would recommend to him a nice little song I heard when I was a small boy, it goes in this wise:—

"Said the man to Sandy, will you lend me your mill?
You can have my mill said Sandy.
So Sandy lent the man the mill,
And the man got the loan of Sandy's mill;
Said the man to Sandy I wanted the mill,
You've got the mill said Sandy."

It is a beautiful little thing with a repeat thus "Said the man to Sandy, etc., etc." Poor Sandy's generous soul, every time I think of him I think of Pardee. Bye-the-bye speaking of Pardee calls to my recollection something I have somewhere seen, perpetrated by some wag, it is simply a "new song to an old tune," a parody (let me see "parody" yes I guess that's the word, Oh! when I get the dictionary won't I sling these big words), on Sandy's mill, it goes like this,

"Said Coe to Pardee I want some land,
You shall have some land said Pardee;
So Pardee granted Coe the land,
And Coe got a grant of the people's land.
Said Coe to Pardee I wanted their land;
You have got their land said Pardee.

I have no doubt J.P. can handle this well, my suggestion is this, let J. P. take up his position in a bar-room or tavern-hall, he can enjoy himself and make himself useful, he can sing his little song, he can smoke his cigar, and if he has no conscientious scruples can imbibe a little occasionally, he can spread himself out on the National policy, deliver lectures on the meaning and application of words, (especially the word monopoly), make himself useful to the Ontario Government by defending and justifying them against all out-siders, report on, and chastise all parties who threaten to turn their coats. Now Sir I think J.P. acting in this capacity would be the "right man in the right place." Hoping that these well meant suggestions may meet his approval, void of offence. I am, etc.,

SETTLER IN FARADAY.

Faraday, Aug. 20th, 1884.

Lady Lansdowne has been invited to lay the corner-stone of the Belleville hospital and home for the friendless, which ceremony will be performed a few weeks hence.

The Council of Brougham at their session on the 16th August, passed a by-law prohibiting non-residents from hunting deer in that township, under a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $20. Sportsmen had better govern themselves accordingly.

Mr. L. V. Bowerman, cheesemaker, Bloomfield, has added a creamery to his factory. He separates the cream from one-fourth the sweet milk as it is taken in, by centrifugal force and uses the skimmed milk with the unskimmed in making his cheese. Our cheese makers would do well to inquire after the process.

At Bowmanville on the 28th, ult., Chief McKinnon of Belleville threw, with one arm, standing style, a hammer weighing, exclusive of the handle, 16 lbs. 1½ oz., with the ordinary 3 foot 6 inch handle, 91 feet 11 inches; the light hammer, weighing exclusive of handle, 12 lbs. 4oz., 107 feet 11 inches; beating all previous records with these weights and style. The ground was perfectly level.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper printer;
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder,
In what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it does not pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say—but mean it—
"Why don't you buy your own?"

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any chance,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late.
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown;
So here's the year's subscription,
And credit is right down:
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcome benison.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, Jr., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

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MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Weiss Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, Secretary. J. R. ORR, Noble Grand.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

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PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

ICE CREAM

—AT—

LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

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O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO

MADOC.

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—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

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Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

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A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

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A TASTE OF HONEY.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

The long, low, red painted cottage was raised above the level of the street on an embankment separated into two terraces. Steep stone steps led up the terraces. They were covered with green slimy moss, and little ferns and weeds sprung out of every crack. A walk of flat slate stones led from them to the front door, which was painted green, sagged on its hinges, and had a brass knocker on it.

The whole yard and the double banks were covered with a tall waving crop of red timothy and herds-grass and red and white clover. It was in the height of haying-time.

A grassy wheel track lay round the side of the house to the barn dashed with streaks of red paint.

Off to the left stretched some waving pasture-land, a garden patch marked by bean holes and glancing corn blades, and a long row of bee-hives showing in the midst of it.

A rusty open buggy and a lop-eared white horse stood in the drive opposite the side door of the house.

An elderly woman with a green cotton umbrella over her head sat in the buggy placidly waiting. She had a flattish black straw bonnet with purple strings, and wore a dull green silk shawl sprinkled with little bright palm leaves over her broad shoulders.

She had a large smiling face, crinkly gray hair, and quite a thick white beard cropped close on her double chin.

The side door stood open, and a young woman kept coming out, bringing pails and round wooden boxes, which she stowed away in the buggy, in back and under the seat. She was a little round-shouldered, her face with its thick, dull-colored complexion was like her mother's, just as pleasant and smiling, only with a suggestion of shrewd sense about it which the older's woman's did not have.

When the pails and boxes were all in the buggy, she locked the door, got in herself, and drove carefully out of the yard.

The road along which they proceeded lay between waving grain fields. The air was full of the rattle of mowing-machines this morning; nearly every field had its broad furrows where they had passed.

The old white horse jogged slowly along; the two women sat behind him in silence, the older one gazing about her with placid interest, the younger one apparently absorbed in her own thoughts. She was calculating how much her butter and eggs and berries would bring in Bolton, the large market town towards which they were travelling.

Every week Ines Morse and her mother drove there to sell the produce of their little farm. Her father had died three years before; ever since, the daughter had carried on the farm, hiring very little help. There was a six hundred dollar mortgage on it, which she was trying to pay up. It was slow work, though they saved every penny they could, and denied themselves even the fruit of their own land.

Ines had a mild joke about the honey which her bees made. She and her mother scarcely tasted it; it all went into the Bolton markets.

"I tell you what 'tis mother,' Ines used to say, "the day the mortgage is paid off we'll have warm biscuit and honey for supper."

Whenever her mother looked wistfully at the delicacies which they could not keep for their own enjoyment, Ines would tell her to never mind—by-and-by they would eat their own honey. The remark grew into a sort of household proverb for them.

The mother felt the privations much more keenly than the daughter. She was one of those women for whom these simple animal pleasures form a great part of life. She had not much resource in her mind. The payment of the mortgage did not afford her the keen delight in anticipation that it did Ines; she was hardly capable of it, though she would be pleased enough when the time came. Now she thought more about eating the honey. However, she had never grumbled at any of her daughter's management. In her opinion, Ines always did about right.

When they reached Bolton, Ines drove about the village from house to house, selling her wares at the doors, while her mother sat in the buggy and held the horse. She had a good many regular customers; her goods were always excellent, and gave satisfaction, though she had the name of being a trifle exacting in her bargains, and asking as much as she possibly could.

To day one of her customers in making change did not give her enough by a cent. Ines, when she discovered it, drove back a quarter of a mile to have the error rectified.

The woman looked amazed and a trifle contemptuous when she asked her for the missing penny. Ines saw it. "You think it is queer that I came back for one cent," with slow dignity, "but cents are my dollars."

"Yes, I suppose so," assented the woman, hastily changing her expression.

Ines driving through Bolton streets, looks at the girls of her own age whom she met in their pretty street suits in grave feminine admiration. She had never had anything but the very barest necessaries in the way of clothes herself. Lately a vain desire had crept into her heart for a bright ribbon bow to wear at the throat, as some of those girls did. She never dreamed of gratifying the desire, but it remained. She thought of it so much that, before she knew, she mentioned it to her mother on her way home.

"Mother," said she, "a red ribbon bow with long ends like those girls wore would be pretty for me wouldn't it?"

Her mother stared at her in amazement. It did not sound like Ines. "Real pretty, child," she said. "I'd buy one of I was you; you're young, an' you want such things. I had 'em when I was a girl."

"Oh no, mother," cried Ines, hastily. "Of course I never thought of such a thing really. I only spoke of it. We've got to wait till the mortgage is paid to eat our honey, you know."

That evening after the mother and daughter had eaten their supper, and were sitting in the kitchen in the twilight, there came a knock at the door.

Ines answered it. Willy Linfield stood there.

"How do you do, Willy?" said she.

"Pretty well, thanky, Ines."

Then there was a pause. Ines stood looking gravely at the young man. She wondered what he wanted, and why he did not tell his errand.

"Nice evening," said he finally.

"Beautiful."

Then there was another pause. The young fellow stood on one foot, then on the other, and got red in the face.

Ines could not imagine why he did not tell her what he wanted. At last she grew desperate.

"Did your mother want to buy some eggs, Willy?" she asked.

"No-o," he faultered, looking rather taken aback. "I don't—she does—leastways she didn't say anything about it."

"Was it better, then?"

"No—I guess not. I rather think she's got plenty."

Ines started on him in growing amazement—what did he want?

He was a fairly complexioned young man, and he looked as if the blood was fairly bursting through his face.

"Good-night, Ines," said he finally.

"Good-night, Willy," she responded. Then he walked off.

Ines went into the kitchen entirely mystified. She told her mother about it. "What do you suppose he wanted?" asked she.

Mrs. Morse was an obtuse woman, but Ines's father had come courting her in bygone days. She caught the clew to the mystery quicker than her daughter.

"Why, I guess he come to see you Ines, most likely."

"Come to see me! Why, what for?"

"Why, 'cause he wanted to. Why does any feller go to see a girl?"

It was Ines turn to color then. "I never thought of such a thing as that," said she. "I don't believe it, mother."

"He did, sure's preachin'."

"I never thought of asking him to come in. I guess you are mistaken, mother. Nobody ever came to see me so."

Ines kept thinking about it uneasily. It was a new uneasiness for her.

The next day she met Willy Linfield in the village store. She stepped up to him at once.

"Willy," said she, "I didn't ask you to come in last night, and I thought p'raps, afterward, I'd ought to. I never thought of your wanting to come in. I supposed you'd come on an errand."

The young fellow had looked stiff and offended when she first approached him, but it was impossible to doubt her honest apology.

"Well, I kinder thought of making a little call on you, Ines," he owned, coloring.

"I'm very sorry, then; but no young man ever came to see me before, and I never thought of such a thing."

She looked into his face pleasantly. He gained courage. "Say, Ines," said he, "the bell-ringers are going to perform in the hall to-morrow night. Would you like to go with me?"

"Yes, I'd like to. Thank you, Willy."

Ines was not easily perturbed, but she went home now in a flutter. Such a thing as this had never happened to her before. Young men had never much partiality for her. Now she was exceedingly pleased. She had never realized that she cared, because she had not had the experience of other girls; but now her girlish instincts awoke. She really had a good deal of her mother's simplicity about her, though it was redeemed by native shrewdness.

Now she began to revolve in her mind again the project of the red ribbon. She did want it so much, but she felt as if it was such a dreadful extravagance. At last she decided to get it. She actually looked pale and scared when she stood at the counter in the little millinery shop buying it.

She went home with it feeling a guilty delight, and showed it to her mother, and told her of Willy Linfield's invitation. She had not before. This was the afternoon of the concert day.

"My!" said her mother, elated, "you've got a beau, Ines, as sure as preachin', an' the red ribbon's beautiful."

Ines could not rid herself of the guilty feeling, however. She gave her mother a piece of honey-comb for her supper. "It ain't fair for me to be buying ribbon out of the mortgage money, and mother have nothing," said she to herself. "So she must have the honey, and that makes two things out."

But when Ines, with the crisp red bow at her throat, followed her escort awkardly through the lighted hall, and sat by his side listening to the crystal notes of the bell-ringers, the worry about the ribbon and the weight of the mortgage seemed to slip for a moment from her young, bowed shoulders. She hardly though of them, only to look at some other girls with ribbons, and to be glad she had one too. She was making a grasp for a few minutes at the girl-hood she had never had.

The concert was Wednesday. Saturday she and her mother drove to Bolton to sell their butter and eggs again. When they got home, Ines opened the parlor, which was never used, and swept and dusted it. It was a grand apartment to her and her mother. It had never been opened since her father's funeral. When she first unclosed the door to-day she seemed to see the long coffin in the middle of the floor, where it had rested then.

She shuddered a little. "Folks that have had troubles do see coffins afterward, even when they're happy, I suppose," muttered she to herself.

Then she went to work. There was a large mahogany bureau in one corner of the room; some flat-bottomed chairs stood stiffly around; there was an old-fashioned card-table, with Mrs. Hemans's poems and the best lamp in a bead lamp mat on it, between the two front windows. A narrow gilt-framed looking-glass hung over it.

Mrs. Morse heard Ines at work, and came in. "What *air* you doing on, Ines?" she asked, in wonder.

"I just thought I'd slick up here a little. Willy Linfield said—he might—drop in a while Sunday night." Ines did not look at her mother. Somehow she felt more ashamed before her than she would have before a smarter woman.

"My sakes, Ines, you don't say so! You have got a beau as sure as preachin'. Your father kept right on reg'lar, after we once set up a Sunday night. You'll have to put a new wick in that lamp, Ines."

"I'll see to it mother," replied Ines, shortly. She was delighted herself, but see felt angry with her mother for showing so much elation; it seemed to cheapen her happiness.

Sunday, Ines went with her mother to church in the morning and afternoon. She went to Sabbath-school after the morning service too. She was in a class of girls of her own age. She had never felt, somehow, as if she was in the least one of their kind. She never had the things they had, or did anything which they were accostomed to do. To-day she looked at them with a feeling of kinship. She was a girl too. Three or four of them had lovers. Ines eyed them, and thought how she had one too, and he was coming to night as well as theirs.

She had work to do Sunday as well as week-days. There were cows to milk and hens to feed. But she changed her dress after supper, and put on the new red ribbon bow. She picked a little nosegay of cinnamon roses out in the front yard (there were a few of these little dwarf roses half buried in the tall grass there), and arranged them in an old wine-glass on the parlor mantol. When she heard Willy's feet on the slate walk and his knock on the front door, her heart beat as it never had before.

"There's your beau, Ines!" cried her mother; "he's come!"

Ines was terribly afraid Willy would hear what her mother said: the windows were all open. She went to the door trembling, and asked him into the garnished parlor.

Mrs. Morse staid out in the kitchen. The twilight deepened. She could hear the soft hum of voices in the parlor. "Ines is to there courtin'," said she. "Her father use me used to court, but it's all over. There's something queer about everything."

Willy Lenfield came many Sunday night after that. It got to be said all around that Willy Linfield was "going" with Inez Morse. Folks wondered why he fancied her. He was a pretty, rather dandified young fellow, and Ines was so plain in her ways. He looks ten years older than she, though she was about the same age.

One Monday afternoon she told her mother that Willy the night before had asked her to marry him. The two women sat at the kitchen windows resting. They had been washing and were just through. The kitchen floor was freshly scoured; everything looked damp and clean.

"You don't say so, Ines!" cried her mother, admiringly. "What did you tell him? Of course you'll have him; he's a real nice feller; an' I don't believe you'll get anybody else."

"I told him I'd have him if he'd wait three years for me to pay off the mortgage," replied Ines, quietly.

"Did he say he would?"

"Yes."

"It's a long time for a feller to wait," said her mother, shaking her head dubiously. "I'm afraid you'll lose him Inez."

"Then I'll lose him," said Inez. "I'm going to pay off the mortgage before I marry any man. Mother, look here." she went on, with a passion which was totally foreign to her, and showed how deeply she felt about the matter. "You know a little how I feel about that mortgage. You know how father felt about it."

"Yes, I know, Ines," said her mother, with a sob.

"Many's the time," Inez went on, "that father has talked about it to me over in the field there. He'd been trying all his life to get this place clear; he'd worked like a dog; we all worked and went without. But to save his life he couldn't pay it up within six hundred dollars. When the doctor told him he couldn't live many months longer, he fretted and fretted over it to me. I guess he always talked more about his troubles to me, mother, than he did to you."

"I guess he did, Ines."

"Finally I told him one day—it was when he was able to be about, just before he gave up; I was out in the garden picking peas, and he was there with his cane. 'Ines,' said he, 'I've got to die an' leave that mortgage unpaid, an' I've been workin' ever since I was a young man to do it.' 'Father,' says I, 'don't you worry. *I'll* pay up that mortgage.' 'You can't, Ines,' says he. 'Yes I will,' says I; 'I promise you father.' It seemed to cheer him up. He didn't fret so much about it to me afterwards, but he kept asking me if I shought I really could. I always said 'Yes.'

"Now, mother, if I marry Willy now, nobody knows what's going to be to hinder my keeping my promise to father. Willy 'ain't got anything laid up, and he ain't very strong. Besides, he got his mother and sister to do for. Hattie's just beginning to help herself a little, but she can't do much for her mother yet. Mrs. Linfield ain't able to work, and Willy's got to look out for her. Then I've got you. And there might be more still to do for in the course of two or three years; nobody knows. If I marry Willy now, I shall never pay off the mortgage that I promised poor father I would, and I ain't going to do it. It'll take just three years to pay it every cent; and then I'll marry him, if he's willing to wait. If the mortgage was just for me, I wouldn't care, though I don't think it would be very wise anyway. But it's for father."

Mrs. Morse was crying. "I know you're jest right about the mortgage, Ines," she sobbed; "but you'll lose your beau as sure as preachin'."

Nevertheless, it seemed for a long time as if she would not. Willy kept faithful. He was a good sort of young fellow, and very fond of Inez, though he hardly entered into her feelings about the mortgage. There was at times a perfect agony of pity in her heart over her father. It made no difference to her that all his earthly troubles were over for him now. When she thought over how he had toiled and worried and denied himself for the sake of owning their little farm clear, and then had to die without seeing it accomplished, it seemed as if she could not bear it. The pitiful spectacle of her poor dull father working all his life for such a small aim in such small ways in vain haunted her.

During the next three years she strained every nerve. She denied herself even more than she had formerly. Sometimes she used to think her clothes were hardly fit for her to appear in beside Willy, he always looked so nice. But she thought he knew why she dressed so poorly, and would not mind. "It brings the time when we can eat our honey together," she said.

Willy was faithful for a long time; but the last six monts of the third year he began to drop off a little. Once and a while he would miss a Sunday night. Ines fretted over it a little; but she did not really think of doubting him, he had been constant to her so long. Besides, there was only one more payment to be made on the mortgage, and she was so jubilant over that that she was hopeful about everything else.

Still, it was not with an altogether light heart that she went to the lawyer's office one afternoon and made the last payment. Willy had not been near her for three weeks now. She had not seen him even in church.

Still she went straight to his house from the lawyer's office; that had been the old laughing bargain between them. She was to go and tell him the good news; then he was to go home with her, and help eat the festive supper of warm biscuit and honey.

She walked right in at the side door, and entered the sitting-room. She was familar with the place. In the sitting room sat Willy's mother and sister. They both started when they saw her.

"Oh, mother, here she is!" cried Hattie, without speaking to Ines.

Ines's heart sank, but she tried to speak naturally.

"Where's Willy?" asked she. "He's home from the shop, ain't he? I've made the last payment on the mortgage, and I've come to tell him."

The mother and daughter made no reply, but gazed at each other in silent distress.

"Oh, Ines!" cried Hattie at length, as if she had nothing else to say. "Come into the parlor a minute with me, Ines," she added, after a little.

Ines followed her trembling.

Hattie shut the door and threw her arms around Ines. "Oh, Ines!" she cried again, and began weeping: "I don't know how to tell you. Willy has treated you awful mean. We've all talked to him, but it didn't do any good. Oh, Ines, I can't tell you! He's—gone over to West Dorset this afternoon—to get married! Oh, Ines!"

"Who is he going to marry?" cried Ines.

"Her name's Towne—Minnie Towne. Oh, Ines, we're so awful sorry! He hasn't known her long. We never dreamed of such a thing."

"Never mind," said Ines, quietly. "Don't take on so, Hattie. Perhaps its all for the best."

"Why, don't you *care*, Ines?"

There was a pitiful calm on Inez's dull face. "There's no use fretting over what can't be helped," said she. "I don't think Willy has acted bad. I made him wait a long time."

"That was the trouble, Ines."

"I couldn't help it. I should do it over again."

Ines took it so calmly that the other girl brightened. She had felt frightened and distressed over this, but she had not a very deep nature.

"Ines," said she, hesitatingly, when she made a motion to go, "they've got a room fixed upstairs, you know; would you like to see it? It looks real pretty."

Inez shuddered. This fine stab served to pierce the deepest, though she knew the girl meant all right.

"No, thank you, Hattie, I won't stop."

Inez was thankful when she got out in the air. She felt a little faint. She had to walk a mile before she reached home. Once she stopped and rested, sitting on a stone beside the road. She looked wearily around at the familiar landscape.

"The mortgage is paid," said she, "but I'll never eat my honey."

Her mother was watching at the kitchen window for her when she entered the yard.

"Is it paid, Ines?" asked she, eagerly, when the door opened.

"Every cent, mother," replied the daughter, kissing her—something she seldom did; she was not given to caresses.

"Where's your bean?" was the next question. "I thought you was going to bring him home."

"He ain't coming, mother. He's gone over to West Dorset to get married."

"Ines Morse, you don't mean to say so! You don't mean you've really lost your beau! Wa'al I told you you would."

Mrs. Morse sat down and began to cry.

Ines had taken her things off, and now she was getting out the moulding-board and some flour.

"Wat air you doin' on, Ines?"

"I'm making the warm biscuits for supper, mother, to eat with the honey."

"You ain't goin' to make warm biscuit when you've lost your bean?"

"I don't see how that need to cheat us out of our supper we've talked about all these years."

"I do declar', I don't believe you mind it a bit," said she poor simple mother, her sorrow for her daughter lighting up a little.

"I don't care so much but what I've got enough comfort left to live on, mother."

"Wa'al, I'm glad you can look at it so, Ines, but you air a queer girl."

The biscuit were as light as puffs. Ines's face was as cheerful as usual, when she and her mother sat down at the little table, with the biscuit and golden honey-comb in a clear glass dish between them. The mother looked placidly happy. She was delighted that Ines could "take it so."

But when she saw her help herself to the biscuit and honey, she said again: "You air a queer girl, Ines. I know the mortgage is paid, an' I only wish your poor father knew, an' here we sit eatin' the warm biscuit and honey. But I should think losin' your beau would take all the sweetness out of the honey."

The pleasant patience in Ines's face was more pathetic than tears. "I guess there's a good many folks find it the same way with their honey in this world," says she. "Tomorrow, if it's pleasant, we'll drive to Boston, and get you a new dress, mother."

"Is This Hot Enough For You?"

In 1303 and 1304, according to a French periodical, the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. In 1615 the heat throughout Europe became excessive. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; man and beasts died in scores. The heat in several departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 p. m. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theatres never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a great number of people were stifled. There was not sufficient air for their breath, and people had to take refuge under ground. In July, 1793, the heat became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling-houses cracked and split up; meat went bad in an hour. The rivers ran dry in several provinces during 1811; expedients had to be devised for the grinding of corn. In 1822 a protracted heat was accompanied by storms and earthquakes; during the drought legions of mice overran Lorraine and Alsace, committing incalculable damage. In 1832 the heat brought about cholera in France; 20,000 persons fell victims to the visitation in Paris alone. In 1846 the thermometer marked 125 degrees in the sun.

VARIED TOPICS.

A girl in Georgia, says the *Elliay Courier*, has drunk 300 bottles of lemonade during the past year. Hot things to eat to the capabilities of Georgia girls in many directions.

On some of the sheep ranches in the Western territories there are as many as 300,000 sheep. Shearing begins in September, and October is a busy season. The sight of from 300 to 400 men at work, each stripping a sheep in a dexterous manner, is very animated.

It is reported from Berlin that Dr. Schweinfurth, the African traveller, has been charged by the Academy of Science of that city with a mission to Central Africa, and will shortly set out at the head of an expedition. German colonization projects are doubtless connected with Dr. Schweinfurth's plans.

The number of vessels totally lost on or near the coasts of Great Britain during the five years, 1877-82, was, according to the report of the Committee on Harbors, 2425, or an average of 497 per annum, with a loss of life equal to nearly 739 per annum. This returns takes no account of missing ships.

Miss Mary Anderson's picture, "showing her classic oval face to perfection," has an enormous sale in England, making the fortune of the photographers to whom she has given sittings. One of the London newspapers says that the three most popular beauty places rank, judging from the sales, as follows: First, the Princess of Wales; second, Miss Anderson, and third, Mrs. Langtry.

Herr Binder, the Austrian manager of the estate of Baron Hirsch at Bellova, who was carried off to the hills by brigands some time since, is reported still to be alive, but ill from fright. The robbers have sent a letter in Greek, which Herr Binder was compelled to sign, to Baron Hirsch's representative, demanding £4000 as his ransom. Negotiations have been opened with the brigands on this basis.

The disease known as "English cholera," which had broken out virulently in some parts of Lancashire, has been ascribed to the use of impure water. The unwonted hot weather had caused a scarcity of the supply, and the people, in their extremity, had recourse to impure springs. In Northampton, where there were numbers of persons affected, the sewers also had given off noxious exhalations for want of flushing.

The Rev. Charles E. B. Reed, Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, recently met his death by falling over a precipice at Pontresina, at which place he was spending his summer vacation. The deceased was born in 1846, and was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. His services to the Bible Society were greatly valued. He was an expert rower and was always fond of athletic exercises, and it was while engaged in mountain climbing that he lost his life.

The English governmental gun factories have finished about four hundred new steel guns for the re-armament of the smaller ships of the royal navy. More than one hundred and fifty of the new guns are of the six-inch class of breech-loaders, and seven-eighths of the whole are especially adapted to sea service. Larger guns for the heavier iron-clads are also in course of construction, the new ordinance being of the type which combines all that is perfect in the best systems. It is believed that within a year or two all existing deficiencies in the armament of the British navy will be repaired.

Recent lectures on lace making, delivered by Mr. Allan Cole in various towns in Ireland at the request of the Schools of art in Cork and Limerick, are said to have already borne fruit. Queen Victoria has given photographs of fine specimens of ancient lace from her collections for use in the convents and schools, showing the variety of patterns adopted and the mode of production during the best period of the art. Typical specimens from the South Kensington Museum have also been taken, and photographs furnished at low prices, and a plan for further improving the standard of design for Irish lace-making is under consideration.

Mr. Labouchere, who has a very sharp tongue and sometimes dips his pen in gall, did not score his usual victory recently in an incident which occurred in the House of Commons. He gravely asked the Under Secretary for the Home Department if it were true that Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P., had lost his watch at a Conservative meeting and whether steps would be taken to prevent such an occurrence at similar gatherings. The intende conveyed by the question was so potent that "audible roars of laughter" the member for Westminster replied the watch was not lost at the meeting, but outside the doors, among the friends of the questioner, who objected to Mr. Smith's going into the building.

Oriental Jugglers.

A set of gifted Oriental Jugglers are to treat the Londoners to the most astounding of the series of the "twenty-eight miracles produced before Ichanguire, Emperor of Hindostan, as attested by that monarch and witnessed by Ibu Batula, the Mohammedan Marco Polo." They will cut a citizen in pieces and make him whole again; the Oriental mystic is also prepared to put into a pot on the stage the seed of any plant selected by a committee of the beholders. During the time it will take to repeat ten times a prayer to the Prophet the seed will shoot into stem, branch, and bud, and will burst into leaf and fruit. They also announce "the grand mystery." The company will take a chain fifty cubits long and will throw one end towards the sky, where it will remain as if fastened in the air. A dog will be led to the foot of the chain, when the animal will at once run up and disappear at the other end. A hog, a rat, a goat, and a young cow will be then sent up and disappear in the same way, after which the operator will draw down the chain and put it in a bag. It is to be hoped that these mystic Orientals will not return to their native retirement without giving us a taste of their quality and collecting a lot of dollars.

Didn't Want a Bite.

"I haven't had a bite for two days," pleaded a tramp.

"Is it possible?" answered the woman with sympathy. "I'll see what I can do for you. Here, Tige—Tige—"

The tramp broke a $2 gate getting away.

MORNING JEWS IN RUSSIA.

A Graphic Account of the Recent Riot in Nijny Novgorod—The Barefoot Militia.

The Jewish question is not far from being solved in Russia, says a New York *Sun* correspondent, and it is rather doubtful whether the Imperial Government is able to bring about friendly relations between Christian and Hebrew subjects. According to the law as it stands Jews can only reside in the thirteen western provinces of Russia, with the exception that professional Jews, mechanics, and others pursuing an industrial occupation are free to reside in any part of the country. If the law were faithfully obeyed by the Jews there would be no anti-Jewish riots in Russia, at least outside of the Jewish quarters. But the trouble is that the Jews are often circumvent the law. It must be admitted also that the Russian peasants being exasperated, are too ready to take the law into their own hands. Now, when there is plenty of combustible material, the least spark may cause a conflagration.

The city of Nijny-Novgorod is situated on the Volga, hundreds of miles from the Jewish provinces. There dwelt in that city about twenty Jewish families, of whom fully one-half are said to have been trespassers against the laws. Some of them kept vodka shops, pawn shops, and disreputable houses. Almost all the Jews lived in one part of the town. The relations between the Jews and the Christians were not the best. However, nobody feared any serious trouble. One evening when the workingmen were returning home a rumor spread that a Christian girl, eighteen months old, was missing. Soon a large crowd of people gathered, around the crying mother. Some children said that the child had been taken by a Jewess to the synagogue. A dreadful suspicion arose in the minds of the workingmen. "They want Christian blood!" a voice shouted. That was enough. The enraged crowd rushed in a body to the synagogue. They began to batter the door. A shower of stones dashed in the windows. The child was dropped out of a window alive, but with a bleeding hand. But it was too late. The sight of the blood seemed to madden the crowd. With the shout, "Death to the Jews!" they thronged into the synagogue. In a few minutes the house was nearly destroyed, and four Jews—a man, a woman, and two children—were murdered. The police hurried to the scene of the riot, but were unable to stop it.

"Let us go for the other Jews," shouted the barefoot militia, as the poor, homeless workmen are called here.

The Jewish houses were besieged, and their inmates mobbed. A Hebrew merchant from Moscow named Deitzelman was found in one of those house. He has taken a contract to pave some of the streets of Nijny Novgorod. On the eve of the riot he received 3,000 roubles to pay his employes. When in the hands of the rioters the poor old Jew gave them all the money he had in the house, and even promised to embrace Christianity. It was all in vain. He was left nearly dead, and expired in a few hours. Nine Jews were killed, and twelve seriously wounded. The rest of the Jews found refuge in Christian houses.

Gov. Baranzof called in military aid. When the Cossacks and soldiers arrived the Jewish quarter presented a frightful scene. Streets were packed with the barefoot militia, shouting, breaking in houses, destroying furniture, and tearing to pieces Jewish books and clothes. The crowd was at once dispersed at the point of the bayonet, and the rioters about 150 in number were arrested. It is said that the Christian child which was the cause of the riot, while playing with Jewish children fell and cut her hand, and that the Jewess who lived in the house occupied by the synagogue took the child in order to stop the bleeding and to dress the wound. The crowd either did not know or did not believe this story.

As to the barefoot militia, it is becoming a rather dangerous element among the people. It is the symbol of the freed peasantry. The land granted to the liberated serfs is not sufficient for their support. Therefore, many peasants, particularly those who are unmarried, leave their native places and go elsewhere to seek their fortune. The large cities, when trade and industry are lively, attract thousands of them. They necessarily act as jockeys all trades. One is deemed lucky if he gets steady work for a month or two. Many of them are daily engaged and daily discharged. How they prosper is best suggested by their collective appellation. They are indeed barefoot. They are a militia too, for they work together, live together in huge lodgings, and struggle together for their pitiful existence. A hot and daring head among them may do great mischief.

Women as Telephonists.

Three years ago the United Telephone Company began to employ women. "Chiefly for reasons of economy," we learn, but besides this there are other advantages. If a boy 14 years old is employed as a telephonist his voice will before long become hoarse and indistinct; with a girl this is not the case. The female voice is always clearer, and as a clear voice (besides a good ear) is one of the chief requirements of a telephonist, women are naturally preferred. They are admitted at the age of 16, the majority of those at present employed by the United Telephone Company being between the ages of 16 and 22. From the number of two, with whom the experiment was begun, they have risen to over a hundred, who perform their duties to the satisfaction of the company.

Preference is given to the daughters of professional men; this, however, is no strict rule. There are no preliminary examinations to be passed before admittance into the telephonic office. The different ranks are the clerk in charge, who has the supervision of a room in which are employed from six to fifteen clerks; the deputy of the clerk in charge, the first and second class operator, and the learner. According to these ranks the payment varies; as a rule, however 11s. to 16s. is the weekly pay, which some times rises to £1, and in rare cases to 25s. The hours of work are from 9 to 6 or 10 to 7 respectively. No case of illness has occurred on the staff since the commencement of the work; the general state of health is also satisfactory, and Mrs. Merlin, the lady superintendent of the whole staff, is of opinion that the girls are on an average well satisfied with their situation and fond of the work.

It is perhaps a disadvantage that telephonists have to talk all day long; but this very fact is said to prevent them from indulging in disputes and gossip and makes their work comparatively quiet—a point upon which some subscribers to the exchange have been known to entertain a different opinion. The aspect of a telephone office is curious enough to an outsider. A number of young girls sitting before a cupboard-like structure into the apertures of which they are busily chattering, holding in the meanwhile an instrument like an ear trumpet to their heads, would appear ridiculous enough were it not well known how indispensable the telephone has become to civilisation.

Stanley's Views.

The London *Times* says: In the course of a conversation with a correspondent on board the Kinsembo, Mr. Stanley declared that General Gordon might leave Khartoum whenever he chose, and had three routes of escape open to him. He was a soldier, but not a traveller. He would never leave Khartoum ingloriously. He would probably remain in Khartoum until he finally decided to escape by one of three routes. He could escape by means of the Congo, the Nile, and across the desert to Zanzibar. He could force his way through the country, because the people would be afraid of an armed force. He is perfectly well supplied with stores and ammunition, and is quite strong enough to meet the Mahdi. Mr. Stanley derides the suggested expedition to Khartoum, and says the men would die like flies when the summer sun is waning. He says that Gordon only requires to act like a soldier, as he believes he will, to settle the whole difficulty. Mr. Stanley added, I now return from a voyage which comprises almost two years' absence, having on this occasion been exploring that part of the Dark Continent which extends to the place named after me, the Stanley Falls. I did not proceed on this travel in connection with any work which I may subsequently undertake on behalf of the King of the Belgians. I have not been to Khartoum during my travels. I have been to Assouan, but never to Khartoum. General Gordon could easily escape from Khartoum by way of the Congo if he wants to do so. It is just as easy as going from here to London. If, as the papers represent, the Mahdi and his followers are on the north side of Khartoum, that is on the given Nile, it is very easy for Gordon to escape. He has a large force under his command.

Politeness Rewarded.

"Will you be kind enough, sir, to hold this ram for me while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I must climb over." This modest request was made recently by a man who was standing at a gate on a lonely road running out of New Dorp, Staten Island, and was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other living object visible on the long, straight road, was the large black ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate. "Why, sartinly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns, and relieved the first holder. The latter climbed quickly over the gate. "I thank you very much," he said politely, when he got to the other side. "You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to-day. The brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling ever since. As long as you stand before that blessing his horns firmly, he can't hurt you much. Good-by. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away from him as I have been." The New Dorp man, when telling this story last night, neglected to repeat the sailor's reply. He did not know what became of him.—*New York Sun.*

French Ladies' Æsthetic Bathing-Suits.

Here is a lady habited in scarlet, dainty shoes and stockings to match, and a bewitching cap (some of your hideous oil skin) with falling lace and telling little bows of ribbon. Here another, clad in pale blue, with a becoming hat tied under her chin, and many bangles on her wrists. The shoes alone are a marvel. How do all these intricate knots and lacings, these glancing buckles, survive the rough and sportive usage of the waves? Who but our Gallic sisters could imagine those delicate blendings of dark blue and silver, crimson and brown, those strange stripes and æsthetic olives and drabs? Two amiable persons, dressed in imitation of the British tar, obligingly spent the greater part of the day in the sea. Their business is to conduct timid ladies from the beach and to assist them in their bath. The braver spirits allow themselves to be plunged under the brine; the more fearful are content to be sprinkled delicately from a tin basin. There is also a rower, whose little boat, furnished with life-saving appliances, plies up and down among the crowd, lest one, more venturesome than his neighbors should pass beyond his depth.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Chinese Soldiers.

The distinctive military qualities of the Chinese are said to be unflinching bravery, or as some would have it foolhardiness. Chinese soldiers resemble the Mohammedans in this:—They believe that by exposing them selves to the deadliest dangers and dying in the heat of battle they are sure to win eternal bliss in their Celestial Paradise. Life is therefore, little cherished by them, and death—even though it be caused by a reckleseness that is akin to suicide—is held to be the most desirable of all things. This wild religious devotion urges them to do the most extraordinary deeds. They have been known to leap by hundreds into a river and to die by drowning, though it was possible for them to escape from their enemies by land. This contempt for life in one sense enchances their value as soldiers, since by it they are driven to do deeds that less enthusiastic nations might refrain from.

An Encounter With a Bloodhound.

David M. Sherts of Lancaster, Pa., had a terrible encounter with a blood hound at Miller's soap factory, where he is employed, recently. The bloodhound roams about at night, and attacked Shertz who was the first to enter the premises, biting him in the right leg, which was lacerated from hip to knee. Sherts defended himself with his fists, pounding the dog about the head, but at last the infuriated animal bit him through the right arm, his teeth meeting. Shetz finally succeeded in beating him off and escaped from the yard. His injuries are serious. The dog was killed.

ALL SORTS.

A tight fit—the jim jams.

Gastronomy—Cooking with a gas stove.

A rare specimen—Restaurant beef steak.

Hand-book—A work on palmistry.

A man with a cast in his eye—A trout fisherman.

Earnest prayer is the disinfectant of the soul.

"The Mormon question:" Will you join the plurality?

He good judge o' er hoss is nearly allus er good judge o' er man.

When a lady indulges in a round of shopping she might be said to go out on a buy-cycle.

What kind of official would Butler make? Well, to strain a point, we should say very Bunny-ficial.

A Vermont dog has been seen with two tails. We throw this out as a pointer to the wags.

Unconscious Homeopathy: "I was vaccinated straight from the calf, you know." "Ah! similia similibus!"

"Why is an old lawyer always fat?" asked Atom. "Because," replied Molecule, "they feed him so much."

Frozen mutton is sold in England, and it is no uncommon thing there for a butcher to give a customer the cold shoulder.

Love goes not where it is cent, as much as where it is dollars. And dolorous it is, that it's true.

A writer in the Providence *Journal* says we "must wait until 1892 for Jupiter's next perihelion." Well, if we must we must, though it seem pretty tough.

A fat man who wants to get thin, but can't control his appetite, should wear a shepherd's plaid vest. He will then be always able to keep his stomach in check.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

"There is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

A prominent preacher recently chose for the subject of a sermon, "How to treat your enemies." The average man, however, thinks he has done his duty if he treats his friends.

An Irish witness was recently asked what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity. "Why, troth," said he, "since ever I've known her, she's kept the house clane and dacent."

A witty young lady having two suitors, one of whom was an army officer and the other a physician, she said it was very difficult to choose between them as they were both such killing fellows.

If a man wants peace to reign in the house hold he should count ten before speaking at times when he feels as if his clothes don't fit him. And on days when the kitchen stove doesn't draw he should count 480.

When a fellow is going by a place of regulation and kind of hesitates—argues with himself whether or not it is best to go in and take one, he can easily have the question decided by going in and seeing the barkeeper about it.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Louis XVI. was wiser than Marie Antoinette. While she spoiled the silk trade by wearing white muslin, he destroyed the sale of English nankeen, which was driving French cottons from the market, by ordering the executioner to perform his office in a dress of the foreign cloth.

A strong breeze off Lake Erie recently blew the lake clear broadcast into Cleveland. Local papers said there were a thousand bushels rotting in the streets. The lake fly is born, lives and dies in twelve hours. It never bites, but its laziness and familiarity and the nonchalance with which it stands still to be killed make it more despised than the mosquito. The lake fly cannot do much of anything except get drunk on light and die.

A notable drunkard who has just died at Paris in his 70th year, has kept a diary of his "drinks" for the last half century. It was his custom to take four bottles of wine as his daily allowance; so that in fifty years he must have emptied no less than 73,000 bottles! He could never eat until he had taken a dram of absinthe and as he regularly had three meals every day he must have swallowed down 109,500 drams of absinthe in the half century. In addition he found it necessary to his comfort to drink about twelve *petits verres* of some spirit or other during the spare hours of each day, so that he imbibed 219,000 glasses of spirituous liquor in the course of fifty years. He was never seen perfectly sober.

Co-operative baby farming is a success at Guise, France. In a late issue of *Le Devoir*, the official organ of M. Godin, who is the governor of the familistere at that place it is stated that the birth rate under his communal system is about the same as in French towns of the same population, while the infant mortality is fifty per cent. less. The baby farm comprises a baby house and a baby garden. The house contains 100 beds and one immense play-room, esperially fitted up for its inmates. It opens flush with the garden, and is surrounded with spacious verandas. The administration is by a governess, with two assistants and the mothers that volunteer to serve. The children are generally brought there in the morning and taken to their homes at night, but a few make it a permanent home.

One of the most remarkable instances of the dumb spirit occurred in Glastonbury, Eng., during the present generation. This strange case was fully attested by a physician and reported to the London *Lancet* essentially as follows: Before the birth of Eli H., his father made a vow that should his wife bring him another girl—he now has three daughters in succession—he would never speak to the child as long as he lived. The expected infant proved to be a boy, and this son manifested from infancy the most pronounced antipathy towards his father. He never spoke to him, nor as long as this parent lived would he utter a word to anyone save to his mother and sisters. When Eli was 35 years old his father died, and after that the young man's tongue was loosed to every one, he becoming indeed quite loquacious, as though to make up for his long silence.

"THE HAPPY CITY."

Description of Foo Chow.

Foo Choo, the scene of the opening of hostilities between France and China, is called by the natives Hokshiu, or Happy City. It lies in latitude 26 degrees, 5 min. north, and longitude 119 deg. 20 min. east, on the northern side of the Min, thirty-four miles from its mouth and nine from Pagoda Island. The city is situated in a plain, surrounded by hills, forming a natural and most magnificent amphitheatre of vast dimensions, whose fertility emulates and adds to its beauty. Suburbs extend from the walls three miles to the banks and stretch along on both sides of the stream. They are connected with each other, and a small inlet in the river, by a stone bridge built in the eleventh century. The scenery is bold, and such parts of the surrounding hills as are not cultivated or used for graves are covered with pines. Some of the hills north of the city are 300 feet high. Opposite Foo Chow the land is lower, and the suburb is built upon an island formerly the division of the main channel, seven miles above the city. The branches reunite at Pagoda Island. This island and the plain on each side form a large basin, about twenty miles long by fifteen wide. The river is crowded with floating habitations, ferryboats and trading craft, rendering its surface an animated and noisy scene. The flowers grown in pots in the boats and those usually worn by the boat women in their hair all assist in imparting a pleasing aspect to the lively sight.

A CHARMING PROSPECT.

The walls are about thirty feet high and twelve wide at the top. The gates, seven in number, are overlooked by high towers; smaller guard houses stand upon the walls at short intervals, in which a few soldiers lodge, and where two or three cannon indicate their object. The city is divided into wards and neighborhoods, each of which is under its own police and head men, who are responsible for the peace in their respective districts. From the Wa-shin shan, an eminence on the north side of the city, the view is extensive, and presents a great diversity of charming objects. The square battlements of the wall are seen extending in a devious and irregular circuit for more than eight miles, and enclosing most of the buildings except on the south. On the south-west a hill rises abruptly more than two hundred feet, its ridge built up with interspersed dwellings, and another on the extreme north of the city, surmounting a watch tower, closes the prospect in that direction. Two pagodas within and fantastic looking watch towers upon the walls, large, regular built granaries, and a vast number of flagstaffs in pairs, indicating temples and offices, contribute to relieve the otherwise dull monotony, which is still further diversified by many large trees. Several lookout houses are placed on the streets or upon the roofs of buildings for the accommodation of watchmen, one of which immediately attracts the attention of the visitor from its height and its clock dial, with Roman letters. Few vacant spaces occur within the walls of the city, which is everywhere equally well built.

THE SOUNDS OF A BUSY LIFE.

Serpentine canals divide the country round about into plats of greater or less extent, of every form and hue, while they help to drain the city and provide channels for boats coming from the river. These parts of the landscape are dotted with hamlets and cottages, and, where the ground is higher, with graves and tombstones. To one seated on this eminence, says Dr. S. W. Williams in, "the Middle Kingdom," the confused hum of mingling cries ascending from the town below—the beating of gongs, crackling of fire-works, reports of guns, vociferous cries of hucksters and coolies, combined with the barking of dogs and other domestic sounds, as well as those from the crows, fish hawks, and magpies nearer by—inform him in the liveliest manner that the beautiful panorama he is looking down upon is filled with teeming multitudes in all the tide of life. On the western side of the city is a sheet of water called Si Hu, or West lake, with a series of unpretending buildings and temples lying along its margin, a bridge crossing its expanse and fishing nets and boats floating upon its bosom. The watch tower on the hill in the northern part of the city is upon the wall which here runs near a precipice 200 feet high; it is a most conspicuous object when approaching the place.

A BATTLE OF ANTS.

A Terrific Fight Between Rival Tribes.

A number of persons were standing in front of the City Hall, Denver, the other afternoon. A large number of ants were noticed running about on the steps and ground constantly augumented by numbers from unknown quarters. Examination revealed the fact that the ants were of two species, and that a battle begun in the air was raging on the ground. One of the species of the warring insects was large and red, with wings the size of a house fly; the other was a small red ant, with a black head and small wings. They were in superior numbers and attacked their enemies by twos, fours and scores. Several balls of the ferocious warriors when separated showed as many as thirty small ants on one larger one. Here and there could be seen single combats, the small ants in every case victorious. Those that were clinched in the air remained clinched on the ground until one or the other was vanquished and dead.

But as a general thing they fell to the ground and at once prepared for battle. Each side was under leaders, who massed their forces and marched them with military precision upon the foe. Skirmish lines were thrown out. The lines advanced, retreated, advanced again, and then the battle became general. The rules of civilized warfare were observed for a while, but before the fight was over it was a go-as-you-please affair. The small ants were in the majority but their opponents were giants compared with them and they crushed the pigmies in the air strong mandibles as an alligator would a gnat.

For at least half an hour the battle raged. The ground was thick with the dead and the dying, the latter being dispatched wherever found. At last the giants were routed. They fled ignominiously, pursued by the pigmies, who slaughtered them by scores while in full retreat, some flying, others running to escape with their lives. The visitors acted as if they wanted to crow and probably did, but if they made any noise the spectators were not aware of it, if the vanquished were.

A PRETTY NURSE'S REVENGE.

How She Tortured an Old Gentleman Who Made Maternity About a Baby.

A Third avenue car, which had been jolting along wearily for half an hour, and groaning under its weight of heated humanity, stopped at One Hundred and Eighteenth street. There was no reason why it should have stopped, for it had been deliberately passing people who were frantically waving umbrellas and sticks after the manner of those who are anxious to ride. On this occasion, however, a remarkably pretty, pert-looking girl, whose cap denoted that she was a nurse, stood on the sidewalk, waving, not her hand, but a baby. The conductor kindly condescended to stop the car, not being entirely adamantine, and the girl entered. She clutched a strap with one hand and her baby with the other, and then stood glaring at a chubby old gentleman, who actually dared to keep his seat.

Presently the baby began to howl, Whether it was really uncomfortable, or hungry, or simply guilty of infantile perversity did not appear, but it howled till it oul d howl no longer. The chubby old gat leman looked up indignantly and said loudly to one in particular: "What an intolerable nuisance a woman and a screeching baby are on a car! It is really most trying."

The young woman said nothing, but glanced at the receding figure of a man who had just vacated his seat and left the car. Quick as lightning she let go the strap, stooped down to the level of the old gentleman's knees, deposited the crying child thereon, and betook herself to the vacant seat before anyone could utter a sound. There as she could command a perfect view of the chubby old gentleman, she sat quietly with a provoking smile on her pretty face.

The old gentleman was dumfounded. Being somewhat gouty he could not rise in the moving car, but sat there, the personification of helpless indignation. If the child had howled previously, it roared now. The passengers were convulsed with laughter. Several ladies stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and the conductor looked everbody's head into vacancy and saw nothing. The chubby gentleman turned scarlet and appeared to be going off by spontaneous combustion. He, however, bent over the child, apparently with the intention of taking the matter as a joke, in reality to hide his furious countenance.

"Sing 'Tootsy-wootsy, darlin',' guv'nor," shouted a cheeky urchin at the end of the car. "Pat it back," shouted another. "Kids like that." The afflicted gentleman said nothing, but seemed to be revolving matters in his mind. Meanwhile the young woman never took her eyes from her baby, except to glance provokingly at the old man.

'Conducton,' shouted that individual in an aaaful tone, "I'll report you. How is it that you allow this ridiculous scene to take place on your car?"

"Ain't seen nothin'," was the imperturable rejoinder. "What is it?"

"Look at this baby on my lap."

"My! what a pretty child. Is it yours, sir?" very respectfully.

"I have had enough of this," said the chubby old gentleman. "Stop the car," The car was stopped. "Hang me if I don't keep the baby and take it home to my wife," and he prepared to descend with the child.

Then the young woman arose and snatched the baby from the old man's arms. "Insolent old buffer," she said, angrily "I thought I'd teach you a lesson. Maybe you think it's pleasant for a woman to board a car with a crying child. Now, I'll venture to say you know more about it. Don't think I'm afraid you'd keep the baby. Such innocents weren't for the like of crusty old toads such as you. Go home to your wife and joy go with you."

The chubby old gentleman thought it better to leave the car, and departed. The pert young woman took his place in the car, and the conductor who had seen nothing was actually guilty of the indiscretion of winking at her and then chuckling with apparent delight.—*New York Times.*

Mythical Snakes.

Rheem, who has charge of the reptile specimens in the Smithsonian Institute, contradicts much of the popular belief as to snakes. Some of the most dreaded have no existence. The hoop snake, which takes the end of its tail in its mouth and rolls over and over like a hoop, killing everything it touches with its venom, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, are fictions. As serpents move about they are constantly feeling ahead with the tongue, and the forward thrust and peculiar forked appearance of this organ has given rise to the false idea that with them the stinging is done. It is generally thought that there are a great number of poisonous snakes. In North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. There are about thirty varieties of these species altogether. The copperhead is probably the most dangerous, as it is very quick, and never gives warning of any kind before striking. The rattlesnake, though more poisonous than either of the others, will rattle at the approach of anything, and try to get away unless brought to bay. The coral is much smaller, and is a native of the Southern States. The bite is not necessarily fatal if the proper remedies are used in time, as, on account of its size, the quantity of poison is small. When a reptile strikes he throws his whole body forward, and the fangs penetrate the object against which they come. He does not jump; the hinder part of the body remains in position, and none o our snakes are in the habit of reaching more than half its length.

Have the courage to do with out that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 11, 1884.

——THE Toronto *News* thinks Canadians will take a great interest in the expedition for the relief of Gordon. It will be guided by Canadian voyageurs the commander-in-chief, Wolseley was once commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia and was beloved by the Canadian volunteers, and he is to go up the Nile in a Canadian birch bark canoe. It may be called the Canadian expedition for the relief of Gordon. The Canadian contingent, about 600, leave Quebec during the next week direct for Alexandria.

——THE vote taken in Halton county on Tuesday for the repeal of the Scott Act resulted in the Act being sustained by a majority of over 120. The fight was a hard one, the victory for the temperance people being most decisive, and will encourage other counties to join the temperance agitation. It is alleged the opponents of the Act spent $40,000 in Halton in their efforts to uphold the liquor traffic. It is evident, however, that a powerful temperance wave is about rolling through Canada which will doubtless wash away much of the liquor blot—if it does not, indeed, leave us high and dry on the rock of Total Prohibition.

A MINE CAVES IN.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ACRES SETTLES SIX FEET.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 5.—The Enterprise mine at Port Bowkley, owned and operated by Andrew Langdon, of Buffalo, was this morning the scene of the most extensive cave-in that has occurred in this region for years. Nearly one hundred acres of ground settled from four to six feet. The Lehigh Valley railway tracks sunk five feet, and the traffic stopped for some hours. The air in the mine was driven with the violence of an explosion, and forced its way out of the shaft, almost totally wrecking the inside workings. The ground is covered with seams and cracks for several hundred feet, and five houses belonging to miners in the employ of the company are wrecked and have been deserted. It is feared the mine is ruined. It is full of gas and water from the river and an abandoned working near by, pouring through the fissures in the ground. Five hundred persons are thrown out of employment. The owner of the mine was offered $300,000 last week for his interest in the coal left, but the offer was refused.

Hundreds of sheep are dying in Ohio for want of grass.

There were 199 failures in the United States during the past week.

The loss by the conflagration in Cleveland on Sunday last, is estimated at two million dollars.

The crops in Eastern Ohio and West Virginia are reported to be dying from the effects of the drought.

There were one hundred and fifty-three deaths on Sunday in New York city, the majority of which were directly the result of the intense heat.

A young man named Louis Drake, belonging to Peterboro, was drowned in the river on Monday while at work running logs. Deceased leaves a wife but no children.

At a meeting last night in Toronto of representatives from the different temperance organizations a resolution was passed unanimously to submit the Scott Act to the vote of the electors. The date of the submission of the question was not decided.

A curious story comes from New Haven, Conn. Stories of faithful dogs saving the lives of their masters are quite common, but this is of a different sort. A man's boat capsized throwing him into the water, and he would have saved himself by swiming to the shore had not his dog playfully pounced upon him whenever he raised his head above the water until he was drowned.

KINGSTON, Ont., Sept. 3.—This morning, on the arrival of an excursion train on the G. T. railway, Wm. Gray ex-Mayor of Chatham, attempted to step off while the train was in motion. He fell beneath the cars, his legs were caught and the wheels passed over them. The wheels had to be backed over him to get him out. He was dead when recovered. Mr. Gray was en route to Montreal to visit the exhibition. His body will be taken home this afternoon.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

There are a few cases of diphtheria in Smith's Falls.

Bears are seen occasionally on the seventh con. of Thurlow.

More than one hundred women of Cobourg have a vote this year.

Black berries are now at their height and very plentiful in Flinton.

The repairs on Albert College, Belleville have been completed.

James O'Hara, an employee on the Murray canal committed suicide by hanging last week.

Allan Hall, of Thurlow, shows some oats with heads that measure 17½ inches in length and well filled.

The Campbellford cricket club went to Napanee and defeated the club of that town last Thursday.

Bears have of late appeared in the vicinity of Sidney and Thurlow. Large bush fires are driving them from the woods.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario is expected to visit Picton, when the county exhibition is in progress.

The Mohawk Nation celebrated the hundreth anniversary of its landing on the Tyendinaga Reserve on Thursday last.

The conductors recently suspended on the Grand Trunk have all been replaced, the charges against them not having been proven.

The hop crop in Prince Edward is reported as being very fair, and growers anticipate a good price for them in consequence of the scarcity abroad.

Mr. Wm. Bilton, of Newboro has lost nine head of cattle which were poisoned by paris green which had been scattered over the fields by some scoundrel.

An American Coach Company intend to submit a proposition to the Perth Town Council, for the establishment of large passenger car-works.

Mr. Geo. Hoggard, of Belleville, who was assaulted and seriously injured on the 18th ult., is getting well. He is now able to sit up a little each day.

The potato crop in the vicinity of Flinton and Bridgewater is said to be remarkably large this year, and other crops in the northern townships are also excellent.

John Gilbert, Jr., of Picton, has White Leghorn pullets, hatched May 27th that have laid about half a setting of eggs. He would like to hear who can beat this.

Joseph A. Clark, M. A., formerly Head Master of the Picton High School, died in Smith's Falls, on Tuesday of last week, of consumption, in the 38th year of his age.

Capt. Abbie, the salvationist who gained renown in Kingston last winter, was married a few days ago. The Toronto News says Kingston people "kept awake all day" discussing the marriage.

Belleville is in danger of becoming little more than a cattle ranche, one of its papers stating that within the space of one hundred yards on one street, thirty cows were seen grazing at one time.

Mr. H. B. Leavitt, of Athol, bought a Holstein heifer calf from Grant Noxon of Northport, for $500, last week. Mr. Noxon bought the calf on the 1st of May last, when two weeks old, from H. M. Williams for $200

Friday morning last a man named Hugh McGuire was found dead in a hay mow in Port Hope, where he had evidently gone to rest the night before. It is supposed that he was intoxicated and that he was smothered in the hay.

Work on the Murray Canal is going on as rapidly as possible. There are at present five steam dredges and derricks at work, and two steam pumps are emptying the section of the channel where the piers for the swing bridges are to be built.

Dr. Alexander Ross, a Belleville boy, now 52 years old, has supplied the museums of Europe with the collections of Canadian birds, moths, and flowers. He has received not only large sums of money but numerous honors in connection therewith.

The total assessed value of the County of Hastings is $11,151,178. The total number of acres assessed for the County is 797,847. The aggregate number of persons in the families of those persons rated as residents was 38,719, of which Tyendinaga possesses the highest number, namely, 4,373; Thurlow 4.328 and Sidney 3566.

A valuable Mica mine has been discovered in the township of Palmerston, Frontenac County. Some of the samples of Mica are 12x 20 inches, free from defect. The owner an Ottawa gentleman, has evidently struck a bonanza, for Mica of the purity, clearness and size is a very scarce commodity, and one much in demand for various economic purposes.

On Saturday morning the mangled corpse of a man named Maybee, a resident of Brighton, was found on the Grand Trunk railway track, near the station. It is not known how the accident occurred. Mabyee had been for some time doing business as a commercial traveler, having a line of teas from Mr. Allan, of Cobourg. Last night he rode to the station in the bus, and was seen on the platform. Nothing further is known of his movements, and his body was found as stated. He leaves a wife and several children.

An affair which might have been attended with most serious results occurred at the Cedar Mill, Deseronto, last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Robt. McKee and a young man named C. Finnegan, a teamster, had been scuffling and otherwise teasing each other, but all, as was supposed, in good part without any unfriendliness. Finnegan however had taken offence and a few minutes afterward returned and treacherously struck McKee on the head with a three pound hammer knocking him insensible. He was laid up for a few days but is recovering from the effects though the medical men say it was a very narrow escape. Legal proceedings would have been taken against Finnegan but he skipped for parts unknown.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GOOD GIRL.

CAN hear of a situation by applying at the REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383-4

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½	30	in 10th	concession	Hungerford.
W ½	3	in 11th	"	Huntingdon.
S ½	18	in 13th	"	"
W ½	1	in 1st	"	Madoc
E ½	8	in 7th	"	"
E ½	13	in 1st	"	"
W ½	16	in 1st	"	"
	29	in 1st	"	"
W ½	15	in 4th	"	"
E ½	8	in 6th	"	"
E ½	30	in 9th	"	"
	29	in 2nd	"	Marmora.
W ½	29	in 3rd	"	"
W ½	29	in 4th	"	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.
Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

D. C. CLARKE
has removed into
Old Stand,
in Wilson's Block.

New advertisement next week.

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Specialties

Patent
Harpoon
Hay
Forks.

HAY
FORK
PULLEYS.

FARM
BELLS
AT
$3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston
Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.

A ... of any

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co,
MADOC, ONT.

Latest Local News.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, November 6th, has been proclaimed a day of thanksgiving throughout the Dominion, for the blessings vouchsafed us as a nation during the past year.

A Good Farm.

The *Intelligencer* is authority for the statement that Mr. S. Curry, of the Madoc House, has purchased a farm in Sidney, from Mrs. Grass, for the handsome sum of $7,000 cash.

Madoc Model School.

The Model School session commenced in this village yesterday. There are seventeen students in training in attendance. Of these four are candidates for County Third Class, and thirteen for District Third Class Certificates.

District Meeting.

A financial meeting of the ministers of the Madoc District of the Methodist Church was held in the church in the village yesterday, under the chairmanship of Rev. C. R. Lambly of Stirling. We understand a harmonious and beneficial meeting took place.

Free Fair.

The Cattle fair on Friday was not well attended either by sellers or buyers, a few fine head of cattle were brought in. Another will be held in November, upon the success or failure of which will probably decide whether or not they are to be continued.

The C. O. Railway.

Regular daily passenger and freight trains are now running between Coe Hill, Wellaston and Picton. The afternoon up and down trains cross at Eldorado, at 5.45. The passenger traffic as yet is not very heavy, of course, but will gradually increase, while quite a freight traffic, including the ore shipments of the Company, has already been established. The road must be a great convenience to the district north through which it passes.

Retiring from the Force.

We learn with regret that Captain W. S. Volume has decided to send in his resignation to the commanding officer. A variety of circumstances have led Captain Volume to take this step, very much against the wishes of not only the officers commanding the Battalion but of the men of his own company. Since the re-organization of No. 4 Company in Madoc, under his captaincy, the company has been in general efficiency and numerically at the head of the Battalion, which corps will lose in Captain Volume one of its best company officers.

Township Council.

The adjourned meeting of the Township Council was held in this village on Saturday last, for the purpose of levying a rate on the dollar. The remainder of the school applications were handed in, and the Council decided that a levy of 15½ mills would meet the estimates. This is a reduction of a ½ mill from last year, and in the face of a large outlay this fall by paying an old county debt of $1,000, thus relieving the Township from all debt excepting that for railways. The members of the Council are deserving of great praise for such a highly satisfactory showing of the financial condition of the municipality, the wiping out of this debt, and lowering of the taxes at the same time.

Honors for the 49th.

The 49th Battalion, Hastings Rifles, has the honor of having two members win places on the Wimbleton team for 1885. At the Dominion Rifle Association matches, held at Ottawa last week, Corporal William Hilton, and Private Kimberly were among the first ten of the sixty best marksmen from whom the team of twenty are selected each year to represent Canada at the Wimbleton ranges in England. Both are also entitled this year to the Governor General's badge of honor for their good shooting, and both won a good round sum of money in the different matches. The honor of having a representative on the Wimbleton team is regularly contested for each year by the leading corps, and the 49th is thus doubly honored in having two members in that team.

C. P. Railway.

The Ontario Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, (late Ontario & Quebec) has been doing a rushing passenger business between Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, since the opening a few weeks ago. The whole appointments of the road are first class, and many passengers from this section are using it both east and west, driving to Ivanhoe and Tweed. The former is the nearest station to Madoc, about six and a half miles. The road will be a powerful opponent to the Grand Trunk. Already extra cuts, in passenger rates, for excursions, have been made, such as the one advertised from Ivanhoe to Toronto and return for $2.90. Mr. W. D. Timmerman is the agent at Ivanhoe, to whom we are indebted for a new time table and other papers connected with the road. By the new time table, which came into effect on Tuesday of this week, the train stopping at Ivanhoe, goes west at 5.30 p.m., and east at 1.54 p.m.

Excursion to Bridgewater.

The annual Sabbath School picnic of the children of the Presbyterian church in this village was held on Tuesday, civic holiday, at Bridgewater, an excursion being run over the line of the T. & O. railway. There was a large attendance of children, parents and friends, estimated at nearly 400. The train consisting of four coaches well filled left the crossing south of the village about 12 o'clock and after a run of 25 minutes arrived at the end of the track near the grounds, which were very prettily situated for such an occasion. In a short time fires were going, tea made, eatables spread in tempting profusion, and everybody was revelling in that thorough enjoyment which only a good dinner can produce. During the afternoon a lacrosse match between picked teams of the Madoc players took place, each side taking two games. A number of races also took place among the boys. The return trip started shortly after six o'clock and all reached home safely. Rev. Mr. Wishart, A.F. Wood, M.P.P., and other gentlemen connected with church were present.

Local Chit-Chat.

—The next holiday will be Thanksgiving Day.

—Camping parties are being organized for the fall sport.

—A blind ink peddlar was around the village last week.

—During last week some of the hottest weather of the season was experienced.

—Rev. James Macfarlane, of Cherry Valley has been in the village for the past few days, visiting his old parishoners.

—Sweetness is getting cheap. In some of our neighbouring villages twenty pounds of sugar are selling for one dollar.

—Efforts are being made to have connections at Eldorado between B. & N. H. and C. O. Railways. We hope arrangements of some kind will be completed.

—Two dollars and ninety cents will pay for a return ticket from Ivanhoe to Toronto on the C. P. railway, 15th and 18th inst., good to the 22nd. This is much less than the regular single fare.

—Our Lacrosse Club is in danger of being "broken up" for want of practice. Lately they have challenged Hastings, Belleville, (Juniors), Trenton and Norwood, but all have declined to meet the "Sioux" as present.

—No less than four different life insurance men have been worrying the life out of our citizens during the past few days. The variety of schemes they propounded for the benefit of insurers was something wonderful.

—We learn that a serious accident occurred yesterday to Mrs. John Ault and her daughter, residing near this village, through a horse which they were driving running away. Both were thrown out and seriously injured. We have not heard particulars.

—We have received the second number of the *Canadian Agriculturist and Home Magazine*, published by W. H. Robertson, of Peterborough. It is a new monthly, especially intended, as its name indicates, for the farmers' home, and it is well worth the subscription price, $1.00 per annum. Send for a sample copy.

—We have received the first two numbers of the Amherstburg *Western Herald*, published by Messrs Fuller and Lee—our old friend Fuller, by-the-way, late teacher in Madoc township. Mr. Fuller was an able teacher and we have no doubt he will make an equally successful "newspaper man." We wish the new journal success, as it apparently deserves it.

Father Fleming's Picnic.

Father Fleming's picnic came off at Tweed on Thursday last, 4th of September, according to announcement, and with the very best results to all parties concerned. The day was excellent, (being perhaps a little warm, which as regards the picnic was all the better), and the grounds near Hickory Point were delightful, being so pleasantly situated on the shores of Stoco Lake, not very far from the village. The Madoc Brass Band discoursed music at various intervals during the day, much to the pleasure of the picnickers. The Peterborough String Band also provided dancing music in excellent style. There were three platforms erected for the purpose of dancing, and afforded every opportunity to all seeking this means of enjoying themselves. There must have been nearly 2,500 people present. The dinner was all that could be desired, served well, and consisting of the best of meats, vegetables, etc., and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Quite a contest over a gold watch took place between Miss Murphy, of Stoco, and some other young ladies, resulting in favor of Miss Murphy, some $400 being realized from this source alone. The usual games took place and a noticeable feature in this respect that every arrangement was carried out so well that there did not appear any hitch or disagreement in the least degree, and all therefore being well satisfied.

In the evening a nice concert was held in the Town Hall, which was fairly well filled. Mr A. A. McDonald, occupied the chair, and discharged the duties thereof very satisfactorily.

The following is the programme, which with trifling variations was carried out very satisfactory, many of our Madoc friends receiving numerous encores.

Songs by Miss Blanche Francis, Miss West, Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn, and Miss Lottie Francis, Guitar Solo by Mr. E. L. Weiss. Instrumental music by Miss Seymour, Mr. Freman, Miss Deans, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and the Peterborough String Band.

At the conclusion of the proceedings the thanks of the committee and Father Fleming were conveyed by the chairman to all who contributed to make the concert a success, and after singing the National Anthem they dispersed, and subsequently Father Fleming entertained all from Madoc at supper at Huyck's Hotel. The total receipts from the picnic and concert amounted, we believe, to nearly $1,700—which will be used in the purchase of a New Church and Presbytery at Tweed for Father Fleming who has already made hosts of friends among all classes at Tweed.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Nervous Irritability.—No part of the human machine requires more constant supervision than the nevous system—for upon it our health—and even life—depends. These Pills strengthen the nerves, and are the safest general purifiers of the blood. Nausea, headache, giddiness, numbness, and mental apathy yield to them. They dispatch in a summary manner those distressing dyspeptic symptoms, stomachic pains, fulness at the pit of the stomach, abdominal distension, and regulate alike capricious appetites and confined bowels—the commonly accompanying signs of defective or diminished nerve tone. Holloway's Pills are particularly recommended to persons of studious and sedentary habits, who gradually fall into a nervous and irritable state, unless some such restorative be occasionally taken.

Cheese Market.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 9.—American choic cheese steady, at 51s.

St. John's Church.

Archdeacon Dakin, late of England, and until about four years ago a resident of Natal, South Africa, is now in charge of the congregation of the Church of St. John the Baptist, in this village. We understand his appointment, however, has not been made permanent yet,

Temperance Meeting.

The temperance mass meeting in the Methodist Church last evening was not as well attended as the importance of such a meeting demanded. E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., occupied the chair, and earnest, practical addresses were delivered by Revs. Young, of Thomasburg, Macfarlane, of Cherry Valley, and Lambly of Stirling.

St. Nicholas for September

Is an especially attractive number, containing a happy combination of those features which go to make up a successful child's magazine. Among the stories are one of Frank R Stockton's inimitable fanciful tales entitled "The Queen's Museum," with four of Bensell's characteristic illustrations; the first half of "The Dalzells of Daisydown," a fresh and breezy study of boy and girl life by E. Vinton Blake; and "Benny's Horse," an exceedingly amusing and naturally told story, by Mary Catherine Lee. Then there are the month's installments of three serials: "Daisy's Jewel-Box, and How She Filled It," "Historic Boys," "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" But truth is stranger than fiction," and the three natural history papers in this issue—"The Bird Matinee," "Swordsmen of the Deep," and "A Story of a Tree-Frog"—will be found to bear out the truth of the maxim. The verse is abundant and well chosen, and the very original "Floral Letter," which will puzzle, amuse, and instruct the readers, both young and old, of the magazine.

Wedding Bells.

An interesting ceremony took place in the Methodist Church, Prince Albert, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 20th ult., when Rev. R. L. Ockley, of Madoc, led to the altar Miss Fannie, youngest daughter of George Bates, of Prince Albert. Rev. Mr. Dobson, pastor of the Methodist church, Prince Albert, preformed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. J. F. Ockley, pastor of the Methodist church, Port Perry, brother of the groom. Wm. A. Ockley, of Parkdale brother of the groom, acted as groomsman, while Miss Annie Neving, of Owen Sound, was the bridesmaid. The fair amiable bride is a favorite with all her acquaintances, and the large number of valuable wedding gifts presented to her was a tangible manifestation of the respect in which she is held. Perhaps one of the most precious gifts was a very handsome Bible from her Sunday-school class, which she has taught with much success for two or three years. At the close of the ceremony the congratulations offered to the young couple were general and hearty. Quite a number accompanied them to the train wishing them all possible success and happiness in this life.—*News.*

Married.

TOWNSEND—MUSBY.—On the 10th inst., at the Methodist Parsonage, Madoc, by Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. Joseph Townsend, of the County of Peel, to Miss Eliza Musby, of the Township of Madoc.

OCKLEY—BATES.—On Wednesday afternoon, 20th of August, in the Methodist Church, Prince Albert by Rev. C. J. Dobson, assisted by Rev. J. C. Ockley brother of the groom, the Rev. R. L. Ockley, of Madoc North, to Fannie E., youngest daughter of George Bates, Esq., of Prince Albert.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS will be received up to the 25th of September, instant, for the position of Caretaker for the Methodist Church, village of Madoc. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily received.

C. G. WILSON,
Sec. of Com.

Madoc, dept. 4th, 1884.

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

NOTICE.

The Council of the Municipality of Mayo and Carlow, at their next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 27th day of September, 1884, intend passing a by-law establishing a Public Highway, starting at the post at the north east corner of Lot 7 in the 14th concession of Carlow, and running 57 degrees west of south 3 chains and 50 links thence 16 degrees west of south 4 chains 50 links, 54 degrees west of south 5 chains, 74 degrees west of south 6 chains, 32 degrees west of south 4 chains, 2 degrees east of south 9 chains, 21 degrees east of south 10 chains, thence 6 degrees west of south 19 chains, to the Carlow and Monteagle Road on Lot 6 in the 13th concession of Carlow. All parties concerned please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN BREMNER,
Clerk.

Conroy's Farm, Aug 25th 1884. 382-4

If Joe and Charley would pay their Bills as they travel north they would oblige the—Doctor.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $5 00 to $5 20	
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 00	
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05	
Oats, 42 cents to 45 cents	
Rye, 56 " to 56 "	
Barley, 45 cents to 45 cents	
Peas, 70 cents to 70 cents	
Potatoes per bag, 60 cents to 90 cents	
Butter per pound, 14 cents	
Eggs per dozen, 12 to 13 cents.	
Tallow, 6 cents	
Lard, 12 "	
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents	
Sheepskins, 30 cents to 40 cents	
Wool, 15 to 17cents	
Hay, per ton, $8 00 to $12 00	
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00	
Cheese, 10c to 12c	

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

DOMESTIC WANTED.

Wanted at once, a good Servant girl, must be a good Cook, and experienced in general Housework. Wages $7.00 a month, and if suitable will engage for the year at $8.00 a month.

Mrs. E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.,

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Work for September.

The yield of wheat depends largely upon he tillering, therefore sow early on rich, mellow soil. Wheat needs to make a strong growth of roots before winter. Use superphosphate or other commercial fertiliser, when there is no sufficent barnyard manure. Lime may be used to soil rich in vegetable matter. Its chief value is in liberating other elements of plant food. As a preventive of rust, wet the seed grain in strong brine, or a solution of four ounces of blue stone (sulphate of copper), to a gallon of water. Sow with a drill when possible. If the wheat land is not well drained, make the water furrows with the plow after all else is done. These will quickly carry off surface water after hard rains. Grass seed may be sown a few weeks later. Clover is best sown in spring, and the seed may be scattered on the last snow.

The best way to harvest corn is to cut the stalks close to the ground, and place them in shocks. A "shocking horse" is almost indispensable in setting up corn so that it will stand. Willow, or other tough withes are excellent for tying the shocks when the stalks are not suitable. The seed corn should have been selected in mid-summer, but if delayed, neglect this important work no longer. Carefully decide what are the superior points in the corn desired and choose that. This can be best done while the stalks are standing. Go through the corn field and cut the selected stalks and place them in separate shocks.

Buckwheat should be harvested before frost can injure it. Cut it in the morning when the dew is on, to prevent shelling. Thresh as soon as the straw is sufficiently dry, and spread the grain thinly upon a floor as it may heat in a large heap.

Harvest potatoes when ripe, and before hard rains induce new growth, or cause them to rot.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.—One of the leading requisites for health and thrift in live stock, is regularity in feeding and watering. Both the quantity and quality of food should be uniform. Pastures are now beyond their prime, and need to be reinforced by roots, fodder corn, or other green food. Any falling off in condition in farm stock should be strictly guarded against as cold weather approaches. Young animals profit much from any extra feed during the first year. Horses after a day's work enjoy being sponged with clean water containing a few drops of carbolic acid. After the regular feed, they may pass the night in the pasture. Look well to the feet and the shoulders of workhorses.

SUNDRY MATTERS.—Clean up all rubbish about the yards and buildings, and store all farm implements not in use in a dry place. Do not think lightly of the fairs, but compete for some of the premiums. Make it a point to go to at least one exhibition and take the family. Prepare storage room for roots and other late crops, and be well ready for taking in the live stock when cold weather comes and autumn storms threaten.

Care of the Work Team.

A dear work team makes farm operations more costly. Grooming is essential, as it gives rest to tired muscles. It is second only to proper food. It has been said: "A good grooming is worth four quarts of oats." Feed liberally, but do not over feed. Feed regularly, and see that the team has its breakfast, dinner, and supper, before you have your own. It is poor policy to give horses no grain until they are about to do some hard job, or a season's hard work. Over-feeding with grain or grass, causes derangement of the digestion. Imperfect digestion means impaired usefulness in the long run. A horse will do more work on oats than on corn. Corn will prepare a horse for labor, but oats make a better ration during hard work. Oil and starch in corn make it an undesirable summer food; it is heating. Old hay, cut and mixed with bran or a little meal, makes a good work ration, if old hay is not plenty, feed newly cured clover or timothy. Give an occasional feed of roots, apples, and the like; they afford a variety and help digestion.

If at all possible, let the team during hard summer work drink once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, besides at their regular meals. Judge them somewhat by yourself. See that the breast and shoulders do not chafe. To prevent it, take care to have well-fitting collars, and bathe the shoulders with cool water on returning from the field.

A HINT TO SHIPPERS OF APPLES.—An English agricultural paper prints some excellent advice to American apple-growers. In the first place, it complains of a kind of two and three-quarter bushel barrel, which is extensively used in New York, and advises all who wish to ship fruit to England to use the old fashioned three-bushel barrel, with an honest bulge. Then it alludes politely, but plainly, to the American habit of sorting the fruit, and stowing the second rate article in the middle of the barrel, while the red cheeked, plumb apples are invariably placed in the exposed ends. The apple packers of New England will do well to ponder on these remarks, for they are good. Let them check their inclination to place the pleasant faces of their apples all on the outside, and rest assured that if they can get a reputation for honest sorting, their reward shall be substantial.

ALL THE EGGS IN ONE BASKET.—We do not believe in it. The eggs may all be of excellent quality, and the basket strong and large enough to hold them, and yet we think it unwise to risk them all at once. There are manychances which a farmer must take, but he is rarely warranted to hazarding his present comforts in the hope of great gains. A man may invest all his capital in hops or cranberries, or some other special crop, and —lose. He may clog all the machinery of his farm operations, by going largely into grape growing, when he might better have kept to his wheat. Farmers have been sold out by the sheriff because the horses possessed too much speed, and the race track had greater fascinations than the corn field. Some man run all to cider, have a mill to make it, and that is all they make. Others raise only hay, and sell it off the farm. Their eggs are all in one basket. Mixed husbandry, and not specialties, wins in the long run.

How does Pat propose to get over single blessedness? Why, he proposes to bridge-it, of course.

Drinking Ceremonies.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in England and many other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists, even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and eat of the same plate, was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the mediæval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were adopted, and the old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving cup," as practiced at our great city festivals and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward. It was then the custom among the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup, from which each guest drank; he who thus drank stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenceless position; this companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup" as now practiced, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.

How Opium is Smoked.

The smoker lies curled up, with his head resting on a bamboo or earthenware pillow about five inches high. Near him stands an opium lamp, the flame of which is protected by a glass shade low enough for the point of the flame to project above the top of the shade. The smoker takes a wire and dips it into a little box containing prepared opium. A small quantity adheres to the point of the wire, which is then held over the flame of the lamp until the heat has swollen it into ten times its original size. This is rolled over on the flat side of the clay bowl, the opium all the time adhering to the wire. When it has been rolled to a soft, solid mass it is again applied to the lamp, and this alternate roasting and rolling is kept up for at least ten minutes, by which time it is in the shape of a pill and ready for use. The aperture in the pipe is so small that it can only receive the smallest quantity and the most careful manipulation is needed to transfer the tiny ball of opium from the end of the wire to the bowl of the pipe. The point of the wire is inserted into the hole of the pipe and worked round and round till the soft opium forms into a conical shaped ring around the wire. By twirling the wire the drug is gradually detached from it, leaving a hole through the opium about as large as the hole of the pipe bowl, with which it communicates. The pipe is now ready and the bowl is held over the lamp so that the opium comes in contact with the flame. A spluttering noise ensues as the smoker sucks at his pipe. After each successive draw he ejects from nose and mouth a volume of smoke, the very smell of which is enough to turn a horse's stomach. By the end of the fourth or fifth whiff the pipe is empty. The smoker scoops up another dose of opium, rolls it into a pill and repeats the operation with the same patience as before and smokes away until the pipe falls from his hands and he is lost in dreamland. If tobacco smoking were only half the trouble tobacconists would soon have to shut up shop.

How Eclipses of the Moon Impress Savages.

The Greenlanders have a personal apprehension in the matter and believe that the moon rummages their houses for skins or victuals, and destroys those persons who have not observed due sobriety. The South American Chiquitos try to help the darkened star against a dog that has worried it till its light has been colored red, and extinguished by its streaming blood; and they shoot arrows into the sky to drive away the dog. Charlevoix gives a similar account of the Guarani, except that with them a tiger takes the place of a dog; and in the language of the Tupis the literal translation of the word eclipse is, "The jaguar has eaten the sun." So, in Asia, the Tunguses believe an evil spirits has swallowed the earth's satellite, and they try to frighten it away by shots at the darkened disk. In Sumatra and Malacca the fear is aroused that a great snake will swallow the sun or the moon; and the Nagas of Assam set up a great drum-beating, as if in battle, to frighten away the devouring monster. Among the American tribes are some who believe that eclipses are a warning of the approaching disappearance of the sun and the fall of the moon at the end of the world. The Pottawattamies tell of a demon in the shape of an old woman sitting in the moon weaving a basket, on the completion of which the world will be destroyed. A dog contends with the woman, tearing the basket to pieces every once in a while, and then an eclipse of the moon takes place; others imagine that the moon is hungry, sick or dying at these times; while the Alfuras, of Ceram, think he is asleep, and make a great uproar to awake him.

A Little Quarrel.

Two ladies had a little tiff, and one of them remarked as she departed:

"Well, as I told my husband this morning, I shouldn't care to be in your shoes."

"I imagine not," the other one responded. "You would find them painfully close fitting."

Motto for cyclists (adapted, by kind permission, from the popular cry of tradesmen in cheap neighborhoods).—"Tri before you bi."

[FIVE MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD.

Kate Smulsey's Extraordinary Period of Fasting.

FORT PLAIN, N. Y.—Interest in the case of Kate Smulsey, the young girl who, for 163 days has been involuntarily starving to death, is spreading throughout this section of the country with extraordinary rapidity. Within the past week or two scores of persons have come to this village from places many miles away to see or inquire about this remarkable girl. To-day she was very low, and the members of her family believe that she cannot live more than a few hours longer. Although she has suffered great pain of late she has not felt any inclination to take any nourishment. The mother of Miss Smulsey said to-night that her parents and every member of the family had coaxed and implored the girl to swallow some food, but without avail. Even when her agony caused her body to sway to and fro with the

CONSTANT REGULARITY OF A PENDULUM,

she turned her face away from the most tempting morsels that could be prepared, and said that she could eat nothing. She was conscious and able to talk this afternoon. Kate Smulsey was a bright and industrious girl a little more than two years ago. She was then 18 years of age, and had acquired an excellent reputation among the good people of this vicinity as a dressmaker. She was quick and willing and always had plenty to do. In July, 1882, she was taken sick and was confined to her bed. She gradually improved, and for a short time was able to be about. In October, however, she grew worse and was compelled to return to the sick bed, from which she has never since been able to rise. The first symptoms of her disease was trembling and shaking of the hand, followed by an involuntary motion of her right leg and foot. After a while her head had a sidewise movement to the right. Doctors diagnosed the case as St. Vitus' dance, and the usual remedies were applied, but with no benefit to the patient. The girl grew worse and the motion at first confined to the limbs of one side seized her whole body. The motion was at first perpendicular and like that of a person sawing wood, only not so violent. To this particular motion was soon added one partly rolling, and the two were combined. Lately the motion has been rolling only, the rolls constantly moving her entire body from side to side with perfect regularity at the rate of 50 per minute. This motion is perpetual for 22 or 23 hours out of 24, and is perfectly involuntary. The poor girl would be quiet if she could. For an hour or more—never more than two—in the night she is motionless. She then

SLEEPS FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION,

but is awakened by the slightest noise. The moment that she wakens the ceaseless rolling begins, to stop only when, worn out, she again sinks to rest. Some persons doubted the necessity of this constant moving of the girl's body, and thought it was voluntary. One physician sat by her side for three hours, during which time there was not the slightest diminution of the rolling. Another physician said he could stop it if he wished, and seizing her by the shoulders, held her tightly a few minutes, but the instant he relaxed his hold her body resumed its motion. She feels the result of this yes, and says that there is not a spot on her person that is not sore. The weight of a pin is actually painful to her, and cannot be endured. Her arms are larger and harder than one would expect for a young lady of her size in perfect health. To the touch they indicate strong muscle. In fact, all the muscles of her body are well developed. This is accounted for by the constant motion of her body, which keeps her in perpetual exercise. Another remarkable thing about Miss Smulsey's case is that she has no bed sores on her person. In most cases where persons are confined to their bed for a long period sores show themselves and become very troublesome. In her case, although she has not left her bed since a year last October, there are none. Since January 1st she has not been able to raise her head from her pillow. About three months ago she began to have trouble with her eyes. A strong light was painful to her. She lies now in a darkened room and wears blue glasses. The color of the glasses contrasts strongly with the pale, white face and the snowy bedding. During the early part of her sickness Miss Smulsey relished delicacies, and the neighbors sent in such little dishes as they thought would please her. Her appetite was not ravenous, still she ate as much as an invalid ordinarily would eat. At length solid food distressed her, and since March 11, 1884,

SHE HAS NOT SWALLOWED A MORSEL.

For some time she was able to drink either milk or water and drank two or three glasses each day. After a time she could not drink milk, and water only was taken, and that in small quantities. At length she could not even drink water. One day she drank a glass of water and was soon seized with convulsions, and for two days was in terrible distress. She bloated till she measured nearly twice her natural size about the waist. During the last eight weeks she has not swallowed a drop of water or any other nourishment. Attempts have been made to give her a teaspoonful of water, but invariably it brought on convulsions and great distress. Every exertion seems to bloat her. Long conversation causes her to turn purple and bloat. She has no desire to eat, and thirst is satisfied by holding water in her mouth and ejecting it. This she does several times a day. Her stomach feels full, as if she had recently eaten a hearty meal.

Miss Smulsey's sickness has been accompanied by no delusion whatever, and her mind is clear and rational. She would be glad to eat if she could, and at the request of her physician she has made attempts to eat or drink, with the results described. All efforts to feed her in other ways than by the mouth have proved futile. There is no denial of the positive fact that for 163 days up to noon to-day she has not tasted food and that for weeks she has not swallowed anything. Her case stands without parallel. Reporters, doctors, scientists have visited her and gone away puzzled.

The Smulsey family are Germans, and are highly respected. Dr. Zoller, the attending physician, says that the girl looks as though suffering from normal dropsy. Dr. Ayers thinks it a peculiar form of St. Vitus' dance.

The difference between the Quaker form of marriage and the Episcopal form is, that in the former the bride does not promise to obey but does obey, while in the latter the bride does promise to obey but does not obey.

THE LEGEND OF STAR ISLAND.

The Only Monument to John Smith, the Friend of Pocahontas.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution, the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the free-booters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast.

For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a bursted blunderbuss was ever found.

The grandames tell how Capt. Kydd came here often, "as he sailed, as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful spectre with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn, and shading her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again.

The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her frithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen; a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Cap. John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting.

On Star Island stands the only monument erected in America to Capt. John Smith. It is a rude affair—a prismatic-shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake.

The War on the Condor.

The announcement that the Chilian Government has declared a war of extermination against the monarch of vultures—the condor—and offers about five dollars for every condor killed, justifies some remark as to the possibility of the Chilian Government realising its purpose. The Condor has indeed been declared "an enemy to the republic," and condor hunting has become a highly lucrative business; but when one takes into consideration the astounding powers of the bird, and its wonderful habits, one finds it hard to believe that the government can ever succeed in destroying the species at any price. Shooting it on the wing is almost out of the question; for it sails at altitudes far beyond the reach of the human eye, and roosts on peaks immeasurably above the clouds. It has been seen at altitudes of 20,000 feet. It can withstand variation of temperature beyond human endurance, and hatches its young far above the snow line; nevertheless, it rests quite comfortably on the buring sands of the Southern seacoast. It haunts the whole western slopes of the Andes—not only Chili, but Peru, Bolivia and Patagonia. With the vast spread of its wings—often exceeding twelve feet—it can perform prodigious journeys in a few hours, its eye is miraculously keen; for when no bird is visible in the sky, even with the aid of a powerful glass, if a mule or other animal in a convoy fall or die, the condors instantly drop upon it like lightning from heaven.

Latterly the birds have so increased as to form a veritable scourge—notwithstanding the fact that the female lays but two eggs at a time, and that condor hunting has been a regular and lucrative calling for more than a century. Traps are the only reliable means of catching them; but the day will certainly come when traps shall be of no avail whatever. Condors have already learned to fear a gun; and with their wonderful sight it is absolutely impossible to get within rifle range of them. Birds soon learn to avoid danger, as has been proved since the erection of the telegraph lines in United States; few are now killed by flying against the wires. It will be strange if the condor does not learn to avoid snares instinctively.

When the birds find life in Chili or in Peru unusually difficult they have only to migrate further south or north, and propagate their species in other altitudes, until they become so numerous as to migrate again to those regions which outlawed them. Then the work of destruction would have to be done over. All things considered it seems impossible to exterminate such a race of vultures unless means of destroying their eggs can be devised; but nobody—not even Mr. Graham—would undertake to scale icy peaks 19,000 or 20,000 feet high for such a purpose. The condor is certainly gifted with rare powers of self-preservation; and it is not unlikely his huge shadow may float above the corpse of the last South American in that lurid twilight preceding the world's final dissolution.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Refused.

The moon beat silently upon the waves, and the waves beat noisily upon the sand, and they strolled quietly along the beach, and as he looked down into her eyes lovingly, he asked pleadingly: "Mildred, will you return my love?" "Yes, George," she answered hesitatingly, "on one condition." "Only tell me that condition," he pleaded breathlessly. "It is," she replied solemnly, "that you do not again ask me to accept it," and the moon and the waves and his heart continued to beat as they walked home sorrowfully and silently.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

To keep one's opinion is a cheap pleasure, and a sweet one.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

Keep carefully out of a quarrelsome person's way, and still more carefull out of his ways,

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

It is the pleasure of the gods—that what is in conformity with justice shall also be in conformity to the laws.

Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-extending circle.

He who is dear to the heart is near, though far as he can be; he whom the heart reject is remote, though near as our very self.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce a good fruit.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Man walk as prophecies of the next age.

Where are there two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humility and pride?

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

True glory consists in doing what deserves a place in history, writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for living in it.

Expect not praise without envy until you are dead. Honors bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not.

Educate all the faculties and propensities of children; but, above all, see that the conscience, the balance-wheel of the moral system, is trained unto perfect accord with the principles of positive truth and absolute justice.

If Satan ever laughs it must be at hypocrites. They are the greatest dupes he has. They serve him better than any others, but receive no wages. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications than the sincerest Christians.

We are ruined not by what we really want but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they are real wants, they will come home in search of you; for she who buys what she does not want will soon want what she cannot buy.

Never be ashamed to confess your ignorance, for the wisest man on earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything.

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men. Sometimes a matter of least moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever.

What is death? To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenomena of the day as we forget the phantom of a fleeting dream; to form as in a dream new connections with God's world; to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Where and How We Remember.

If, now, we take models of our brains, and on the first mark out the location of the various areas connected with the various sensory organs as determined by the anatomical connection of the white nerve threads; on the second mark out the location of the various areas which physiologists have shown to govern various sensory organs; on the third mark out the various areas whose disease produces disturbance of action in the various sensory organs, and loss of memory of perceptions by those organs; and on the fourth mark out the various areas which wither after disease of the various sensory organs—we shall find that upon all four brains the areas belonging to any one organ coincide. We may therefore conclude that each class of sensations and each class of memories has its own definite area of the gray matter on the surface of the brain. Memories of objects seen are located in the posterior part in the occipital region. Memories of sounds heard are located in the lower lateral part in the temporal region. Memories of motions in the limbs, and of touch in those limbs, are located side by side in the central lateral region. Memories of speech are located in the frunal region. It is therefore a mistake to speak of memory as a single faculty of the mind. It is really an assemblage of distinct memories which we possess, each kind of memory being as different from the others both in its nature and in its location as are the different organs of sense through which the original preseption came.

Early Marriages.

Early marriages are reported to be very common among boys and girls in the east end of London. They begin "keeping company" when twelve years of age. In one district there are four married boys. The eldest is 19, and receives 13s a week; another is 18; has three years of his apprentice ship yet to serve, and has two children; another is between 16 and 17, and has two children; the fourth is 16 and keeps a wife and child on 11s a week.

A Fight with a Crocodile.

"What a queer craft! I'm glad I haven't got to go up to Khartoum in a thing like that."

So spoke a bearded, brown-faced English officer standing upon the bank of the Upper Nile, close to the Arab Village of Shendy, midway between Berber and Khartoum.

Certainly it was a "queer craft," and he might well be glad that he had not got to make a long voyage in it. It was a big, clumsy, flat-bottomed barge, almost as broad as it was long, and steered by a gaunt, half clad Arab with something that looked very much like an overgrown wooden shovel. But the rigging was more curious still. A tall, bony native, standing bolt upright upon the deck, served as a mast, while the piece of coarse canvas which he held up at full length in his outstretched hands did duty for a sail. This living mast was kept in its place by two other men, one of whom clasped it round the waist, while the other held on to its knees with all his might and main.

To use living rigging is not always a safe experiment, and in this case it proved very unsafe indeed. A sudden gust of wind took the sail aback, and the Arab who was serving as mast for it, and who had planted his feet upon the two lower corners of the canvas, in order to keep it stretched to its full extent, found himself entangled in it almost before he knew what had happened. Losing his balance, he fell backward, and rolled over the edge of the boat into the water, dragging along with him one of the two men who had been holding him up.

The other man scrambled back into the boat almost as quickly as he had tumbled out of it; but the mast-man was not so lucky. It took him two or three seconds to get rid of the canvas that was hampering him, and those two or three seconds made all the difference. By the time he had got clear the ferry boat had drifted a good way down the stream, the steersman having left his post and run forward when he saw his comrades fall overboard.

This of itself would have mattered little, for every Arab in the Nile valley can swim like a duck. But while the struggling man was swimming with all his might toward the boat, and the steersman was working the boat's head round to meet him, a new actor suddenly appeared on the scene, whose coming made the affair look much more serious.

No one had taken any particular notice of a long black log which was lying on the edge of a sand-bank a little way out in the stream. But at the splash made by the two Arabs as they plunged overboard, the seeming log made a sudden movement, displaying as it did so the vast, scaly bulk, grinning teeth, and small, cunning, cruel eye of a monstrous crocodile!

The hideous creature waddled down into the river so clumsily that any one who had been watching it would have been startled by the arrow-like swiftness of its course the moment it touched the water. The poor Arab knew only too well what was in store for him, and made frantic efforts to reach the boat, which was now close at hand. But the monster was too quick for him. Gliding in between him and the approaching barge, it spun around suddenly and darted right at him, opening its terrible jaws wide enough to show two ranges of spiky teeth that might have crushed a buffalo.

But just as all seemed over, one of the ferrymen took a flying leap from the side of the boat and came plump on to the crocodile's back. There he stuck like a limpet, while the long, sharp jambeyah (dagger) in his right hand dealt stab after stab into the monster's undefended side, just behind the fore-shoulder.

Could the crocodile have spoken, he would probably have cried out: "Foul play! two against one!" As it was he showed his disgust plainly enough by his savage snortings and the furious lashings of his ponderous tail, till, finding that its enemy was not to be shaken off, he plunged suddenly under the water. Man and beast went down in a whirling eddy, the ripples of which were dark with blood.

A cry of dismay burst from the crowd that had gathered upon the bank, as they saw the brave Arab disappear. But all at once the water began to heave and bubble as if some fierce struggle were going on in the depths below, and then the Mussulman's lean, dark face rose again to the surface, upon which, a moment later, the crocodile's mighty bulk floated limp and dead, slain by a mortal stab in the throat.

"Aferin, ya habibi!" (Well done, my friend) cried the Englishman, as the conquer struggled ashore. "Here are twenty piastres (fifty cents) for you, if you can accept the gift of an unbeliever."

"No matter for that, effendi," (gentleman), replied the Arab, with a grin, tying up the coins in the greasy waistcoat which was his only clothing. "You may be an unbeliever, but your money is true Mohammedan."

Eastern Idleness.

In the East they dedicate a small portion of the year to avowed idleness, and nothing is then permitted to disturb the halycon of utter leisure. The doors are shut even to friends. No one goes in or out. The inmates of the house are in their filmiest tissues; they go unshod. The hawks sit nodding on their perches, the horses are idle in the stable. The fountain splashes in the court-yard, and the turtle doves among the pomegranate trees lull the garden to sleep with their sultry, slumberous cooing. The interval is sacred to the refreshment of the body. Gentle medicines are taken of a relaxing and blood-cooling kind. The hardest exertion of the day is the bath; its chief employment the shampooing of the limbs with soft-scented oils. The ladies of the household recline with their citharas by the side of their master's couch, and the slave girl sits at his head with a fan, lest some presumptuous fly should break the pious calm. The master of the house stretches himself at his ease and dozes all the day through, while the story-teller drones away in the corner like a bumble-bee in a syrup, and the cithara tinkles one of the thin, monotonous airs of the East. Now and then he stirs himself—a kite shrilling far up in the blue sky, a dog barking far off in the outer dust has aroused him—and he solemnly cites Allah as a witness that the day is hot, and in the name of the prophet calls for a sherbet of citrons. Such is the Afghan holiday. Or, turn to Africa, where the sun compels idleness for a long interval of each day, and note how the barbarian fences with the weather. Under an awning of grass-mats that is stretched under some deep-foliaged tree, he lies tranquilly, accepting the heat without any reservation. Out in the sunshine he sees the herbage shimmering in the refraction, and the shadows of the plants are gathered close about their roots. So he knows it is noon, and turns around to slumber again. The dogs are lying on their sides in the shadow of the hut, fast asleep. From within the kraal there is not a sound of life. High up in a tree a barbet is piping the hours, and, clinging to a twig, the shrill-voiced cicada cries all the afternoon through. But the negro dozes on until the evening breeze comes up and the shadows lie aslope. The dog is now up on its haunches, huskily barking at nothing; the chickens are abroad again; the grass-mats of the huts rustle as the women come out, and the sound of food being prepared awakes the sleeper. The day is not fit, he says, for human beings to be busy.

American Fables.

An Ox which had for some time had his eye on the Rich Pasture of a certain Peasant, but who feared Results in case of Trespass, finally went to the owner and said:

"My Dear Friend, I have Reasons to believe that the Goats and the Sheep Contemplate a raid on your Meadow. I am very Tender on the matter of Trespass, Stealing, Embezzlement, etc., and will Volunteer my Services to act as a Sentinel for you."

The Peasant Accepted the offer with many Expressions of Gratitude, and for the first time in many Weeks went to bed wit a Feeling of Security.

Next morning, However, as he walked out to view his Meadow, he found the Ox just Sneaking away, after Having filled his Hide to Bursting with the juciest Grass.

"Ah! is this the way you Guard my Property?" exclaimed the Peasant.

"Well, you see,' replied the Ox as he Continued moving away, "on Second Consideration I Decided it would be less trouble to eat your Grass than to Guard it from Others."

MORAL:

The Reformer is generally the biggest Robber.

THE CLAM AND THE LOBSTER.

A Clam and a Lobster fell out one day as to Whether the Fisherman had a Legal Right to catch their prey by appealing to their Hunger. From words they came to blows, and the Lobster had one eye blacked and two ribs broken, and the Clam had his jaw broken and his chin knocked off. They were Repairing Damages for a fight to the finish when both were suddenly scooped out of the Water by the Fisherman, who quietly Observed:

"Had they not been so Intent on Destroying each other I should have got neither."

MORAL:

The fisherman still fishes in the same old way.

THE OWL AND THE HAWK.

An Owl and a Hawk who Dwelt Together on a Certain Island got by the ears as to which had the best Right to be called the Queen of Song. (Tickets $5, and standing room only.)

It was agreed to leave the case to a Fox who dwelt on the Mainland, and after Hearing all the Particulars, Reynaad replied:

"Gentlemen, my Decision is that the title Belongs to the one who can sing the Loudest. Come and see me this day week.',

The Disputants Returned home and Tuned up. As the Hawk sang all day, and the Owl all night, Neither could sleep, and Before the week was up both Dropped the Disputed point in Disgust.

MORAL:

Quarrels Between Neighbors cannot last Unless fed by the gossip of Tale-bearers.

MAKING A HUMAN FACE.

Thomas Colt's Thirteen Years of Experience Under the Surgeons.

In 1871 Thomas Colt, then 12 years old, was taken to Bellevue Hospital, New York, suffering from a disease which had destroyed his nose and lips and had begun to affect his eyes. He was taken in charge by Dr. Gustavus Sabine, and since that time has been under treatment with a view to replacing the lost part of the face.

After the course of the disease had been checked the process of building up was begun by cutting away the flesh about the edges of the orifice, where the nose had been. Then the inside of the large finger of the right hand was flayed, and the fresh cut wound was fitted where the nose should be. The hand was held in place by bandages and plaster of paris until the finger had grown fast to the forehead and cheeks of the patient. In the meantime the mouth was covered by the hand, and a silver tube was inserted into the lad's throat, through which he was fed, and through which he also breathed.

When the grafting of the finger to the face was completed, and the circulation established, the finger was amputated near the knuckle, leaving two and a half joints attached to the face. The operations so far had required about a year, but the process was only begun. The next step was to trim down the finger into the shape of a nose by removing the bone and gradually building up the flesh on each side and drawing up the skin from the cheeks and forehead over it. In course of time the result sought was obtained, except that there were as yet no nostrils.

The eyes of the unfortunate boy had both been drawn out of position somewhat, and these were straightened by clipping nerves in the manner usually adopted by oculists in treating cross-eyed people. The eyebrows were also patched up at the inner ends.

The next step was to give the boy a new pair of lips. This was done gradually by taking pieces of flesh from the cheeks and grafting them in place bit by bit.

Recently, after thirteen years of experience under a surgeon's knife, having meantime undergone and recovered from thirty different operations, the patient, now a young man, left the hospital. His face was smooth, and to the casual observer bore no traces of what he had gone through. The case is extraordinary for the extent of the work done and the perfect result obtained. Not less extraordinary was the fortitude of the patient, who never murmured under the necessarily painful operations, and who, when walking the floor because of his suffering, was wont to cheer up the other patients in the ward by telling droll stories, of which he had a large supply. He was known in the hospital as "Patient Tommy."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Billous attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

NEWSPAPER FUN.

The boiled wave has come.

Ben Butler wishes to send a Minister to England who does not wear mutton chop whiskers. The bald headed diplomat's whiskers must be cut bias, and of a sunset or dynamite hue.

Just exhumed by *Punch*: Real hard-ships—Ironclads.

There is a town in Arkansas which struggles under the name of Limburger. We'll wager a scent that it's a live town.

"Poetry is the sister of sorrow," writes Mr. Andre, who had evidently been having a narrow escape from a newspaper office.

First Speculator.—"Pekin Turnpikes second mortgage bonds! What did you clear by them?" Second ditto.—"My pockets!"

Is it not odd that the boot blacks can command five cents for a shine when the advertisements say that "The New York *Sun* shines for all for two cents?" Competition is the soul of trade.

A Michigan justice of the peace advertises: "Marriage ceremonies performed at all hours of the day or night. Knots tied after midnight fifty per cent. extra." Western enterprise is something astonishing.

A news item says that the inventor of a device for fastening a necktie sold the patent for $1,000,000, and received as much more in royalties. His good fortune is easily explained. The news item lies,

A lady in Fonda, N. Y., who is ninety-two years old, is just learning to play the piano. She says that a woman who can't play some sort of an instrument nowadays stands a pretty poor chance of getting married.

"Why," he pleaded, our very circumstances bind us together; our similar tastes, our friendship, long acquaintance——" "Yes," she replied, "even age could bind us together." "What age, dearest?" he asked. "Mucilage," answered she, gluemily. A minute later, as he paste up and down the room alone, he realized that his failure was gumplete.

"How can you account for those fine stalks of corn coming up in the fence corners?" asked a mon of a farmer! "That's not corn," the farmer replied. "Only weeds." "Ah, how singular!" "D'n't know much about farmin', I reckin'?" "Very little. I am the editor of an agricultural paper."

160 Days Without Food.

Probably the most extraordinary case on record of a person living in a conscious state without eating is that of Miss Kate Smusley of Fort Plain, who is at the point of death because of self-starvation. She is at her father's residence, and it is asserted with a positiveness undisputed by those who attend her that not a particle of food has passed her lips for now over 160 days. She taker a little water in her mouth occasionally, but does not swallow it, as, when swallowed, it at once throws her into convulsions which seem to wrench her stomach most terribly. She is emaciated to a skeleton. She is conscious, recognizes her friends and is able to converse with them.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*.

The commander-in-chief of the pig-tail army has issued his first command, "Tom-toms to the front and centre, march."

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Elizabeth, N. J., has been painting her laws of a bluish tint, and the air has been full of streaks of a similar shade.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

The relations of the sun and moon, and intimate personal friends of the seven stars should offer Chinese Gordon the contract to clean out the French.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to the barber shop.

How would it do?

This bad weather requires a remedy. It seems as if the whole responsibility should rest on Vennor and Wiggins, for we had some kind of weather before they appeared upon the scene. How would it do to string them up? Would it make things better. Another hint of importance—don't hang on to your corns as weather indicators. Better string them out root and branch. Putnams Painless Corn Extractor will do it quickly, painlessly and with certainty. Don't buy dangerous flesh-eating substitutes. Get Putnam's, and no other.

The Opinion of All

Who have tried Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy is that it is never failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach, and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerviline stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10 cents, a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerviline at druggists and country dealers.

Young man from the country to Scotch policeman—"Whar's Oxford street?" Constable, sternly—"Why, whar it was yesterday! None o' ye larkin' wi' me!"

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier At Druggists 50 cents

A.P 193.

FARM FOR SALE. 130 ACRES IN GOOD order; easy terms. DR. PYNE, Toronto.

SAW MILL PROPERTIES FOR SALE—STAVE machinery included if desired. Send for circular. S. J. LEACOCK, Brigden.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, 12 Queen St. W., Toronto.

OVER 200 FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE Description and price list furnished free to all applicants. GEO. W. SNOVER, 103 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

SEND And get a sample copy of TRUTH, free, the best 28-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for pric to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

MEN WANTED.

Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salaries from $600 to $2,000 per year Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60 blacksmith's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $8,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY Belleville.

1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.

100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal,

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Chimney Tops, Water Lime, Fire Bricks, Borax, Portland Cement, Canada Cement, Flue Covers, Plaster of Paris, Roman Cement, Vent Linings, Whiting, Fire Clay, China Clay.

Manufacturers of

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DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

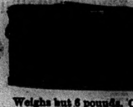
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR

RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroyin Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.

A. Ramsay & Son,

Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.



THE MODEL

Washer

AND

BLEACHER

Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars

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C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St John's N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N, Incorporated. Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $2,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, or half certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.00 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on premature membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000 providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar Institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.

MACHINERY. 1 Portable Westinghouse Engine, 1 do. Able Triumph do. 1 G. C. Morrison do. 12 h p Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horizontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron frame Tenoning machine, 1 Blind Slat Tenoner, 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 band saws 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rolls, Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 62-inch inserted Tooth-Saw &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

*Brooklyn,	Aug	23	Montreal,	Sept.	13
Toronto,	Aug	30	*Vancouver,	Sept	20
*Oregon,	Sept	6			

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

TRADE MARK.

The White Glycerine—The Sharon Bouquet — Palm Oil Bath Soap—Oatmeal Skin Soap, and The Baby's Own Soap.

MADE BY

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'Y

ARE UNSURPASSED FOR

PURITY & EXCELLENCE.

Sold by all leading druggists.

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,
HAMILTON. ONT

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,

New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).

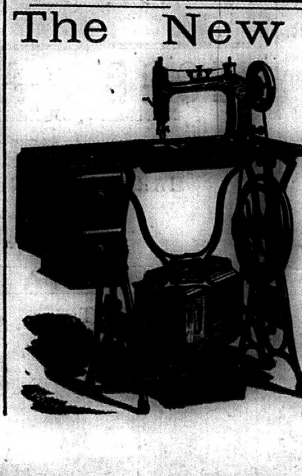
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN B. COMPANY MARK.

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

The New Williams



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period.

It is Light and Easy to run!
Silent and Rapid movement,
Plain and Simple to learn!

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

HARVEST TOOLS!

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

—IN THE—

High Court of Justice,

(CHANCERY DIVISION.)

RE CONNORS.

PURSUANT to an order of this Honorable Court made in the above matter, the creditors of Thomas Conners, late of Madoc, farmer, who died in or about the month of May, A. D. 1876, are on or about the 15th day of September, A. D. 1884, to send by post prepaid to Samuel Barton Burdett, of Belleville, the Solicitor for petitioner herein, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall, Belleville, on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for the adjudication on the claims.

Dated August 16th, 1884.

S. S. LAZIER,
Local Master.

S. B. BURDETT,
Solicitor for Petitioner. 381-4

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

1858. —ESTABLISHED—

WRIGHT'S

GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.

CONFECTIONERY AND BISCUITS,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWAR

JANE WRIGHT.

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LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills, where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not* 533 *Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

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North Hastings Review.

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JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advc.

VOL. VII., No 385. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 18, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

Tudor Fall Show.

The annual fall show of the Tudor, Limerick and Cashel Agricultural Society will be held at Millbridge, on Thursday, October 2nd, 1884. The following is the prize list:—

CLASS 1.—HORSES.

	1st	2nd
Entire Horse, 3 yrs. old or over	$2 00	$1 25
Entire Horse, 2 yrs. old.	1 25	1 00
Span Draught Horses	1 75	1 00
Brood Mare with Foal at her side	1 00	75
Colt, 3 yrs. old	1 25	1 00
Colt, 2 yrs. old	1 00	75
Colt, 1 yr. old	1 00	75
Colt of present year	1 00	75

CLASS 2.—CATTLE.

Bull, 3 yrs. old or over	$1 50	$1 00
Bull, 2 yrs old	1 00	75
Bull, yearling	75	50
Milch Cow	1 75	1 25
Heifer, 2 yrs. old	1 25	75
Heifer, yearling	75	50
Yoke Working Oxen in yoke	1 75	1 25
Yoke of 4 year old Steers in yoke	1 50	1 25
Yoke of 3 year old Steers in yoke	1 25	75
Yoke of 2 year old Steers	75	50
Pair yearling Steers	75	50
Spring Calf, Bull	75	50
Spring Calf, Heifer	75	50
Spring Calf, Steer	75	50

CLASS 3.—SHEEP.

Ram, any age	$ 75	$ 50
Ram Lamb	75	50
Pair Ewes, any age	75	50
Pair Ewe Lambs	75	50

CLASS 4.—PIGS.

Boar, over 1 year	75	50
Sow over 1 year	75	50
Boar, under 1 year	75	50
Sow, under 1 year	75	50

CLASS 5.—GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fall Wheat, ½ bushel	$ 50	$ 40
Spring Wheat, ½ bushel.	50	40
Barley, ½ bushel.	50	40
Rye, ½ bushel	50	40
Oats, ½ bushel	50	40
Peas, small field, ½ bus.	50	40
Buckwheat, ½ bushel	50	40
Corn, ½ dozen ears	25	15
Timothy Seed, ½ peck	50	40
White Beans, small, ½ bus	50	40

CLASS 6.—ROOTS.

Potatoes, Early Rose, ½ bushel	$ 50	$ 40
Potatoes, any other sort, ½ bushel	50	40
Turnips, Sweeds, ½ doz.	25	15
Turnips, Aberdeen, ½ doz	25	15
Cabbage, white, 2 heads	25	15
Cabbage, red, 2 heads	25	15
Cauliflowers, 2 heads	25	15
Top Seed Onions, 1 gall	50	40
Multiplier Onions 1 peck	50	40
Blood Beet, ½ doz.	25	15
Carrots, white, ½ doz	25	15
Carrots, red, ½ doz.	25	15
Squash, 2 largest	25	15
Pumpkins, 2 largest	25	15
Tomatoes, 6 largest	25	15

CLASS 7.—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Butter, roll, 2 lbs or over	$ 50	$ 40
Butter, tub, 50 lbs or over	1 00	75
Home-made Full Cloth, 6 yards	75	50
Home-made Flannel, 6 yards	75	50
Home-made Bed Quilt, patchwork	1 00	50
Home-made Bed Quilt, Log Cabin	1 00	50
Home-made Floor Rug	30	25
1 lb Woollen Yarn	40	25
Pair Woollen Mits	25	15
Pair Woollen Socks	25	15
Cake of Maple Sugar	40	25

CLASS 8.—FRUIT.

Best variety of Apples, 5 of each	$ 25	$ 15
Best variety Crab Apples 5 of each	25	15

SPECIAL.

Best specimen of Blacksmiths' work	$1 00	$ 50
Pair Deerskin Moccasins	50	25
Pair Deerskin Mits	50	25
Ladies' Fancy Work	5 00	

THE Marquis of Ripon has resigned the vice-royalty of India, and Lord Dufferin has been appointed his successor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—The gentleman who signs himself "A Settler in Faraday," is not very clear in his statements. Perhaps he will kindly consent to write again some time when he is sober, and tell us what he was trying to say, and who told him to say it.

J. P.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that professional baseball players, as a rule, receive larger salaries than newspaper men, school teachers, and clergymen. One man, who is now receiving a salary of $3,200, has been offered $5,000 to catch for a Chicago nine next season, while $2,000 is not an uncommon figure.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

Tea! Tea! Tea!

We as usual are showing

Special Value in Tea,

in all grades.

JOHN DALE & SON.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

PEERLESS

MACHINE OIL!

AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, GlanmireP. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P. O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

THOMAS HANLEY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
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PLANS, Specifications, Details, and Estimates prepared for all kinds of Buildings. Contracts taken at reasonable rates.

OFFICE—At Pringle's Factory 356-3m

ICE CREAM
—AT—
LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.
Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

Ready-made CLOTHING.

We are showing

EXTRA VALUE

in all lines.

JOHN DALE & SON.

E. A. SEYMOUR,
General House Painter,
AND GLAZIER.
Madoc, - Ontario.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLO

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.
Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	1st	concession Madoc,
	29	5th	" "
	29	7th	" "
W ½	30	9th	" "
N E ¼	13	10th	" Marmora,
	27	11th	" "

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT.

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto, Fellow of Trinity Medical School, Physician, Surgeon &c. Office—Queensboro, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. B. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ont. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD,

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCH, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ont. Office—office in Dale's Block, Durham St., Madoc. Office Hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Gradu[illegible]ntario Veterinary College; Regist[illegible]he Ontario Veterinary Medi[illegible]ociation.)

Treats [illegible] the Domestic Animals. All c[illegible] telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE: [illegible]ICK, Madoc, Ont.

[illegible]S.

[illegible]ds elected Minera[illegible] reported on.

[illegible]N STEWART,
[illegible] Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
Mar[illegible] 311.

[illegible]& MARSKELL,

(Succe[illegible]ewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BA[illegible]K—Office—McAnnany B[illegible] Front and Bridge Street, Mo[illegible] loan at low rates upon good [illegible]oans preferred. Charges Moder[illegible]

FRAN[illegible]E—FRANCIS MARSKELL.

[illegible]O LOAN.

THE [illegible]ow on hand a large am[illegible]money to loan on first class r[illegible]w interest. Can be repaid by [illegible]r in one payment, to suit [illegible]oans granted from $100 up to $4[illegible]. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept 25, 1883 335-tf

W. C. REID,

CENTR[illegible] ONTARIO.

Dealer in all kinds of

Fruit & Ornament l Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Flowers, &c.

I will call annually on my friends and customers in Madoc and vicinity, soliciting your orders, which will be filled with as good stock as can be procured in the country.

369 W. C. REID.

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers, Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager, 23 Front St., East, Toronto.

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

By Bret Harte.

CHAPTER I.

She was barely twenty-three years old. It is probable that up to that age, and the beginning of this episode, her life had been uneventful. Born to the easy mediocrity of such compensating scenes as a small farmhouse and large lands, a good position and no society in that vast grazing district of Kentucky known as the Blue Grass region, all the possibilities of a Western American girl's existence lay before her. A piano in the bare-walled house, the latest patented mower in the limitless meadows, and a silk dress sweeping the rough floor of the unpainted "meeting house," were already the promise of those possibilities. Beautiful she was, but the power of that beauty was limited by being equally shared with her few neighbors. There were small, narrow arched feet besides her own that trod the uncarpeted floors of outlying log cabins with equal grace and dignity; bright, clearly opened eyes that were equally capable of looking unabashed upon princes and potentates—as a few later did—and the heiress of the County Judge read her own beauty without envy in the frank glances and unlowered crest of the blacksmith's daughter. Eventually she had married the male of her species, a young stranger, who, as school-master in the nearest town, had utilized to some local extent a scant capital of education. In obedience to the unwritten law of the West, after the marriage was celebrated the doors of the ancestral home cheerfully opened, and bride and bridegroom issued forth without regret and without sentiment to seek the further possibilities of a life beyond these already too familiar voices. With their departure for California as Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tucker, the parental nest in the Blue Grass meadows knew them no more.

They submitted with equal cheerfulness to the privations and excesses of their new conditions. Within three years the schoolmaster developed into a lawyer and capitalist, the Blue Grass bride supplying a grace and ease to these transitions that were all her own. She softened the abruptness of sudden wealth, mitigated the austerities of the newly acquired power, and made the most striking incongruity picturesque. Only one thing seemed to limit their progress in the region of these possibilities. They were childless. It was as if they had exhausted the future in their own youth, leaving little or nothing for another generation to do.

A southwesterly storm was beating against the dressing-room windows of their new house in one of the hilly suburbs of San Francisco, and threatening the unseasonable frivolity of the stucco ornamentation of cornice and balcony. Mrs. Tucker had been called from the contemplation of the dreary prospect without, by the arrival of a visitor. On entering the drawing-room she found him engaged in a half-admiring, half resentful examination of its new furniture and hangings. Mrs. Tucker at once recognized Mr. Calhoun Weaver, a former Blue Grass neighbor; with swift feminine intuition she also felt that his slight antagonism was likely to be transferred from her furniture to herself. Waiving it with the lazy amiability of Southern indifference she welcomed him by the familiarity of a Christian name.

"I reckoned that mabbee you opined old Blue Grass friends wouldn't naturally hitch on to them fancy doin's," he said, glancing around the apartment to avoid her clear eyes, as if resolutely setting himself against the old charm of her manner as he had against the more recent glory of her surroundings, "but I thought I'd just drop in for the sake of old times."

"Why shouldn't you, Cal?" said Mrs. Tucker with a frank smile.

"Especially as I'm going up to Sacramento to-night with some influential friends," he continued with an ostentation calculated to resist the assumption of her charms and her furniture. "Senator Dyce of Kentucky and his cousin Judge Briggs—perhaps you know 'em, or maybe Spencer—I mean Mr. Tucker—does."

"I reckon," said Mrs. Tucker, smiling; "but tell me something about the boys and girls at Vineville—and about yourself. You're looking well, and right smart, too." She paused to give due emphasis to this latter recognition of a huge gold chain with which her visitor was somewhat ostentatiously trifling.

"I didn't know as you cared to hear anything about Blue Grass," he returned, a little abashed. "I've been away from there some time myself," he added, his uneasy vanity taking fresh alarm at the faint suspicion of patronage on the part of his hostess. "They're doin' well, though—perhaps as well as some others."

"And you're not married yet," continued Mrs. Tucker, oblivious of the innuendo. "Ah, Cal," she added archly, "I am afraid you are as fickle as ever. What poor girl in Vineville have you left pining?"

The simple face of the man before her flushed with foolish gratification at this old-fashioned ambiguous flattery. "Now look yer, Belle," he said chuckling, "if you're talking of old times and you think I bear malice agin Spencer, why——"

But Mrs. Tucker interrupted what might have been an inopportune sentimental retrospect with a finger of arch but languid warning. "That will do! I am dying to know all about it, and you must stay to dinner and tell me. It's right mean you can't see Spencer, too; but he isn't back from Sacramento yet."

Grateful as a *tete-a-tete* with his old neighbor in her more prosperous surroundings would have been—if only for the sake of later gossiping about it—he felt it would be inconsistent with his pride and his assumption of present business. More than that, he was uneasily conscious that in Mrs. Tucker's simple and unaffected manner there was a greater superiority than he had ever noticed during their previous acquaintance. He would have felt kinder to her had she shown any "airs and graces," which he could have commented upon and forgiven. He stammered some vague excuse of preoccupation, yet lingered in the hope of saying something which, if not aggressively unpleasant, might at least transfer to her indolent serenity some of his own irritation. "I reckon," he said, as he moved hesitatingly toward the door, "that Spencer has made himself easy and secure in them business risks he's taking. That 'ere Alameda ditch affair they're talking so much about is a mighty big thing—rather *too* big if it ever got to falling back on him. But I suppose he's accustomed to take risks?"

"Of course he is," said Mrs. Tucker gayly. "He married me."

The visitor smiled feebly, but was not equal to the opportunity offered for gallant repudiation. "But suppose you ain't accustomed to take risks?"

"Why not? I married *him*," said Mrs. Tucker.

Mr. Calhoun Weaver was human, and succumbed to this last charming audacity. He broke into a noisy but genuine laugh, shook Mrs. Tucker's hand with effusion and, "Now that's genuine Blue Grass and no mistake!" and retreated under cover of his hilarity. In the hall he made a rallying stand to repeat confidentially to the servant, who had overheard them: "Blue Grass all over, you can bet your life;" and opening the door was apparently swallowed up in the tempest.

Mrs. Tucker's smile kept her lips until she had returned to her room, and even then languidly shone in her eyes for some minutes after, as she gazed abstractly from her window on the storm-tossed bay in the distance. Perhaps some girlish vision of the peaceful Blue Grass plain momentarily usurped the prospect; but it is to be doubted if there was much romance in that retrospect, or that it was more interesting to her than the positive and sharply cut outlines of the practical life she now held. Howbeit she soon forgot this fancy in lazily watching a boat that, in the teeth of the gale, was beating round Alcatraz Island. Although at times a mere black speck on the gray waste of foam, a closer scrutiny showed it to be one of those lateen-rigged Italian fishing boats that so often flecked the distant bay. Lost in the sudden darkening of rain, or reappearing beneath the lifted curtain of the squall, she watched it weather the island, and then turn its laboring, but persistent course toward the open channel. A rent in the Indian-inky sky, that showed the narrowing portals of the Golden Gate beyond, revealed, as unexpectedly, the destination of the small craft—a tall ship that hitherto lay hidden in the mist of the Sausalito shore. As the distance lessened between boat and ship they were again lost in the downward swoop of another squall. When it lifted the ship was creeping under the headland toward the open sea, but the boat was gone. Mrs. Tucker in vain rubbed the pane with her handkerchief—it had vanished. Meanwhile the ship, as she neared the Gate, drew out from the protecting headland, stood outlined for a moment with spars and canvas hearsed in black against the lurid rent in the horizon, and then seemed to sink slowly into the heaving obscurity beyond. A sudden onset of rain against the windows obliterated the remaining prospect; the entrance of a servant completed the diversion.

"Capt. Poindexter, ma'am!"

Mrs. Tucker lifted her pretty eyebrows interrogatively. Capt. Poindexter was a legal friend of her husband, and had dined there frequently; nevertheless she asked, "Did you tell him Mr. Tucker was not at home?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Did he ask for *me*?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Tell him I'll be down directly."

Mrs. Tucker's quiet face did not betray the fact that this second visitor was even less interesting than the first. In her heart she did not like Capt. Poindexter. With a clever woman's instinct, she had early detected the fact that he had a superior nature, stronger than her husband's; as a loyal wife, she secretly resented the occasional unconscious exhibition of this fact on the part of his intimate friend in their familiar intercourse. Added to this slight jealousy, there was a certain moral antagonism between herself and the Captain which none but themselves knew. They were both philosophers, but Mrs. Tucker's serene and ingenuous optimism would not tolerate the compassionate and kind-hearted pessimisms of the lawyer. "Knowing what Jack Poindexter does of human nature," her husband had once said, "it's mighty fine in him to be so kind and forgiving. You ought to like him better, Belle." "And qualify myself to be forgiven" said the lady pertly. "I don't see what you're driving at, Belle; I give it up," had responded the puzzled husband. Mrs. Tucker kissed his high but foolish forehead tenderly, and said, "I'm glad you don't, dear."

Meanwhile her second visitor had like the first, employed the interval in a critical survey of the glories of the new furniture, but with apparently more compassion than resentment in his manner. Only once had his expression changed. Over the fireplace hung a large photograph of Mr. Spencer Tucker. It was retouched, refined, and idealized in the highest style of that polite and diplomatic art. As Capt. Poindexter looked upon the fringed hazel eyes, the drooping raven mustache, the clustering ringlets, and the Byronic full throat and turned down collar of his friend a smile of exhausted humorous tolerance and affectionate impatience curved his lips. "Well, you *are* a d——d fool, aren't you?" he apostrophized it, half audibly.

He was standing before the picture as she entered. Even in the trying contiguity of that peerless work he would have been called a fine-looking man. As he advanced to greet her, it was evident that his military title was not one of the mere fanciful sobriquets of the locality. In his erect figure and the disciplined composure of limb there were still traces of the refined academic rigors of West Point. The pliant adaptability of Western civilization which enabled him, three years before, to leave the army and transfer his executive ability to the more profitable profession of the law, had loosed sash and shoulder strap, but had not entirely removed the restraint of the one or the bearing of the other.

"Spencer is in Sacramento," began Mrs. Tucker in languid explanation, after the first greetings were over.

"I knew he was not here," replied Capt. Poindexter gently, as he drew the proffered chair toward her, "but this is business that concerns you both." He stopped and glanced upward at the picture. "I suppose you know nothing of his business? Of course not," he added reassuringly, "nothing, absolutely nothing, certainly." He said this so kindly, and yet so positively—as if to positively—as if to promptly dispose of that question before going further—that she assented mechanically. "Well, then, he's taken some big risks in the way of business and—well—things have gone bad with him, you know. Very bad! Really, they couldn't be worse! Of course it was dreadful rash and all that," he went on as if commenting upon the amusing waywardness of a child: "but the result is the usual smashup of everything, money, credit, and all!" He laughed, and added, "Yes, he's got out off—regularly routed and dispersed! I'm in earnest." He raised his eyebrows and frowned slightly, as if to deprecate any corresponding hilarity on the part of Mrs. Tucker, or any attempt to make too light of the subject, and then rising, placed his hands behind his back, braced half humorously upon her from behind her husband's picture, and repeated, "That's so."

Mrs. Tucker knew instinctively that he spoke the truth, and that it was impossible for him to convey it in any other than his natural manner, but between the shock and the singular influence of that manner she could at first only say, "You don't mean it!" fully conscious of the utter inanity of the remark, and that it seemed scarcely less cold-blooded than his own.

Poindexter, still smiling, nodded.

"Where is he," she asked.

"At sea, and I hope by this time where he cannot be found—or followed."

Was her momentary glimpse of the outgoing ship a coincidence, or only a vision? She was confused and giddy, but, mastering her weakness, she managed to continue in a lower voice: "You have no message for me from him? He told you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," replied Poindexter. "It was as much as he could do, I reckon, to get away before the crash came."

"Then you did not see him go!"

"Well, no," said Poindexter, "I'd hardly have managed things in that way." He checked himself, and added, with a forgiving smile, "but he was the best judge of what he needed, of course."

"I suppose I will hear from him," she said quietly, "as soon as he is safe. He must have had enough else to think about, poor fellow."

She said this so naturally and quietly that Poindexter was deceived. He had no idea that the collected woman in front of him was thinking only of solitude and darkness, of her own room, and madly longing to be there. He said, "Yes, I dare say," in quite another voice, and glanced at the picture. But, as she remained standing, he continued more earnestly: "I didn't come here to tell you what you might read in the newspapers to-morrow morning, and what everybody might tell you. Before that time I want you to do something to save a fragment of your property from the ruin—do you understand? I want you to make a rally and bring off something in good order."

"For him," said Mrs. Tucker with brightening eyes.

"Why, yes—of course—if you like—but as if for yourself. Do you know the Rancho de los Cuervos?"

"I do."

"It's almost the only bit of real property your husband hasn't sold, mortgaged or pledged. Why it was exempt—or whether only forgotten—I cannot say."

"I'll tell you why," said Mrs. Tucker, with a slight return of color. "It was the first land we ever bought, and Spencer always said it should be mine, and he would build a new house on it."

Capt. Poindexter smiled and nodded at the picture. "Oh, he did say that, did he! Well, *that's* evidence. But you see he never gave you the deed, and by sunrise to-morrow his creditors will attach it—unless——"

"Unless——?" repeated Mrs. Tucker, with kindling eyes.

"Unless," continued Capt. Poindexter, "they happen to find you in possession."

"I'll go," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Of course you will," returned Poindexter pleasantly. "Only as it's a big contract to take suppose we see how you can fill it. It's forty miles to Los Cuervos, and you can't trust yourself to steamboat or stage-coach. The steamboat left an hour ago."

"If I had only known this then," ejaculated Mrs. Tucker.

"I knew it, but you had company then," said Poindexter, with ironical gallantry, "and I wouldn't disturb you." Without saying how he knew it, he continued: "In the stage coach you might be recognized. You must go in a private conveyance and alone—even I cannot go with you, for I must go on before and meet you there. Can you drive forty miles?"

Mrs. Tucker lifted up her abstracted pretty lids. "I once drove fifty—at home," she returned, simply.

"Good! and I dare say you did it then for fun. Do it now for something real and personal—as we lawyers say. You will have relays and a plan of the road. It's rough weather for a *paseár*, but all the better for that. You'll have less company on the road."

"How soon can I go!" she asked.

"The sooner the better. I've arranged everything for you already," he continued with a laugh. "Come now—that's a compliment to you, isn't it?" He smiled a moment in her steadfast, earnest face, and then said more gravely: "You'll do. Now listen."

He then carefully detailed his plan. There was so little of excitement or mystery in their manner that the servant, who had returned to light the gas, never knew that the ruin and bankruptcy of the house was being told before her, or that it's mistress was planning her secret flight.

"Good afternoon, I will see you to-morrow then," said Poindexter, raising his eyes to hers as the servant opened the door for him.

"Good afternoon," repeated Mrs. Tucker, quietly answering his look. "You need not light the gas in my room, Mary," she continued in the same tone of voice as the door closed upon him; "I shall lay down for a few moments, and then I may run over to the Robinsons for the evening."

She regained her room composedly. The longing desire to bury her head in her pillow and "think out" her position had gone. She did not apostrophize her fate, she did not weep; few real women do in the access of calamity, or when there is anything else to be done. She felt that she knew it all; she believed that she had sounded the profoundest depths of the disaster, and seemed already so old in her experience that she almost fancied she had been prepared for it. Perhaps she did not fully appreciate it; to a life like hers it was only an incident, the mere turning of a page of the illimitable book of youth; the breaking up of what she now felt had become a monotony. In fact, she was not quite sure she had ever been satisfied with their present success. Had it brought her all she expected? She wanted to say this to her husband, not only to comfort him, poor fellow, but that they might come to a better understanding of life in the future. She was not perhaps different from other loving women, who, believing in this unattainable goal of matrimony, have sought it in the various episodes of fortune or reverses, in the bearing of children or the loss of friends. In her childless experience there was no other life that had taken root in her circumstances and might suffer transplantation; only she and her husband could lose or profit by the change. The perfect understanding would come under other conditions than these.

She would have gone superstitiously to the window to gaze in the direction of the vanished ship, but another instinct restrained her. She would put aside all yearning for him until she had done something to help him, and earned the confidence he seemed to have withheld. Perhaps it was pride—perhaps she never believed his exodus was distant or complete.

With a full knowledge that to-morrow the various ornaments and pretty trifles around would be in the hands of the law, she gathered only a few necessaries for her flight and some familiar personal trinkets. I am constrained to say that this self-abnegation was more fastidious than moral. She had no more idea of the ethics of bankruptcy than any other charming woman: she simply did not like to take with her any contagious memory of the chapter of the life just closing. She glanced around the home she was leaving without a lingering regret; there was no sentiment of tradition or custom that might be destroyed; her roots lay too near the surface to suffer from dislocation: the happiness of her childless union had depended upon no domestic centre, nor was its flame sacred to any local hearthstone. It was without a sigh that, when night had fully fallen, she slipped unnoticed down the staircase. At the door of the drawing-room she paused and then entered with the first guilty feeling of shame she had known that evening. Looking stealthily around she mounted on a chair before her husband's picture, kissed the irreproachable mustache hurriedly, said, "You foolish darling, you!" and slipped out again. With this touching endorsement of the views of a philosopher, she closed the door softly and left her home forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rattlesnakes.

The special peculiarity of the group of America's venomous serpents called rattlesnakes is that they make a sharp rattling noise by vibration of the tail. Hence the family name is Crotalidæ, from *crotalia*, tinkling ear-rings of pearls worn by the Roman girls, or *crotalum*, a castanet. The fat-bodied, sluggish, terrestrial serpents bear their castanets at the extremity of the tail, in the shape of a varying number of hollow, and somewhat rounded segments, terminating in one of a more globular form called "the button." These are hinged loosely together, giving them considerable play, and the number of pieces, as well as their shape, varies greatly in different snakes and different ages; while two species—the copperhead and the massasauga—have none at all, but can boast only a horny tip to their tails. There are records of forty-five, thirty-two and twenty-one rattles; but three to fourteen is the usual number in full-grown crotali of the largest-sized species. They show no accurate index of age, notwithstanding the contrary has been so long the popular belief. But though it is possible that, by playing upon the curiosity or even by deceiving through mimicry, the crepitating tail might now and then become useful, we do not think that as an aid in food getting it is ever of more than accidental service. As a matter of sober fact, the rattle is not heard when the crotalis is seeking its prey, which is procured by stealthily crawling and by lying ambushed, patient and rigid, in the accustomed haunts of small animals until chance favors. That the rattling of the crotali answers the purpose of a call we know from the fact (recorded in many places) that other rattlesnakes quickly respond and hasten toward the one ringing the alarm. Moreover, in the latter part of the summer, the snakes sometimes make the sound loudly and long when they have no apparent reason to be alarmed, but, by the argument from analogy, can reasonably be supposed to be calling the opposite sex. That the rattling of one serpent in captivity has an immediate effect upon other crotali within hearing is constantly observed, and in many cases where the young have been seen to run into the mouth of the old one for protection they appear to have been summoned and informed of their danger by this signal. The instant the snake suspects danger it throws itself into the coil of vantage and sounds its long roll, varying the swiftness of the vibration, and the consequent loudness of its note, as its apprehensions increase or diminish.

"Dead Man's Gulch."

The following incident occurred during the early days of the Californian gold fields. A miner had died in a mountain digging and as he was much respected, his acquaintances resolved to give him a "square funeral," instead of putting the body in the usual way into a roughly made hole, and saying, by way of funeral service, "Thar goes another bully boy under!" They sought the services of a miner who bore the reputation of having, at one time in his career, been "a powerful preacher in the States." And then, Far Western fashion, they all knelt down while the extemporized pastor delivered a prodigiously long prayer. The miners, tired of this unaccustomed opiate, to while away the time, began, digger fashion, fingering the earth that had been taken from the grave. Gradually looks were exchanged, whispering commenced and increased, until it became loud enough to attract the attention of their parson. He opened his eyes and stared at the whispering miners. "What is it, boys?" Then, as suddenly his eyes lighted on sparkling scales of gold he shouted, "Gold, by jingo! And the richest kind o' diggin'! The congregation is dismissed!" Instantly every man began to prospect the new digging, the parson not being the least active of the number. The body had to be buried elsewhere; but the memory of the incident lived from the name given to the locality, for "Dead Man's Gulch" became one of the richest goldfields in all California.

Hard.

"Molly, I wish you would be a better little girl," said an Austin father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am, that mama has to scold you all the time." "Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel; "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."—*Texas Siftings.*

A MODERN MONTE CHRISTO.

Remarkable Case of Supposed Innocence The Victim Living Only for Revenge.

An Erie (Pa.) despatch says: Three days ago a well-dressed, finely formed, self-possessed gentleman knocked at the door of the humble cottage occupied by widow Gates, who lives in the back country, some twenty miles south of this city, and inquired concerning the widow's son, who had left home him years ago. In a short time the stranger's identity was revealed and the widow's long-lost son was in her arms. The name of the gentleman is Charles Stafford. Ten years ago he was a rough, uncultured, backwoods lad. His life since then has been passed, until Wednesday, in the Penitentiary at Alleghany, and the story of the transition from a boorish to a refined condition discounts the fiction which was the primary cause of the change. Last Wednesday Gov. Pattison signed Stafford's pardon and liberated him, after serving ten of the fifteen years to which he had been sentenced for a crime that had shocked this part of the State. The victim of the crime is now a young matron, living in the vicinity, and morbidly sensitive on the subject. Stafford, the ignorant, uncultured woodcutter, was arrested, and was convicted upon strong circumstantial evidence. The strongest link in the chain was the fact that when arrested he wore the red vest which the victim of the crime noticed upon her masked assailant in the woods. The lad's assertion that he had been induced to swap vests with a man named McGahan, who said he was going west, was uncorroborated, and when a number of other links were supplied by some witnesses named Rockwell and one Reeder Moore, there was no doubt in the minds of the jury, and they convicted him in less than ten minutes. Four years ago the man named by Stafford as the person who swapped vests with him died in the charcoal woods of Michigan, and before dying confessed to the truth of the prisoner's story. He denied being the actual perpetrator, but said Stafford was as innocent as an unborn babe. The confession was duly attested and sent on here, but was considered too obscure by the authorities. Two years later Reeder Moore, the witness who gave the most damaging testimony, committed suicide, and while in the throes of death made a confession and exonerated Stafford. The community began to hear that an innocent lad was languishing in prison. Lawyers of eminence and citizens of prominence proffered their services, and by degrees a mass of evidence was obtained that conclusively established Stafford's innocence. Through the tedious process of the State Pardon Board his release was finally effected on Wednesday.

Being interviewed by our correspondent, he stated that when he arrived at the penitentiary and reflected upon the fifteen years to be passed there he almost went mad. His ignorance he saw was against him. The Judge who sentenced him had adverted to his unintellectual condition as being in harmony with the brutish nature of the crime, and he had seen the approving nods of the jury. He felt that he could never help himself or prove his innocence without education, and so he resolved to possess the power which knowledge gives. Through the kindness of the officials he learned how to read and write, and then he launched into the study of mankind as reflected in the daily press. The newspapers furnished to the convicts were devoured by him with avidity, and soon he knew more of the world and its doings than thousands outside the prison walls. One day he procured Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo," and upon that work of fiction his future life was shaped.

Stafford, after reading this book, was more than ever determined to acquire that knowledge which gives power. There was no learned abbe in the penitentiary to dig into his cell, but for cell companions he once had a minister who had gone wrong and a lawyer who had not done right. From these he had obtained some useful information. He lived now for revenge. Upon his knees he swore by the eternal God that each of the wretches who had sworn away his liberty should be made to suffer as he was suffering. By the force of his newly acquired intelligence he reasoned out a theory which plainly indicated the guilty party and laid bare the cunning plot of the conspirators. What was dark to him when an ignorant lad was now clear as daylight. The perspicuity of the letters he sent to his lawyers was remarkable and materially aided them in their search for the facts. United States Detective Benson followed up the clues thus furnished and succeeded in arresting four of the alleged perjurers.

Stafford's plan for revenge is to make the law his instrument in crushing them. Some of them have grown wealthy in the meantime, one being a rich banker, but he proposes to devote the remainder of his life to the purpose of establishing their guilt. The wife of the man whom he charges with being the actual perpetrator of the crime has made damaging admissions, which Stafford was engaged in copying when the reporter found him. When he read of the death of the man in Michigan and the suicide of Reeder Moore, he says he cried with passion and railed against the king of terrors for robbing him of his prey. The death of the Judge who sentenced him was regarded by him as the fulfilment of the curse which his old mother hurled at the Court after her son's sentence was pronounced. Taken altogether it is one of the most remarkable of kindred cases.

Worthy of Respect.

To be worthy of respect demands virtue, honor, truth, and sincerity. It demands that a man be a good son and brother, a good husband and father, an industrious and faithful workman, a just and kind master, a loyal and trustworthy citizen. If he be these he is respectable, for he has claims upon the respect of all who know him. He may wear homespun or broadcloth, may live in an attic or palace, may work with his hands or his brain, may have but few friends or be the centre of an admiring crowd, may be dependent upon his day's labor for support, or possess the wealth of a Rothschild—his true respectability is neither heightened by the one or lowered by the other. It inheres in this character, not in its belongings. It is dependent upon what he is, not upon what he has.

Looking on the Bright Side.

"Dear me, Janet! you've spilt water all over my play-house," complained sister.

"Oh, but never mind," said Janet. "We'll play it rains so fewly in their country the dolls will be glad."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Hero on Crutches.

The Tay Bridge disaster! Who can forget that most sudden and awful catastrophe? The dark night, the howling wind, the hurrying train, the broken bridge, and then that last horrible plunge of the doomed carriages and their human freight!

The story is like a nightmare in its swift ghastliness; we cannot escape from it.

Naturally enough, the details of it appeared in all the papers of the day, and travelling farther than our own island, drew sympathetic cries of pity and horror from our continental neighbors.

The Germans, especially, had a word of their own to say on the subject, in which the name of "Carl Springel" rose frequently to their lips.

Who was Carl Springel, and in what way did the Tay Bridge accident recall his story?

I will tell you, and I am sure your hearts will swell with a proud joy in the reading of my tale, for Englishmen can welcome a hero, of whatever nation he may be.

Carl Springel, then, was the lame son of a railway official in South Germany. Wilhelm Springle, the father, among other duties, performed that of keeping watch on stormy nights over the great bridge known as the Devil's Gulch Bridge, which spanned a terrible cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep. In the ravine below a mountain stream struggled and fought its way into the valley—deep, deep down it seemed to lie at ordinary times, but in winter weather the stream became a torrent of tremendous force, and rose to a terrific height.

Such a sudden swell took place on the 19th of November, 1857, after twenty hours of heavy and continued rain. Wilhelm Springel was, of course, on duty all day, and, not coming home towards evening, Carl set out to pay him a visit at his post, carrying with him his father's supper.

The night was one of black darkness, but the lame lad struggled along on his crutches, the breath half blown out of his feeble body, his ears dinned by the fury of the storm.

He was within a hundred yards of the bridge—renowned in the neighborhood as a triumph of engineering skill—when a stronger blast than usual made him totter on his crutches, while at the same moment an awful crash made itself heard above the raging of the storm.

It was—it could be nothing else but the bridge giving way, Carl felt sure. In an agony of haste and terror he pushed on toward the spot, calling frantically on his father's name. But how could he hear him through the tumult?

The lad pressed on still further. He was on the railroad track now, and the first object he stumbled against was his father's hand-truck, the red light yet burning on it, but no father near.

And beyond that—ten yards further! Ah! the sight was too awful, the dim glare of the lantern showing a cruel gap where the bridge had been—a fearful chaos of shattered masonry and timber, and boiling waters! "Father! Father!" cried Carl again in his horror, but no voice answered. "He has gone down with the bridge!" shrieked the poor fellow.

For a second or two he lingered as if paralyzed by the sight of the fearful chasm, holding tightly the useless supper-can; then a sudden thought filled his soul to overflowing, and gave him new strength to do and dare.

The night train—that was due. If father lay below in that awful gulf, who would warn it of its danger? Who would hold it back from that leap into nothingness, which it must inevitably take if left to pursue its course unchecked?

"I must do it," said Carl with clenched teeth.

Up above no danger signal was shining; there was only one lame boy and a few moments of time to save a train full of human beings.

The boy threw away his crutches, jumped on to his father's truck, and worked it steadily back toward the great city. What mattered it that he steered straight into the jaws of death? He should stop the train; he would make the driver see him, and learn the danger ahead.

It was all as Carl knew it would be. Round the curve of the mountain, like a glittering serpent, came the night train speeding on—ever nearer, nearer, till the line trembled under its weight.

Then Carl stood up as well as he was able on his truck, and raised the red light wildly about his head, waving it backward and forward to attract the notice of the engine driver. He lost all sense of personal danger; he was only bent on saving the train.

"The bridge—the bridge is down!" shrieked the boy.

Only just in time came the warning. The engine-driver, always on his guard at this spot, turned off the steam, and the train with its crowd of living beings, was arrested on the brink of the abyss.

But where was Carl the while? Carl and the truck?

Hurled fifty feet into the air by the oncoming train, the boy was never again to be recognised as the living Carl Springel, but was found afterward, a lifeless and mangled corpse, among the rocks.

A tombstone stands in a graveyard in South Germany on which in glittering letters of gold is this inscription:

CARL SPRINGEL.
AGED 14.
"He died the death of a hero and a martyr, and saved two hundred lives."

The memorial was erected by those saved by the lad's heroism, the only recognition they could make of a brave and unselfish deed.

Success and Prosperity.

People who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, declaring that the good are often unsuccessful and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to analyse carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right, according to their standard. But, if these latter possessions are preferable, then are the good prosperous indeed with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch and no loss can remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth and station and power and ease.

FOUR DAYS ON A RAFT.

Terrible Sufferings of Four Sailors on the Lake.

A Muskegon, Mich., special says that the crew of the wrecked schooner W. W. Brigby the schooner Walter Smith, and landed here were picked up in mid-lake recently there. The unfortunate men tell a terrible story of their experience. The names of the men are Jas. O'Leary, Patrick Powers, Richard Bird and Edwin Anderson. The Brigham left last Saturday for Chicago, loaded with lumber. When she reached mid-lake a violent storm arose, and the schooner nearly swamped. The men stood at the pumps nearly all night, during which time the storm increased. At about 10 o'clock on Monday the Brigham capsized, turning completely bottom up. The men clampered upon the floating lumber, and with the aid of a piece of rope, make a temporary raft. Every sea swept over them, and their sufferings cannot be told. Hunger and sleep pressed upon them at times, but the men were fighting for life and thought only of clinging to the raft. Tuesday dawned without succor, and it passed so slowly that it seemed like an eternity to the half-famished men tossed about on the waves. A vessel was seen, but the only signal they had, an old oil cloth coat, failed to attract attention. Another weary night and Wednesday dawned upon the third day on the raft without any better prospects. On Thursday morning the schooner Walter Smith, bound from Muskegon to Highland Park, rescued the shipwrecked crew. Captain Smith noticed some objects on the water which he took to be human beings, and bore down on them. Aid came in the nick of time, for the suffering sailors could not have held out much longer.

A Harvest of Feathers.

A correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* writes as follows from Mexico: "The industry of ostrich farming is about to be attempted in this country by Mr. William Zimmerman, an American who has experimented successfully in Southern California with ostriches imported from Cape Colony, South Africa. He tells me he has been very successful there, that his birds thrive, propagate well, the climate suits them and that their feathers are of fine quality and fetch a high price. Mr. Zimmerman has just obtained a concession from the Mexican government, allotting him certain public lands and exempting the same from taxation for a long period of years, to encourage him in forming a company whose object shall be ostrich farming in this country.

The vast plain described above, covering many millions of acres, is peculiarly suited to ostrich farming, because it is level, and ostriches need level grazing land, as they are liable to fracture their long, bony legs when clambering over rough country or up hillsides; because of the great quantities of cactus, of many varieties, growing wild all over that tract, and cactus leaves, after being trimmed of their thorns, form one of the items of food most longed for by the ostrich, and because the temperature of that section of Mexico is most favourable to the ostrich, since it never varies more than 15 degrees throughout the year; is never colder than the climate of Cape Colony, South Africa, where these birds thrive so well.

By irrigation, the whole of this vast plain can be made to produce all the grain needed as food for as many ostriches as can be brought there, and leaves a large surplus for sale. Irrigation can easily be accomplished by boring artesian wells. No doubt a great future in this direction lies before the Mexicans. Labor is so phenomenally cheap here—farm laborers being paid only 25 cents to 37½ cents per day—the cost of living in the country towns and on farms so trifling, the climate so favourable, and never cold enough in the section above described to injure ostriches, the cactus, of many species, growing wild in such quantities that it would seem as if nature had contrived to arrange this spot as the natural home on this side of the Atlantic for the huge birds who furnish the most beautiful feathers known to man, lay the biggest egg, kick the hardest of all birds, are both monogamists or polygamists as it suits their fancy to be, have the most extraordinary appetite, drink the most water, have the tenderest stomachs (in spite of, or, perhaps, because of all the stones, broken bottles, old clothes, hoop skirts, sardine boxes and other like dainties they freely partake of on occasion,) the most violent passions and are the most terrible fighters of all birds.

The Theory of Color.

The theory of color is as yet unknown, and we are but on the threshold of a delightful science. Though there are many to whom the study would offer no attractions, yet these would scarcely out-number those who have "no ear" for music, and who, notwithstanding that fact, attend concerts, are taught to "play the piano," and are even given instruction in singing until the tortured ears of the teacher and of the martyrized household lead to their own release from pain. But to those gifted with the capacity it will be an immense boon to have the science of color recognized as such, and laid open to the willing student. The characterisation of colors has yet to be studied. A French writer says, "You may laugh in a sky-blue bonnet, but you must not weep in a rose-colored one." In the same way no one would willingly put on a yellow gown if she felt dull or in a peevish mood. There is a cheerful good-nature about the color, as seen in pansies, in laburnum, or in buttercups, that unsuits it for darker moods. Violet is sentimental, but the paler mauve laughs with good nature and lightness of heart. There is something solemn about the splendour of the more brilliant tints of red, and much of pretentiousness in the decided shades of blue. musicians recognise similar qualities in the various keys in which they write. Some are chosen for interpreting a querulous ditty, and others for words of a melancholy drift. All these possibilities are to be found in colors, as in sounds, in tints as in tones. Many of us now seize these harmonies by a sort of intuition, but our interpretation of them must be as lame and inadequate as was Jubal's harp to render the music of the spheres, perhaps more audible to mortals in those early days of the world's youth. Will no one accomplish for sight what musicians have done for sound? We have not even words wherewith to write of colors, but have to borrow from the language of music. Should any hereafter make the rough places smooth and the crooked ways straight, it will be matter of gratitude, not only to the possessor of artistic perceptions, but to the world at large, since the science of dress must thereby become greatly simplified, and an infinite variety be rendered possible without further resources than those we now possess.

Photographing Motion.

Interesting experiments in instantaneous photography are being made by Edward Maybridge at the university of Pennsylvania. A space on the college grounds has been set apart with a high board fence surrounding three sides of the enclosure; the fence has been painted a bright white. On the fourth side there is a shed covered with black material, while the ground is covered with an inch of coal dust. This is the back ground and directly opposite is a little structure, with an open front, containing twelve cameras. On Saturday a splendidly developed young student, a member of the University Crew, strippped to the skin, was photographed in various attitudes. He took his position in front of the row of cameras. At a signal he seized a bucket of water, raised it in the air and tossed away the contents. The instant he moved Mr. Maybridge touched an electric button. A series of sharp clicks sounded as in rapid succession the shutters of each camera were freed. As the last click sounded the water was falling to the ground, and twelve photographs had been taken of the young man, representing twelve phases of the movements through which his body went while lifting the pail and emptying it of water. Even the water itself was photographed as just leaving the pail, again as falling, and again as reaching the ground.

The young athlete was also photographed pulling a rowing machine, climbing a ladder, striking a ball, and other movements designed to bring his muscles into full play.

The Stingiest Man in the World.

The old man who drives the stage over here is the stingiest man in the world, says a Rye Beach correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. He always collects his money at the start, because several years ago a passenger from New York or somewhere died on the way over, and the old man never got his fare. He doesn't propose to lose another fifty cents in that way. Passengers can do whatever they like, for a l he cares, but he proposes to get his money before they do it. They say he used to keep a livery and feed stable, where farmers who came to town put up their horses and fed them. A shoe factory failed at Haverhill, and the old man went over there when they sold the assets at auction. He bought a waggon-load of shoe pegs, brought them home, and put them in an oat bin. When a farmer put up his horse the old man would give the animal four quarts of shoe pegs and charge fifty cents for them. It was a dark barn and the owner couldn't tell them from oats. Of course the horses wouldn't eat any, and the farmer would get scared because they had lost their appetites. The old man had a mixture which he recommended in such cases and which he sold at fifty cents a bottle. It was harmless stuff and was made by stirring up thistle tops or something of that sort, but it had a great reputation, for the horses would be given a dose before they started, and another when they got home, and, having nothing but shoepegs all day, they were hungry enough to eat their own heads off by the time they got the taste of oats. The credit of the appetite was given to the medicine, of course, and the old man got a big reputation as a horse doctor, and made a mint of money out of his thistletop soup soup until the shoepeg business was discovered, when he quit the livery business and went to driving stage.

The Age of the Soldier.

When we hear of veteran soldiers there are few probably who realise how few years of active warfare justify the employment of the term. Two or three years of service in the field are sufficient to convert into trustworthy soldiers the most hastily raised levies. Double that experience would justify the application to any troops of the term veterns. War is in every sense a wasteful occupation, and a few year's experience under an active general will reduce to smallest limits the number of those who have accompanied him through his successive campaigns. As a rule, fighting is done by boys, and the period of adventure, so far as the private soldier is concerned, coincides with that of the pursuit of war. These reflections are suggested to me by a curious mistake, as I regard it, in the picture of "The Morning of Agincourt," which constitutes the solitary contribution of Sir John Gilbert to this year's Academy Exhibition. Buy the description of Grandpre in "King Henry V." quoted in the catalogue, by the words of Chorus depicting the English with "gesture sad," with "lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats," and by the answer of King Henry to the French herald—

"There's not a feather in our host.
. . . . . .
And time hath worn us into slovenry."

we know how wretched was the appearance of the English soldiers. This is faithfully presented by Sir John Gilbert in a picture worthy of his reputation. To the other misfortunes of the English host, however, he has added old age. Scarcely a man is there whose years can number less than fifty, and not a few may claim another decade. This is, of course, wholly erroneous. In the case of combats fought against foreign ascendency such as were fought by the Swiss, or on behalf of liberty of conscience, like the wars of the Covenanters, middle-aged men may be numbered among the combatants. The armies of France under successive kings, however, consisted of the personal followers of the great nobles or peasants hastily impressed in Kent or Essex. Youth alone could face such privations as attended the victory at Agincourt.

A Methodist minister once started a church in a young western town, but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon it. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus:—"At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord,' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord;' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs?'"

A Gorrilla Study from Life.

Nature says of the young gorilla of the Jardin des Plantes: It had been imported from the Gaboon, and it was the first living specimen of this great anthropomorphic ape which had been brought to France. Its study would have presented many points of interest, not alone from the natural history point of view, but also from the opportunity it would have afforded for studying the development of its intellectual faculties. This young specimen was about three years of age; he had already his full complement of milk-teeth, and the long and sharp canines were decidedly longer than the molars. In disposition he appeared to be very different from either the ourang-outang or the chimpanzee. While these in a state of captivity are most gentle and sociable, this young gorilla, on the other hand was savage, morose and brutal; he never gave his keeper the least mark of affection; he never allowed himself to be touched without evidencing the greatest aversion, and for the most part he returned caresses by snappings. He never took the least part in the games of the other apes, and he most reluctantly tolerated having them near him. He was not very active and most generally he kept himself crouched up in the corner of the cage, or sitting on a branch with his back up against the wall, and scarcely ever moved but to look about for something to eat. He used his hands with much readiness, and they were extremely well developed. His lips were less mobile than in the chimpanzee, especially the lower lip, which was never pouted out when drinking into a spoon shaped form. His eyes were extremely mobile, and were crowned with immense supercilliary ridges; his nose was flat, with excessively large nostrils, giving him a quite peculiar physiognomy. Since the above note was presented by Alph Milne-Edwards to the Paris Academy of Sciences, the young gorilla died at Jardin des Plantes.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy with whom he became a favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on accounts of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself; But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance when Karol wiped it off, received wherever the wax adhered to it a clear brown polish instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to its proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and polishing the pipe again, smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored, also how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much esteemed article and the great cost of importation in those days of limited facilities for transportation rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen until 1840, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowates has been preserved in the museum of Pesth.—*Armagh Guardian.*

Prince Leopold as a Host.

Mr. James Payn says in his "Literary Recollections" in the *Cornhill*: "As a host Prince Leopold was almost faultless. He never forgot, however great might be the interval between their visits, the little peculiarities of his friends. In royal residences the early hours which are essential to my private comfort are not usual, nor is it customary to retire before the master of the house. But long before it grew late he would make some pleasant observation about the habits of those who were not night birds which left me free to go to roost. He was not a student in the ordinary sense of the word, though his knowledge of science and philosophy was probably much superior to mine, but he was well acquainted with the lighter branches of literature, and took great pleasure in them. I had the satisfaction of introducing him to the works of Lefanu, and his admiration of that author (so strangely neglected by the general public, notwithstanding the popularity of some of his imitators) vied with my own. He was fond of humor, though not of the boisterous kind (which perhaps requires physical health for its appreciation), and his favorite modern author was Thackeray. In Scott, too, he took a great delight and pointed out to me with pride a memento which had been given him by his hostess at Abbottsford, the hog oak walking stick which Sir Walter brought away with him from Ireland, and of which he made such constant use. He had had his choice of richer relics, but had the good taste and sense to know what to choose."

The Coming American.

If we could only learn that there are but twenty-four hours in a day. But it is a national fault with us to try to crowd about thirty-six hours into every day. We want to make up ten columns of matter in a nine column paper. When a hen refuses to sit before she is ready, thus teaching humanity a lesson of patience and the eternal fitness of things, we do not yield to the hen; we construct artificial hatchers, and hatch out twelve dozen chicks in forty-eight hours. If plants and vegetables refuse to grow for us as rapidly as we think they should, we force them into hot beds, and make them keep step with the times. We fly past the wind and outstrip the birds with our railway trains; we make water run up hill; we light our streets without oil, gas, or candle; we take the sting out of lightning with platinum tips; when we can't fly we run; and if we have to walk we don't, we simply sit still and telephone. We go up-stairs in an elevator; and we call a messenger boy or policeman or a hack with an electric bell. We won't even make the physical exertion to shout "fire;" we press a button or pull down a hook, and a machine gives the alarm for us. We are going to be physically lazy. If it be true, as the scientists say, that unused members and organs disappear, in so many generations the American people will be a race of men without legs.—*Hawkeye.*

VAGARIES OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

Queer Ways by Which Victims of Insomnia Soothe Themselves to Slumber.

"The various eccentricities and whimsical fancies of the men and women who suffer from wakefulness defy all rule, and would be amusing if they were not so dangerous to the patient and so discouraging to the doctor. There are many persons who cannot sleep on the left side, others who must have their heads point to some pet quarter of the compass, patients who demand noise, like the ticking of a clock, and others who require perfect silence to enable them to fall asleep. What, for instance, do you think of a woman who cannot, or will not sleep in a room occupied with anything except straw matting and who cannot sleep in the same room more than ten consecutive nights? I am assured and believe that she has faithfully tried, again and again, to exceed this ten-night limit; that the eleventh night is invariably sleepless, the twelfth excited, hysterical perhaps, the next worse, and so on, until, on two occasions when I have been called, I can assure you that her condition was too critical to admit of a suspicion of malingering."

"Are women more subject to it than men?"

"Not in my experience, nor is it confined to the physically or mentally weak among men. A well known athlete has assured me that, after training for some important event, he used often to be thrown out of condition by sleeplessness for several nights preceding the trial of strength, until he discovered that he could always sleep if the closet door in his chamber were set wide open. Even now, in travelling, if he occupies a room without a closet, he is certain to lose his night's sleep."

"A grave and self-contained judge," continued the physician, "every night ties a black thread tightly round the big toe of his left foot—the right won't do at all—and, with judicial gravity, claims this as a certain cure for what he used to call his "night fits;" while a classmate of mine at college, now an eminent and eloquent clergyman, once confided to me with much self-reproach and perturbation of mind, when he ever had an attack of sleeplessness he became at once possessed by an irresistible temptation to say 'damn,' and that cabalistic word once uttered, his unrest vanished, and sleep came at once. 'Think,' said he to me, solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye, 'of a minister of the Gospel becoming irresponsibly profane for want of something to put him to sleep, when he has a desk full of old sermons in the house.'"

"Irresponsibly profane?" we repeated.

"Quite so. Maudsley declares insomnia to be a frequent cause of insanity, and I am inclined to regard it as one of the most obscure of mental diseases."

"And the cure?"

"Well, there is a grim humor about giving a restless man the 'active principle of hops' to put him to sleep, but as for the permanent cure, the most satisfactory cures are those queer fancies of the patients themselves. They may be absurd and irrational, but they are lasting, and taste better than most medicines."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Bird's Intelligence.

A correspondent of *Nature* writes: "The following instance of animal intelligence may interest some of your readers. While walking through the forest here the other day, I found a young jay on the ground scarcely able to fly. As I stooped down to examine it I was somewhat startled at a swoop made at my head by the old birds, their wings actually touching my hat. Determined not to be driven away, I remained by the young bird, whereupon a succession of like swoops were made at my head; these I easily succeeded in parrying with my stick, although the old birds frequently came in different directions. After about a couple of minutes the old birds seemed to have come to the conclusion that nothing could be achieved in this fashion, and one of them, flying to some little distance, kept calling to the younger one, who half hopped half flew after her. I, of course, followed; and now occurred what seemed to me a striking instance of animal sagacity. The pines here are covered with lichen and a long hairy kind of moss, which easily crumbled into dust. The cock bird perched himself on the tree over my head, and began pecking with wonderful rapidity at this lichen and moss so that, the moment I looked up a shower of fine dust fell on my face. As I followed the young bird, the old one followed me, got on a branch as close to my head as he could, and sent a shower of dust down upon me. I can scarcely doubt that the dust, like the previous swoops, was intended rather to blind me than to distract my attention. Have instances of like sagacity—i. e., the apparent knowledge of the organ of vision, and the means of injuring it—been noticed in jays before?"

An Illuminated Bouquet.

The latest novelties in bouquets, newer even than pink water lilies or blue hydrangeas, was carried by the Princess of Wales at a ball after the races at Goodwood. It was of roses, and in the middle of it was concealed a miniature electric lamp, the light from which could be turned on at will, by means of a little switch in the form of a lady's brooch. Gentlemen's boutonniers, are also so arranged as to contain an electric light. These, if they come generally into use, will deal a death blow to flirtations in dark places, as a passing friend has but to turn on his battery, and lo! forms and features are revealed with uncompromising distinctness. Paterfamilias will probably be a willing patron of the electric boutonniere, as he can thus not only follow up and drive away ineligibles and detrimentals, but can collect his scattered forces as the small hours approach, and gather them under his wings preparatory to departure.

Madman and Murderer.

A terrible affair is reported from the town of Grulich, in Moravia. A madman killed his son twenty-six years old, with an axe and then cut the body to pieces, declaring that he intended to cure the remains for food. The crime was committed in the presence of the young man's mother, who was crippled with gout and powerless to interfere. The murderer then locked the door of the cottage, which is in an isolated position. On the second day after the occurrence of the crime the mother succeeded in communicating with a passing neighbor, who informed the police. On the arrival of the gendarmes the madman defended himself vigorously with his axe, but was eventually captured.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 18, 1884.

——During the past lodge year five new Lodges of the Independent order of Odd fellows were instituted and the total number of Lodges existing in the Province at the end of the year was 203. The net increase in the membership was 313, the total being 14,182. The number of brothers who received sick benefits was 1,689, and 262 widows were afforded relief. The total amount expended in relief $38,670.19, being nearly $105.94 each day.

——Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, has doubtless reached the happiest and biggest event of his public life—the reception accorded him this week on his return from England, where he had been for some months in reference to the Boundary award. Delegates were present from nearly every county in the province, and thousands walked in procession through the streets of Toronto in his honor. A delegation of sixty was present from this County.

The fifty-third meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has just closed. The place of meeting was Montreal, it having been held as a mark of tribute to Dr. Dawson who holds a high position as a member of that association. It is stated that some 600 scientists from across the ocean, were present, including many of the most highly educated nobles and wealthy men of England. Their stay here will be lengthened to some weeks, as they intend to investigate the country, and from the position of Canada geographically and geologically, they will store away much scientific food, which will be developed and made known in after days.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT SAIL FOR EGYPT.

Montreal, Sept. 14.—The steamship Ocean King, with the Canadian contingent for service in Egypt, left port for sea at daylight this morning. She will touch at Three Rivers and Quebec for portions of the expedition that are to embark at these ports. The Ocean King, which has been specially fitted up as a troopship, is of 2,500 tons register, and is built of steel. Her officers expect to make Alexandria within 24 days. The number of applications to join the expedition were so numerous that had it been a fighting force that was wanted 4,000 or 5,000 men could have been obtained.

Quebec, Sept. 15.—[Special.]—The ss. Ocean King, with the Canadian voyageurs for the Nile on board, arrived here from Montreal last night at 7 o'clock. Lord Melgund and Major Dennison, the officer in command, were on board. The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne and staff, accompanied by Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, visited the ss. Ocean King this morning. His Excellency addressed the officers and men of the contingent force in well-chosen words. He spoke of the dangers of the Nile, but he did not think that they were any more dangerous than our Canadian rapids. He spoke in reference to General Gordon whose name was a household word wherever the British flag waves, and he felt proud to see that Canada was so fully represented in such an expedition as this. He stated that General Wolseley, who had previously been among our boatmen when on the Red River expedition, know of what sterling qualities our men were possessed, and it was partly through this that they had so earnestly been asked to accompany the expedition, something of which they should be proud. He paid a special tribute to the Indians and spoke at some length on their natural qualifications, which befitted them so much for the present undertaking, The Vice-Regal Party and the Hon. Mr. Caron then left the station, followed by cheer after cheer from the enthusiastic volunteers. Lord Melgund who has been organizing the whole expedition, remained on board till the vessel weighed her anchor and was ready to sail which was about 1.30 p.m. The vessel presented a peculiar appearance as she steamed off, all the men being on deck and dressed in their uniform. An immense crowd upon the shore lustily returned the farewell cheers of the departing men, and eagerly watched the receding ship till the shores of the island shut her out from view.

DISTRICT DOINGS.

Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges

New rails are being laid on the Grand Junction Railway in Belleville.

The Belleville institution for the deaf and dumb opened Wednesday with forty new pupils.

Miss Amanda, of Kingston, aged 19, was knocked down and killed by a train at Sharbot lake Wednesday.

Mr. N. S. Reed, of lot 5 in the 4th concession of Thurlow, has left at this office a head of oats measuring 20½ inches long, which was grown on his farm.—*Intelligencer.*

There are now sixty-four cadets in attendance at the royal military college of Canada, Kingston. This is the maximum number which can be accommodated in the barrack building.

Mr. George H. Gordon has been appointed Police Magistrate of the town of Trenton. The appointment is a popular one, as Mr. Gordon is personally well liked by all who know him.

At the Kingston Police Court on Monday morning the Magistrate contended that a clergyman had a right to hire a horse on Sunday to go to a place of worship, but that a citizen had no right to engage a horse to go to hear him.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, Inspector of Weights and measures, brought before Mr. J. J. B. Flint three parties on a charge of having in their possession measures such as are not allowed to be used by law. Two of the parties are from Tweed and one from Foxboro.

A serious accident occurred at Frankford on Thursday evening last. A young man by name of Wm. Hopple, a miller by trade while carelessly playing with his revolver, discharged it. The ball entered his head. Dr. McLennan, of Trenton, abstracted the ball, but says he cannot survive.

A report is received that Wm. Gray, who left Springbrook a few months ago, in company with the McConnells, for the Rocky mountains, contracted a fever there and died from its effects. The others are said to have had the same disease, but no further particulars have been learned.

The St. Mary's Carriage Manufacturing Company, an enterprise managed by capitalists of the town is meeting with great success having sold already over twenty-three thousand shares. The surplus stock of the Company amounting to $106,000 will be divided on October 22nd. Shares are $2 each and all those desiring to participate in this Grand Division, should buy a share at once. Address: H. A. L. White, Sec'y., St. Marys.

The petitions for the submission of the Scott act in Renfrew county were filed with the registrar at Pembroke on Saturday. They are signed by over two thousand electors, the number required being one thousand four hundred and fifty. More petitions were received by the secretary, but too late to be of use. The work has been rapidly done during the farmers' busiest season. It was only decided to submit the act on July 15th. At no political election in the county has there been four thousand votes cast for both parties. The prospect is therefore good for the temperance people's success.

There is a social sensation in Kingston caused by the sudden departure from the city of a young woman who was engaged to marry an eastern clergyman on Wednesday morning. The groom arrived some days ago. Invitations were sent out and every preparation for the event was made, when the bride rued of her bargain and left by the royal mail steamer for Toronto last evening. She left a note which directed that the presents should be sent back to the owners. A large circle of friends are agitated, and the situation will remain interesting, pending the return of the groom, who went west this afternoon in search of the missing one. His congregation presented him with $200 and furnished a house for him.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY.

Came into the possession of the undersigned on the night of the 17th, inst., a large dark-colored Horse. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

IRA McCARTY.

Madoc, Sept. 18th, 1884.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that a Court will be held pursuant to the "Voters' List Act," by his Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Hastings, at the Town Hall, Marmora Village, on the 29th day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the municipality of Marmora and Lake for 1884.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the said time and place.

HENRY M. JONES, M.D.,
Clerk the said Municipality.

Dated, Marmora, Sept. 13th, 1884.

In the Surrogate Court
Of the County of Hastings.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, twenty days after the publication of this notice, or as soon thereafter as Council can be heard, apply to the Judge of the Surrogate Court of the County of Hastings for the grant to him of letters of guardianship to the persons and property of William Somerville and Albert Somerville, infant children of the late James Somerville and Mary Ann Somerville, late of the Township of Elziver, in the County of Hastings.

IRWIN LOVE.

Dated, Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1884. 385 3

A GOOD GIRL.

Can hear of a situation by applying at the Review Office, Madoc.

NOTICE.
TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

Notice is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383 4

LAND FOR SALE.

The following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½	30	in 10th concession	Hungerford.
W ½	3	in 11th "	Huntingdon.
S ½	18	in 13th "	"
W ½	1	in 1st "	Madoc
E ½	8	in 1st "	"
E ½	13	in 1st "	"
W ½	16	in 1st "	"
	29	in 1st "	"
W ½	15	in 4th "	"
E ½	8	in 6th "	"
E ½	30	in 9th "	"
	29	in 2nd "	Marmora.
W ½	29	in 3rd "	"
W ½	29	in 4th "	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

Farm for Sale.

The Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

We the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY,
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

MONEY TO LOAN.

The undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

Selling Out!

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

JANE WRIGHT.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE,

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Specialties

Patent Harpoon Hay Forks.

HAY FORK PULLEYS.

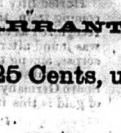
FARM BELLS AT $3.50.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Diston Saws.

Pocket - Knives,

TRADE MARK.



A ... of any

WARRANTED,

From 25 Cents, up.

HARVEST TOOLS

in abundance, at bottom prices.

R. R. CASEMENT, & Co,
MADOC, ONT.

Latest Local News.

Teachers' Association.

The regular yearly meeting of the North Hastings Teachers' Association will be held in the Model School, Madoc, on October 9th and 10th. Among those who will be present will be P. H. Bryce, M. A., M. D., Secretary Provincial Board of Health.

Post Office Closed.

On Monday last the post office at Thwaits, between Millbridge and Thanet was closed by order of the post office authorities. We presume this is on account of the death of Mr. J. W. Thwaits, late postmaster, which occurred a few weeks ago. Mail matter for that office has since been sent to Thanet office.

C. O. Railway Connection.

Mr. Robert Simmons last week effected arrangements with the Central Ontario Railway Company, whereby he will connect his stage line from this village with all trains north and south on that road, at Eldorado. The stage will make two trips daily between Madoc and Eldorado. Mr. S. will continue to run one stage as usual between Madoc and Thanet, which will carry the mails.

Off for Egypt.

A letter received yesterday by Miss Brooks from Mr. Fred. J. Ward, a late resident of Madoc, conveys the intelligence that he is off with the Canadian contingent for Egypt, which sailed from Quebec on Monday. Mr. Ward is a young man well known to most of our readers in this section, and his experiences on the Nile will be eagerly looked for by his friends and acquaintances here.

R. C. Church Bazaar.

Rev. Father Davis and the congregation of the R. C. Church in this village are making arrangements for holding a monster Bazaar here during the Christmas holidays. The proceedings will probably last several days, and bargains in every variety of goods, from a handkerchief to a set of parlor furniture, will be offered. The particulars will be made known as arrangements are completed.

Fall Shows.

The following Agricultural Societies Shows are advertised to be held on the dates mentioned :—

North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, on Wednesday, October 1st.

Tudor, etal., at Millbridge, on Thursday, October 2nd.

Monteagle, etal., at Maynooth, Saturday October 4th.

Wollaston, at Coe Hill, Wednesday, Oct. 8.

West Hastings, at Belleville, October 8th and 9th.

Township of Huntingdon, at the Town Hall, on October 7th.

East Hastings, at Roslin, on Oct. 8th.

Hungerford Agricultural show will be held at Tweed on October 15th.

Village Council.

Council met on the 6th inst.

On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Maybee no action was taken in regard to Rooney's claim against the village.

On motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Kirk the Road Surveyor was instructed to spend $5.00 on Durham street, according to application of Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Henry Bull applied for the position of Collector. Laid over to next Meeting.

On motion of Messrs. Aylsworth and Kerr, the salary of the constable was raised to the rate of $150 a year from this time to the end of the municipal year.

Mr. G. Easton, threatened an action against the corporation for being locked up over night in a filthy cell, unless damages were paid. An examination of the lock up was ordered to be made so as to give evidence in case of suit.

The estimates for the current year were submitted, and a rate of 22 mills on the dollar levied, 12 for municipal purposes and 10 for schools.

Some accounts were passed, and the Council adjourned.

A Local Case.

The following among the legal notes from Toronto has reference to a case between G. M. Brooks and Geo. Conley, of this village, regarding the use of the south wall of the Windsor House :—

BROOKS v. CONLEY.—G. D. Dickson, Q. C. for the plaintiff, appealed from the judgment of Ferguson, J., dismissing the action. The action was brought for specific performance of an agreement to permit the plaintiff to use a wall erected by the plaintiff's permission, partly on his own and partly on the defendant's property, on the understanding that the plaintiff was to be permitted to use the wall in question as a party wall. The present action was practically brought to obtain the declaration of the court that the plaintiff was entitled to this right without asking any consequential relief. Dougall, Q.C. (Belleville), for the defendants, contended that there had been no breach of agreement, that they had never refused the plaintiff the right to use the wall in question, and that the defendants had never agreed to execute any writing, and could not be compelled to do so. Judgment reserved.

The threshing business is booming all over the country.

A petition for the Scott Act is in circulation in Campbellford.

There is some talk of Gilmour & Co's big mill at Trenton closing down for the season in a week or so.

The number of drowning accidents that have occurred in the surrounding country this season is almost unprecedented.

On Tuesday last Mr. H. McCabe, of Napanee, received several severe cuts about the head and shoulders by falling from the scaffold of a building where he was at work.

Mr. Geo. Hoggard of Belleville who was the victim of a terrible assault on the 18 th ult., is reported to be no better than he was 3 weeks ago. He has lost the sight of the eye that was injured, and his life is yet in question.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Another gold excitement.

—The first supply of grapes reached the village this week.

—Fall Shows are now engaging the attention of the public.

—See the new advertisement of the Right House, in this issue.

—Miss Mowat, of Roslin, paid a visit to some friends in this village this week.

—John Dale, Esq., the oldest merchant now doing business in Madoc, will retire this fall.

—It is said that no more trains will be allowed to run on the Midland north of Madoc.

—Messrs. Charles Wellington and Simeon Huff accompanied Charles Caverly back to Port Arthur this week.

—Mr. W. Mackintosh was suddenly called to Belleville on Tuesday, by the news of the serious illness of his father.

—We had a call from Dr. Vandervoort, of Queensboro', last week, and are glad to learn that he is extending his practice.

—Madoc contributed quite a number to Forepaugh's circus at Belleville on Tuesday. It was acknowledged to be one of the best that has ever visited Canada.

—A cold wave struck this village last week, which was unusually hard on our citizens, after the scorching heat of the previous few days. Nearly every person you meet now has a cold.

—We understand Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, and A. F. Wood, M.P.P., the two representatives of North Hastings, will make a trip through the northern townships in the course of a few weeks.

—Messrs. E. L. Weiss, M. Maybee, and George Caverly will start on Monday next for a three weeks camping trip in the northern townships. They will make their head quarters at Trout Lake, west of Bancroft.

—Residents of the northern townships near the line of the C. O R., can now come down to Madoc, transact their business, and get back the same day. Our merchants are not going to lose all the northern trade, after all.

—Sunday evening last, while service was in progress in the different churches in this village, the loud and prolonged scream of a locomotive on the Midland was heard. The authorities should prevent this running on Sunday.

A large number of Madocers visited Toronto during the past week. Among them were E. D. O'Flynn, reeve of the village, John Caskey, Reeve of the Township, C. F. Aylsworth, S. Curry, M. W. Sine, G. A. Rollins, Dr. Loomis, R. T. Gray, and others.

—Attention is called to Mrs. Wright's new advertisement in this issue. Having to give up possession of her store on November 1st, on account of selling out to Mr. J. B. Church, she wishes to clear out as much of her stock as possible before that date, and will give the public the benefit of greatly reduced prices.

—Two weeks ago we sent out accounts to some of our subscribers amounting in the aggregate to over $600. We have received in return, so far, less than $20! We will wait on some of them a few days longer, and then if we fall on them rather heavy they must not blame us for not giving them time. We want to hear from everyone, at least, whether they pay us in full or not.

A Bad Runaway.

A Boy Killed and Several Persons Seriously Injured.

On Tuesday evening, while Mr. James Lancaster, of Huntingdon, was driving along the gravel road near the new church, his team ran away. In the wagon, besides himself, was his son Herbert, a boy nearly 11 years of age, and Mr. Dilworth and his two sons. The horse shied in towards the fence, throwing all the occupants out except one of Mr. Dilworth's boys, the result of which was that young Lancaster had his skull broken and died in a few minutes, Mr. Lancaster was badly cut and bruised about the head, and is pronounced in a serious state by Dr. Sutton, while Mr. Dilworth and one of his boys were both rendered insensible for some time. The other boy stuck to the wagon for quite a distance, but finally jumped out, escaping with a few scratches. Mr. Tweedie happened along soon after, and rendered aid in having the sufferers cared for. The sad affair has called forth a general expression of sympathy from the people of that section.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

The month of August has been remarkable for sudden transitions from hot to cold weather, the highest the thermometer has stood at in the shade was 93½, on the 20th of August; we are now in the midst of a prolonged drought, and many wells and creeks have dried up. The grain crops are good and potatoes are the finest crops we have had for many years.

August 16th the Mayor of Cleveland U.S., and a large party visited L'Amable, and afterwards Bancroft and Mayhooth, for the purpose of seeing the country and having some trout fishing in a lake beyond Maynooth. They made the trip from Cleveland to the Coe Mine in a Pullman Palace Car.

An Indian has had a young moose deer on exhibition for several days at Bancroft, these animals appear to be on the increase, as eight have been shot this year a few miles to the north-west of Bancroft.

September 3rd, at the reridence of the bride's father, Bancroft House, Mr. C. H. George, and Miss P. Davy, were united in the bonds of matrimony, by the Revd. Mr. Macdonald. The happy couple were the recipients of a great number of handsome presents. In the evening a large party of relations and guests, consisting of about 70, sat down to a spleudid supper which reflected the highest honour on Mrs. Davy's culinary abilities. May happiness and prosperity attend the bride and bridegroom.

Faraday, Sept. 5th, 1884. SYLVANUS.

More Gold!

The Precious Metal Discovered in Madoc Village.

A few days ago while digging a well on Mr. Joseph Liberty's lot in this village the workmen came across a rich vein of gold bearing quartz, much resembling the famous pocket first discovered in the Richardson mine years ago. Naturally, quite an excitement has since ensued, and the "mine" has been visited by many of our citizens, each of whom carried away a handful of the dirt and was soon busily engaged in washing it and picking out the precious golden particles. We have been shown some of the gold dust extracted, and in proportion to the amount of dirt from it taken, knowing ones assert it gives evidence of great richness. What the proprietor intends to do with his gold well we are not aware, but we would be only too pleased to chronicle Mr. Liberty's elevation among the millionaires.

ANOTHER CRANK.

AN ARTIST INTENDS GOING OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A RUBBER BALL.

BUFFALO, Sept. 15.—Oliver Wormald, a Buffalo frescoe painter, intends going to Niagara Falls to-day to perfect arrangements for going over the cataract in a rubber ball, fifteen feet in diameter, for a purse of $1000. W. G. Graham, of Cleveland, and Peter S. Grant, a business man, are managing the affair. Wormald's ball will be of rubber, ½ of an inch thick, covered with closely braided tarred rope, and filled with compressed air. He expects the ball will receive sufficient momentum to hurl it a considerable distance beyond the falls, and he will be picked up by one of the ferry boats plying at the Prospect Park inclined railway.

TYPHOID fever has broken out in one of the British regiments at Cairo.

A WELL-KNOWN Fenian, named Dennis Duggan, has just died in Dublin.

IT is reported that small-pox and yellow fever have broke out in the English colony at Sierra Leone.

THE total majority for continuing the operation of the Scott Act in Halton county is one hundred and eighty eight.

They have been selling water in Galveston for several weeks and the people were glad when it rained on Thursday.

Judgment was delivered on Saturdry in the South Renfrew election case setting aside the election and disqualifying Dr. Dowling with costs to be paid by him.

MISS VICTORIA MOROSINI, daughter of a millionaire stock-broker, of New York, who is Jay Gould's partner, has eloped with and married a discharged coachman. The male hero is said to be a nobleman who was forced by poverty to come to America and earn his living.

A horse belonging to Mr. Fairbanks of Bobcaygeon, valued at $200, fell into a well on Tuesday. The well was 21 ft. deep, and there was about 6 inches of water in the bottom. The well was a rock one, and the spiked edges hung out all around. The horse was pulled up with a rope. Strange to say after a few moments rest, he got upon his feet shook himself out and went off as though nothing particular had happened.

Married.

TUCKER.—CASSIDY.—On the 17th inst., at the residence of Mr F. Tucker, by the Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. E. J. Tucker, to Miss Sarah Cassidy, all of the village of Madoc.

Died.

JAMES.—Died on the 14th, inst., Lillian Beatrice, youngest daughter of E. James, Bridgewater, age 2 years and six months.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—These remedies are unequalled throughout the world for bad legs, wounds, foul sores, and ulcers. Used according to directions given with them there is no wound, bad leg, or ulcerous sore, however obstinate or long standing, but will yield to their healing and curative properties. Many poor sufferers who have been patients in the large hospitals under the care of eminent surgeons, and have derived little or no benifit from their treatment, have been thoroughly cured by Holloway's Ointment and Pills. For grandular swellings, tumors, scurvy, and diseases of the skin there is nothing that can be used with so much benifit. In fact, in the worst forms of disease, dependant upon the condition of the blood, these medicines, used conjointly, are irresistible.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS will be received up to the 25th of September, instant, for the position of Caretaker for the Methodist Church, village of Madoc. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily received.

C. G. WILSON,
Sec. of Com.

Madoc, Sept. 4th, 1884.

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use "The Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $4 75 to $0 00
Fall Wheat, $1 00 to $1 50
Spring Wheat, $1 00 to $1 05
Oats, 35 cents to 00 cents
Rye, 56 " to 56 "
Barley, 45 cents to 45 cents
Peas, 70 cents to 70 cents
Potatoes per bag, 40 cents to 50 cents
Butter per pound, 18 cents
Eggs per dozen, 10 to 00 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 12 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 20 cents to 40 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $5 00
Cheese, 10c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

DOMESTIC WANTED.

Wanted at once, a good Servant girl, must be a good Cook, and experienced in general Housework. Wages $7.00 a month, and if suitable will engage for the year at $8.00 a month.

Mrs. E. D. O'FLYNN,
Madoc.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. **WHITE'S** 1884.

AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.

I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets. Mirrors, &c.,

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN FOR SEPTEMBER.

BEANS.—If too late to ripen unassisted, a frame of boards at the back and front, and banking around with hot manure, and covering with sashes, will secure a crop as late as November. Save ripe beans for seed for next year, and remember that ripe Lima beans are excellent eating in Winter.

BEETS.—Thin out sowings put in last month, and transplant thinnings if necessary; if not beet greens are good eating.

BRUSSEL SPROUTS.—If they are late, pinch out the tops; it will make them sprout.

CABBAGE.—By cleanliness and good cultivation get vigorous, firm headed Drumhead and Savoys ready for winter. Sow Jersey Wakefield out-of-doors, and, later, prick them into a cold-frame to winter over for spring planting.

CAULIFLOWER.—Keep it growing. Should frost come on before you use it all, heel those remaining thickly in a cold frame; they will keep and heart well on this side of Christmas. Sow and treat as cabbage for spring use, only they require more protection in winter than do cabbages.

CELERY.—Bank up for early use, and a little at a time, according to demand. But do not earth up the winter stock before October. Never earth up except when the celery is quite dry, else damp and rust are liable to occur.

CHIVES.—Plant some in boxes, and by keeping them warm, you can have green chives all through the winter.

CORN SALAD.—Sow some on light, sheltered ground. It is perfectly hardy, and will afford you greens in early spring.

CUCUMBERS.—Sow some seeds or set out some young plants in a frame; as cold weather comes on, line the frame with hot manure.

ENDIVE.—Tie up a few at a time of that which is nearly full grown. Plant out thickly that which you intend wintering over, and before hard frost sets in, put a frame, well banked, around it, and keep the endive dry overhead.

GERMAN GREENS.—Sow about the middle of the month in rows a foot apart. In winter cover with a tin mulching, which remove early in spring.

LEEKS.—Cultivate and keep clean. For winter use, mulch among them with dry leaves, or lift and heel them in thickly in a cold-frame, pit, or cellar.

LETTUCE.—Before frost comes, get all your hearting lettuces together, so that you can protect them with a frame if necessary. Sow Curled Silesia and Tennis Ball in the third week of the month, and, later, prick them thickly into a cold-frame to winter over for planting in hot-beds in early spring.

MUSTARD makes a capital salad. Cut it for use when it is only four or six days old.

ONIONS.—Plant out sets in rows a foot apart, three to four inches asunder, and four inches deep. Examine the ripe onions occasionally, remove the spoiling ones, and break the sprouts from others.

OYSTER-PLANTS AND PARSNIPS need no care for a few weeks yet.

PARSLEY.—Lift and plant some in a cold-frame for winter and early spring use. Thin those sown last month.

RADISHES.—Sow a few out-of-doors, and after this in a gentle hot-bed.

SPINACH.—Put in a goodly sowing of the prickly-seeded for next spring's use. In winter a thin mulching of clean sedge or thatch helps it; but do not put it on thick, as it is apt to harbor field mice. Round spinach put in now will give a good crop before winter sets in. If you have New Zealand Spinach, put a box frame over it to keep it from frost. It keeps in good condition as long as you keep frost from it.

SAVING SEEDS.—Save what seeds you can conveniently.—Your own saved seeds are just as good as what you can buy. Peppers, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, beans, and many other things may be saved with very little trouble. But if your time and space for gardening are limited, it may not pay you to save onions, carrots, parsley, turnips and other biennials. Seeds are so cheap that it does not pay to go to much bother in saving our own if our demand is small.

ONIONS.—In the last week of last September, I planted a lot of yellow Danvers Onion sets in rich ground, in rows a foot apart, three to four inches between the sets, and four inches deep. They grew a little in the fall; I did not cover them at all in winter, and I did not lose one bulb, and in spring they grew first-rate. Many of them threw up flower-heads, but these were removed every week. By the end of June they had made splendid bulbs, and showed an inclination to ripen. On the 9th of July I had them all pulled up, and laid on their sides in rows to ripen; on the 15th I topped them all, and brought them inside. Potato onion sets I treated in the same way and with equal results, except that they do not throw up any flower-heads. Another thing about potato onions is, that the large sets do not bear large onions, but, instead, a bunch of small ones; it is the small sets that bear the large onions. Onions from sets, if need be, can be harvested about the first of July, and sold at a profit you cannot realise for seed onions, and you have the ground for early strawberry planting, late peas, snap beans, beets, turnips, cauliflowers or early celery. Onions from sets are poor keepers in winter; they are apt to sprout, hence should be disposed of or used up early. Let seed and potato onions be the mainstay for winter.—*Rural New Yorker.*

He Had Tried It.

Two Hamilton citizens were toddling up street the other day, and the close and earnest manner with which they were seen to be in conversation clearly betokened that they were exchanging their experience with dispepsia.

"And did you ever try the hot water cure?" asked the thin man, as they paused at the melancholy man's gate.

"Did I?" repeated the melancholy man in a tone of sarcasm; "Well, I should say I did! Why, I've been married fourteen years."

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is first a hero in faith.

In the literary as well as military world, most powerful ability will often be found concealed under a rustic garb.

The Net of Marriage.

Some people, especially if they marry young and on the impulse of some taking fancy, without a due consideration of the very grave nature of the state they are entering, discover afterward that his or her mate does not come up to the expectations which had been formed. The light and laughing love of the marriage and the early periods of married life are succeeded by a sense of disappointment. Then comes domestic indifference, perhaps recrimination. Both man and wife are deceived and undeceived. Unintentionally perhaps, but really. Both feel, as it were, entangled. They have married in haste, and repent too often, not at leisure, but with mutual bitterness and ill-concealed unconcern for one another. Each generally thinks the other most to blame. And I do not believe that I am overstepping the limits of appropriate language when I say that the idea of being caught in a net represents their secret convictions. Here is a disastrous state of affairs. In this country such a net cannot be easily broken. The pair have married for worse, in a more serious sense than these words are intended to bear in the marriage vows. What is to be done? I should very imperfectly express my advice if I simply said, "Make the best of it." For though this is a rude rendering of the advice needed, much might be said to show how this can be done after a Christian way. It is a great Christian rule that, to be loved, we must shew kindness and consideration, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves. "Give," says Christ, "and it shall be given unto you. Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned." And if this applies anywhere, it applies most in the case of those who are in the close relationship of husband and wife. Clouds sometimes come over the married life because too much consideration is expected. Show it, I would say rather than demand it, if it has seemed to come short. Do not think to mend matters by a half-grudging endurance, but ask God to give His sacred help to the keeping of the rule, "Bear and forbear." So may a hasty marriage, the beauty of which has been spoiled by some misunderstandings, ripen into the true affection which should mark this holy estate, and the cloud of disappointment give place to a love which rests upon no passing fancy, but upon an honest Christian observance between man and wife of the vow between them made. So may the miserable afterthought of having been entangled in a relationship be blotted out and succeeded, as years go on, by a love cemented with the desire to do right before God, in whose presence and with prayer for whose blessing the relationship was begun. —*Sunday at Home.*

Satisfactory Evidence.

Among the many indications of a marked advance in temperance sentiment, there is none more satisfactory and assuring than the demand of the public for sound speech from the platform, and of logic and practical common sense, rather than sentimentalism and twaddle. The time was, when to be a successful temperance advocate it was only necessary to have a fund of comic stories, and be able to mimic in word and act the drunkard's reelings and gibberings, and possibly picture the sufferings of his family, and shed a few tears over the "scene" just before the curtain fell. The audience then went home feeling that the entertainment had been quite agreeable; that intemperance was indeed an evil, but with not the remotest idea that any effort could or should be made to contest the evil.

But the advocate of this work to-day must come before the people having his mouth filled with the soundest arguments, and his mind stored with statistics, facts and law, in short, possessed of the ability to educate and lead the people. So effective has been the results of the agitation upon this question that the great mass of the people have themselves become fully awake to the demands of the hour, and the call is for something substantial and tangible—not the froth and foam of that agitation which only weakens and enervates public sentiment. And all over the land such men, and women too, are coming to the front. No reform ever had more ardent or able advocates. The greatest minds of the country are giving thoughtful consideration to this problem, which to-day, despite the efforts of politicians to smother it, is the most important, and only really prominent issue before the nation. With singularly few exceptions the old anti-slavery leaders are among the hosts of freemen in the present movement against the iniquity which curses the nation, the state and the individual. Unlike the movement against slavery, however, the good people of every section are united. There might be slight difference as to methods, but these differences only lead to agitation and to thought which profit both the individual and the cause itself. There never was a time in the history of this great national, moral reform when sentiment was growing so rapidly, and in the right direction, as at the present. Again we say, the most assuring evidence is in the character of public address required to satisfy the people.

JOHNNIE'S KITE.

Narrow Escape of a Boy From a Terrible Fate.

A recent New York telegram says: Johnnie MacInstover, 7 years of age, went on the roof of his father's house, in Hester street, to-day to fly his big kite. It flew so well that he did not realize that he was approaching the edge of the roof, so intently was the little fellow watching the huge toy. Suddenly a strong gust of wind caught the kite and literally lifted him from his feet, suspending him fully 65 feet above the pavement. The lad swung against a telephone wire about on a level with the top of the building, when, loosing his hold upon his spool of string, he grasped the wire and hung directly above the street. There was great excitement in the street, when Franz Newman, a lad of fourteen, darted up the stairway and went upon the roof. He made his way to the edge, and, leaning over, caught young MacInstover by his coat collar, and, lifting him off the wire, swung him to a place of safety.

Billy Clark the town crier at Nantucket, is credited with a recent sharp answer. A young lady who had made some remarks about him which he did not like asked him where he got his bell. "I got my bell, young lady, where you got your manners—at the brass foundry."

Coming down the first Cataract of the Nile.

At first we went very well, and were beautifully steered first from one rock, then from another, until we came to the Gate. The crew raised their oars, and the dahabeah pitched straight down. The rush and power of the water was awful; the only sound, for every one held his breath for a moment. All would have been well had the cataract folk stuck to their oars and rowed on the left to get the better of the water the instant the boat regained its level, for there is only just enough to clear Scylla and Charybdis and all depends upon the work of a minute. But the pilot steered badly, the crew saw it, lost their presence of mind, and dropped their oars, and scampered like monkeys up the rigging as the water dashed over us, and bump we went against one rock, then bump against another; despairing shrieks re-echoed through the boat, and all flew to the bows, the gentlemen, both passengers and visitors from another dahabeah who had come to see the fun all helping to bale. We womankind, thinking this was a temporary delay, an ordinary bumping, took our paints and began sketching the wreck of the "Sultana," as it lay before us. I had just scrawled "7.30. We have bumped," under mine, when up came one of the gentlemen, with gun-case in hand saying, "Get anything you really care for, we may have to leave the boat." A few seconds after up rushed the gentleman, crying, "The water is gaining rapidly: come instantly!" We shall never forget the scene. Oh! the yells, the screams, the confusion! The one thought of our crew proper was to save themselves and their goods. The dragoman turned out the sailors from the felucca (small boats) to make room for us, and in we scrambled, and in a few moments we were all landed, and the gentleman returned to the *Bessie Camuc* for the crew, and then went to and fro as salvage corps. They worked splendidly, in and out of water, under a very hot sun, and with everything against them. No one was in command. The dragoman had completely lost his head, the dahabeah was rapidly tilting over, natives swarmed the feluccas and crowded the cabins, the water rushed in, and but for individual efforts, none of our things would have been saved. It was really distracting to see the gilt cornices, pillows, soap-dishes, and curtains being handed out instead of our precious jars and penates. However, two of our salvage corps climbed in up the windows, and handed or threw out our treasures just as they had caught the swimming mattresses which were blocking up the way. The Arabs were worse than useless, and the dragoman beside himself, poor fellow, shakall over and doing nothing.—*Lady Sophia Palmer in the Quiver.*

Visit to a Jossmaker.

"Me no wantee you come lound hea. Stay away," and a Celestial frown was bestowed upon the unheeding reporter from a square aperture in the door of a dirty and rickety building on Jackson street.

"It's all right, John; I want to buy a joss."

"Come in," said the Chinamen, in modified tones.

The rough door was pushed open and the jossmaker—for such the man was—plied his peculiar vocation. Here were seen unsubstantial idols of all descriptions, ranged around the room in a promiscuous fashion and with what seemed a lack of reverence on the part of the manufacturer. Then there was the raw material—gilded, and colored paper, rough frame work and other accessories—strewn about the place, odds and ends, dirt and disorder being everywhere visible.

"You paintee man?" asked the joss-maker, as he picked up a scrap of blue paper, probably intended for the robe of a god, and which the reporter had sacrilegiously trodden upon. "Some paintee man buy joss: makee plotus."

"No, I'm not an artist but I wish to price the goods. What is this one worth?" and a blue, yellow and red idol, with a staring countenance and with the conventional Chinese head dress, together with paper robes, stuffed with cotton, was pointed out.

"Twent-fi dolla," was the reply.

Assuming that the price was satisfactory, and pending an imaginary transfer of the property, it was found by putting a few questions to the Mongolian that quite a trade in these idols is carried on the city, though of course the chief buyers are worshippers of joss. When finished, the joss, if it is one which has been made to order for a wealthy Celestial, or which is to take its place in a temple, must first be consecrated by a high priest, who with his acolytes goes throug a prolonged and apparently recondite ceremonial, winding it up by daubing a little red paint in each of the black eyes of the joss, who is then enabled to see into the mysteries of this world and the hereafter. It is the dying wish of every Chinaman who can afford it that a joss may be burned for him after his death, and this proceeding forms a part of all well-regulated funeral ceremonies—another cause for the great demand on the effigy manufacturer and a constant source of revenue to him. The head being of wood or pliable cardboard and the body of cheap though gaudy material, there is nothing about one of these images which may be considered of value; the ingenious workmanship, in which such a display of detail is made, may be noted as of far more consequence than the useful or extraneous stuff which goes to make up the potent and mystic joss. Even the paper finger-nails, of extraordinary length are finely curved, and the thick-soled shoes and fan are not omitted. A half-completed joss is one of the queerest looking sights to be seen in the Chinese quarter, work being commenced from the feet, and the inside portion of the body being plainly visible.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The fact must be learned sooner or later, that it is an utter impossibility to oblige everyone. No matter how a person chooses to conduct himself he will find that his conduct will not meet the approbation of all who are cognisant of his actions. The temperaments of men are so variously constructed that no particular disposition will be acceptable to all. The practice of a certain set of virtues will find admirers in a portion of mankind, while another and large portion will be antagonistic or indifferent. More than half of the world cannot be pleased with a particular line of conduct, for all experience has indisputably demonstrated and confirmed the fact.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is the many lesser men, growing slowly but steadily, in thought and strength, that make the advent of every great man possible.

Lord Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer as "a learned gentlemen who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

To prevent patent leather from cracking, always warm the leather before inserting the foot in the shoe. Heat renders patent leather soft and pliable.

Whatever be its inspiriting motive, tact is in its outward features a sort of charity; it is impossible to be tactful, however selfishly, without making life pass more pleasantly for our neighbor.

The Indians in Oregon hold that it is a violation of their religion to deal in land; that the Great Chief made them from the dust of the earth, and, after they wander on its surface for a certan length of time, they return to its bosom, and again become part of the elements of the earth. Dealing in land they regard as dealing in their own flesh and blood.

The height and velocity of clouds have been determined by means of photography. Two cameras, placed about six hundred feet apart, are provided with instantaneous shutters simultaneously released by electricity. The observer measures the angle of inclination of the cameras and the position of the cloud as photographed on the two plates, and from these data a trigonometric calculation gives great accuracy.

Keep up in spirit and earnestness. Hope, believe, try—it need be, struggle. Never let things drift. It is ruinous when a young man begins to allow the world to move without his having a common share in its progress. Sometimes we who have had longer experience in life wonder how the new-comers in the arena can evince so much enthusiam as they do. We forget what we ourselves once felt, and, looking on with dimmed eyes—more far-sighted perhaps, but not half so keen and bright as those of younger men—marvel to observe the energy of our juniors. Let nothing be said or done to discourage them. It is cruelty to check their ardour. By so doing we shall not only detract from their power, but increase the toil and difficulty of the task which lies before them. Let us urge them to "keep up" rather than sink into an apathetic mood and mode of action. It is well for the interests of progress that the prominent places in the working world are occupied by young men.

A New Gas-Light.

For the past three weeks the York departure platform at Euston Station has been lighted upon a novel principle—namely, with an incandescent gas-light. The light was invented by Mr. Lewis some two years since, but the present is its first public application on a commercial scale. Before, however, it was applied at Euston the system underwent careful trial at the company's works at Crewe, and if it answers expectation at Euston—which so far it has—it will no doubt be widley adopted by the London and Northwestern Company. The principle of the burner is the mixing of air under pressure with common gas, the light being produced by the incandescence of a platinum-wire gauze cap which forms the apex of the burner. The air and gas are mingled at the burner in such proportions that perfect combustion takes place, so that it is impossible for any unconsumed carbon to escape. The power used at Euston for compressing the air is simply that of a Bishop gas-engine of two-man power, which is sufficient to supply the air to a much greater number of burners than are at present in use there. The platform is 900 feet long, and it is very effectively lighted by 20 Lewis burners, which have taken the place of 50 ordinary burners previously in use.

No lanterns or glasses are used, and the light is perfectly steady, there being no flame. It is, moreover, quite unaffected by wind or rain. The burners are constructed to consume 18 feet of gas per hour, but they are actually consuming only 12½ feet, so that if necessary a very much more brilliant light could be given than this. It is stated that the quantity of gas consumed is 17 per cent. less than with the ordinary system, but that fully double the candle power is obtained.

Then, again the expense of the glass lanterns is obviated, as well as the labor of keeping them in order. An arrangement of this system has also been perfected for house-lighting which gives the same results without the necessity of using power to compress the air. On the whole, the invention seems to be a practical success, and in view of its value as avoiding the formation of noxious vapors by combustion, and not less of its apparent economy, it would seem to have a good future before it, now that it has been practically started.—*London Times.*

The Office Boy's Conceits About Women.

Woman is said to be a mere delusion, but the Office Boy has heard that it is a pretty thing to *have* delusions.

The loveliest lining for a bonnet, according to the Office Boy, is a pretty face.

When lovely woman makes you a pair of slippers, the Office Boy says you have "put your foot in it."

Blushes, says the Office Boy, are colours which maidens carry becomingly.

Marriage always begins, and sometimes ends in a "Union."

In love the heart is the pupil of the eye.

The heart that beats for no woman, the Office Boy compares to a niche without a statue.

Don't reckon too much on the honeymoon; it may turn out all moonshine!

Girls who "fly into a passion," ought to have their wings clipped.—*Judy.*

A Strange Indian Habit.

It is a fact not generally known, says the St. Thomas *Times*, that the Indians on the Thames River reserves chew the leaves of the ivy as a remedy and protection against the poisonous effects of the plant. We have the authority of an old resident in corroboration of the statement that the poison ivy leaf can be chewed and eaten with impunity. He heard of its efficacy as a cure for the troublesome cutaneous disease resulting from contact with the vine, and saw it eaten in proof of its harmless qualities. He also ate it himself without suffering any inconvenience. It may be as well to know that the plant is not poisonous when taken into the stomach, and that there may be some truth in the opinion that it furnishes an antidote for its own poison.

A Parson's Experience of Weddings.

Generally speaking, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with careful study and perusal of the service for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to take the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion-rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when the minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey;" one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "nobey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that, if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."

The difficulty, however is not always made on the side of the lady. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration qualifying his vow and describing in what sense and to what extent he was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted. There was one man who accompanied the formula with *sotto voice* remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's "Fudge!" "With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition." "With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry," "With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie." It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of church by the beadle. This puts one in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man who in his time was a Cabinet Minister. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on three hundred a year. "All I can say," said the great man, "is that when I said, 'With all thy worldly goods I thee endow,' so far from having three hundred pounds, I question whether, when all my debts were paid, I had three hundred pence." "Yes, my love," said his wife: "but then you had your splendid intellect." "I didn't endow you with that, ma'am," sharply retorted the right honorable husband.

Ghostly Apparition.

In a recent *Fortnightly Review* there is an article on Ghosts, in which a remarkable story of the appearance of a reporter to a judge at the time of his death is told. A gentleman at Rawdon who read the article informs us that a similar occurrence fell under his own observation some years ago. He says:—

"In 1859, when I was a young man I was employed in an office in Montreal. One night I retired early to my bed, but in the course of the night I suddenly awoke, and lay quietly musing on my bed. While engaged in the delightful pastime of building castles in the air, the door which I had securely looked and fastened, suddenly opened, and one of our clerks, Mr.——, who lived several miles away, stepped in, dressed exactly as I had seen him leave the office on the previous evening, apparently in perfect health and strength. He advanced to a large mirror that hung over the washstand near my bedside, looked into it despondingly, took up a brush, stroked down his long side whiskers and moustache, as was his custom, to do, adjusted his coat collar, wiped the dust off his clothes, gazed steadily for a moment into my face, and suddenly vanished from my sight without uttering a word. I was thoroughly surprised, although I was not frightened in the least. Of the reality of the apparition there was not the slightest doubt, as I was wide awake at the time. After thinking over it for some time I arose, looked at my watch, and found that it was 12.15. The rest of the night passed without any further disturbance. When I arrived at the office next morning the first news that I heard was that my fellow clerk was dead. Enquiry elicited the fact that he had dropped dead from heart disease at 12 o'clock on the previous night—about the very time that I had had my nocturnal visitor. Why he appeared to me I cannot tell, unless it was from the fact that he and I had some unpleasant words on the previous evening in the wash room.

An Aboriginal Dwelling.

A short time ago there was discovered in a marsh at Schussenried, in Wurtemburg, a well-preserved hut of the age of stone. The flooring and a part of the walls were intact, and, as appeared from a careful admeasurement, had formed when complete, a rectangle, 10 metres long and 7 metres wide. The hut was divided into two compartments communicating with each other by a footbridge, made of three girders. The single door, looking towards the south, was a metre wide, and opening into a room 6.50 metres long and 4 metres wide. In one corner lay a heap of stones which had apparently formed the fireplace. This room was the kitchen, "the living room," and probably a night refuge for cattle in cold weather. The second room, which had no opening outside measured 6.50 metres long and 5 metres wide, and was no doubt used as the family bedchamber. The floors of both rooms were formed of round logs and walls of split logs. This, be it remembered, was a hut of the Stone Age. It may be safely presumed that the lake dwellings of the Bronze Age were larger in size and less primitive in their arrangements. At both periods the platform supporting the houses communicated with the shore by means of a bridge (probably removeable at pleasure) and with the water by ladders. These ladders, as appears from an example found at Chavannes, were made of a single stang with holes for the staves, which protraded on either side.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Post Cards in China—Magic Mirrors—English Co-operationists — Another Ship Canal, Etc., Etc.,

China proposes to adopt postal cards on and after Jan. 1, 1885.

More visitors from the provinces have sojourned in Paris this summer than during any season since the siege. Many were refugees.

Lord Byron sold his manor of Rochdale in Lancashire at a ludicrously low sum in 1824 in order to get money for the Greek cause. It is now of immense value.

Notwithstanding the enormous attendance at the Health Exhibition in London, the receipts have, up to the present, only just covered the cost. Profit may now be looked for.

South of Long Island, beneath the Atlantic, are the remnants of a vast marsh. In clear water roots of trees can be seen from a boat, and in stormy weather masses of decayed wood and peat are thrown upon the shore.

A Parisian marchioness has taken service in a Marseilles hospital as a nurse for the cholera victims; she is pretty and young, dresses in plain calico, and has been very useful. She is fulfilling a vow made during the illness of one of her children.

A successful attempt has been made to introduce fresh springbok meat from South Africa into England. "It was the most delicious meat" writes a correspondent, "that any of us had ever tasted, being very far superior to English venison." But that is not very high praise.

A lemonade man on a Hudson River excursion boat is said to have sold ten thousand glasses of lemonade on one excursion not long ago, and he had half the lemon left for the next day's trip up the river. Fortunes are rapidly made in the United States.

Japanese magic mirrors are in the market. They are made of fine burnished metal, and when lightly breathed upon disclose geometrical patterns, landscapes, or faces. Their manufacture is a secret, but is believed to consist in welding the pattern in one kind of steel or iron upon a plate of a different kind. One which reproduced faces, sold at Philadelphia for $110.

Wood pavement is to be given up in London, and the old McAdam system restored. The former is said to have not only failed to realise the expected advantages, but has led according to Prof. Tyndall's report, to serious affections of the eyes and lungs; that is, by continual watering, the wood became saturated with street filth, and then, under the influence of the hot sun gave forth a pernicious species of dust.

A census was recently taken of the swans on the Thames between Southwark bridge and Henley. The total number of swans was 267 and cygnets 53. Of these the Queen claims 176 swans and 46 cygnets, the Vintners' Company 48 swans and 12 cygnets and the Dyers' Company 43 swans and 5 cygnets. The mandibles of the royal birds were marked with a diamond, the Vintners' with two "nicks" and a couple of "V's" and the Dyers' with a single nick and other distinguishing emblems.

A suit to recover $50,000 damages has been commenced in the Brooklyn courts. The defendant is a New York firm and the plaintiff a young lady of Brooklyn, who alleges that she ate of canned tomatoes sold by the defendant to a Brooklyn grocer, and through the eating was poisoned so that at one time her life was despaired of, and that her health is permanently injured. Her plaint alleges the tomatoes were poisoned by the solder used in the canning.

A local paper of Dakota is responsible for the following; A Dakota farmer in 1881 planted a single grain of spring wheat and from it grew twenty-two stalks, each bearing a full head of wheat, yielding in all 860 grains of wheat; 760 of these were planted the next year, producing one fifth of a bushel of splendid wheat. This was planted last spring, yielding seventeen bushels, making 1,020 pounds of wheat from one grain in three years.

The project of cutting a ship canal across the province of Holstein, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic, is now being taken up by the German authorities in earnest. The canal is to run from near the mouth of the Elbe to the harbor of Kiel, Germany's chief naval port on the "Ostsee." It is to be constructed of such dimensions as to permit the largest ironclads in the German navy steaming from the Baltic to the German Ocean, or *vice versa*, thus avoiding the necessity of making, as at present, the long voyage round the peninsula of Jutland. Detailed drawings on the subject are to be submitted to the new Reichstag.

At Cocket, in Wales, a poor man was knocked down, dragged by the train; and his skull was taken off. The guard of the train ran to his assistance, and was himself injured in so doing. Some time afterwards a traveller who had witnessed the accident, asked the guard whether he had quite recovered; he showed his arm, the bruise of which was still visible, and told him he had been three weeks an invalid; and on asking him what compensation the Company had given him, he replied that his pay was stopped on the following day.

Paris tradesmen begin to utilize science for advertising purposes. A late notice reads: "Tea and coffee contain tannic acid, the essential part of oak and hemlock; milk contains albumen and fibrin in the same manner as flesh and skin. Add milk to coffee and a turbidity ensues, of which each particle is a tannate of fibrin, *i. e.*, an atom of leather. In a life time a man thus consumes a hundred pair of boots, but no man could thus consume the elegant and scientific foot wear only to be found at 5 Rue de ——"

A Fiji correspondent writes to an English paper: "Often, while sailing among the South Sea Islands, I have passed flocks of birds, principally terns and whale birds, resting in vast numbers on the sea. It is remarkable that, however rough the sea may be at the time, yet where the birds rest there is not a ripple to disturb them. This must be caused by oil, but whether it is purposely deposited by the birds with the intention of quieting the water, or whether they do so from natural cause, is a question the answer to which I think would interest many of our readers."

A truly singular method of preserving historical ruins, says the London *Truth*, has been discovered in Ireland. On the Cas Hill, near Belfast, there was a short time ago an ancient castle. In order to protect its ruins from the ravages of time and of passing vandals, some local antiquarians determined to surround it with a wall, and employed a contractor to execute the work. The wall was finished in due course but when the antiquarians came to admire the castle it was gone. The contractor had used the ruins for building material, and not a stone of the castle remained!

At the sixteenth annual Congress of English Co-operationists, held at Warwick, Derby, last June, 1,242 societies were represented, with a membership of 668 000. Their sales during 1883 aggregated £27,865,054. Many societies were unrepresented. The growth of co-operation in England is well illustrated by the figures in a table prepared by H. R. Bailey, Secretary of the Co-operative Board. In 1869 there were 450 societies, 91,500 members, £2,300,000 sales; in 1865 these had increased to 867,148,580, and £3,370 000; in 1874 to 1,026, 411,250, and £16,350,000; and in 1883 to 1,242,668,000 and £27,865,000.

Were Mr. Under Secretary Burke, who was with Lord Frederick Cavendish, murdered in the Phoenix Park, now living, to him would belong the baronetcy of the Burkes of Glynsk, which has just descended to his brother, Col. Burke, by the death of Sir. John Burke, the last of the direct line. The family, which is the oldest of the name in Galway, succumbed to circumstances some time since, and the Glynsk estate became the property of strangers. The late Under Secretary had a good estate, however, in his own right, the revenues of which he never touched, but applied wholly to his mother and sisters.

The *Lancet* calls attention to the fact—in speaking of beer drinking and heart disease—that statements are made to the effect that the average weight of the heart in men is greater in Munich than elsewhere. The result of 1,000 autopsies appears to have created a belief among the observers that "the habitual consumption of beer in large quantities tends to enlarge the heart by the direct action of alcohol on its tissues, by the increase of the amount of fluids in the body and by the belief that the nutritive ingredients of the beer are easily assimilated." It is stated as an interesting fact that in 1882 the average amount of beer consumed by each person in Germany ranged in different districts from 54 to 186 litres. In Bavaria it reached 233 litres, and in Munich it reached 432. The litre is a little less than an English quart.

So many vague statements have been made concerning Prof. Koch's views relating to Cholera that the Berlin correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* (Aug. 2) thinks it wise to give his ideas as printed in the official report. The spread of cholera, it recites, is caused by personal contact, and not by goods and other objects, except damp infected linen. The infection is not in the air, but in the ejections of the patient; it is only dangerous in a moist state, and dies very speedily when dry; air cannot transfer the disease. The bacilli do not, as in small-pox, produce spores, which may dry up only to reappear alive. Drying will positively kill them in three hours. The disease is confined wholly to the digestive organs. Contact with the patient is without danger if no contamination from the digestive organs is received. The following convey infection; infected drinking and washing water, infected moist and liquid food especially milk. The Berlin Hospital inspector stated there was no need to be especially afraid of cholera, it was much less dangerous than indigenous plagues.

The Ladies' Waist.

The more closely a woman can get her bust to approximate to the shape of a peg-top the prouder and happier she usually is. Why the peg-top has attained to the high distinction of serving as a model for woman is one of the many puzzles connected with dress. The Greeks—who certainly knew something about the human form—assigned to their ideal waist dimensions quite intolerable to an American woman of to-day. Moreover, they made it oval, whereas the modern waist is round. It is a physiological fact that there is about an oval waist a delightful suppleness and elasticity, while the round waist so common at the present day is hard, rigid, and unsympathetic. The fact is that some women are blessed with waists naturally small and oval, as every waist naturally is, while other women less favored by nature, are determined to outdo the smallness at no matter what cost. But no discriminating critic can can ever fail to perceive the difference between natural and artificial smallness. Perhaps if this were better understood women would cease to ruin their health and weaken the muscles of their back by going out in a tight-fitting cuirass, even at the risk of appearing to depart conspicuously from woman's dress. They would then find that some other problems, such as distribution of weight, would settle themselves without much difficulty.

A Chinese Shave.

The customer seats himself erect on a stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and the lower part of the backhead are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and arms are then washed and rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the "Swedish movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulation stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided up and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers, and even his toes, until the joints crack.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen "when I can get such a prompt and pleasant ure for my Billious attacks, such as Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and is ... a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents"

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CONVENIENT PICK-ME-UP.—One of the most nourishing of quickly-prepared dishes is a cup of consomme with egg. To prepare this you need not go to market for stock. A small can of Johnston's fluid beef and a fresh egg are the ingredients. A spoonful of the beef, boiled for ten minutes, in a half pint of boiling water, is seasoned and placed in a dainty bowl; into this drop a raw egg. The heat of the soup cooks the egg sufficiently, and it looks something like a poached egg, except that the white is clearer. If you do not like—and some delicate appetites do not—to see the egg, beat it up first, white and yolk together, before putting it in. It adds much smoothness to the rather sharp taste of all prepared beef-essence, and is a very good dish for a hasty luncheon or when a nourishing "pick-me-up" is needed.

SOUP, A NO. 1.—Take a knuckle of veal, cover it with water and let it boil until you can shred. Add to it, one dessert spoonful of allspice, one of cloves, cayenne pepper and salt to taste, three eggs boiled hard and chopped up fine, one pint of port wine, the juice of two lemons, and one wineglassful of Lee & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce, or mushroom ketchup, and enough browned flour to thicken.

BAKED OYSTERS.—Grate some day-old Vienna bread into fine crumbs and season them with salt, white pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Drain the oysters and dry them between the folds of a cloth, being careful not to press them. Now dip them into beaten egg and roll them in the seasoned crumbs until well covered. Then place them in their lower shells with a piece of butter on the top of each oyster and bake a few minutes in a hot oven. Arrange them still in their shells, on a plate, and, before sending to table, squeeze over them a little of the juice of a lemon.

TO BROIL OYSTERS IN THEIR SHELLS.—After opening the oysters let them remain in the deep shell with their juice, placing a small piece of butter upon the top of each and seasoning them with a little salt and cayenne pepper. Have a good clear fire; place the shells on a gridiron, squeeze a little lemon juice over the oysters, and broil until done. Two or three minutes will suffice to cook them.

DEVILED EGGS.—Put a dozen fresh eggs into a pan of cold water, set the pan on the fire, and after the water comes to the boil, let them remain boiling for fifteen minutes. Then take them out and put them in a bowl of cold water to stand for a minute or two, that the shells may be the more readily removed. Take off the shells, cut the eggs into halves and carefully remove the yolks without bruising or breaking the whites. Make a thick paste by mixing the yolks smoothly with a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, seasoning it with salt and cayenne pepper. Fill the white halves of the eggs with this paste, and after slicing a little off the point of each, stand them upon a dish in any desired form and fill the intervening spaces with finely chopped lettuce.

TO BROIL A FRESH MACKEREL.—Select a large fish, cut it down the back, cleanse and dry it well, and then rub over the inside with a mixture containing a little salt, cayenne pepper and Lucca Cream oil. Now take a sheet of white paper thickly buttered fold it over the fish, and fasten each end loosely together with a pin. Have your fire clear, place the enwrapped fish between a folding wire broiler and cook for twenty-five minutes, turning the broiler frequently.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Take a dozen, smooth, solid tomatoes, slice off the part where the stem joins the fruit, take out the centre with the seeds, and fill the cavities with a mixture made as fellows: Put into a stew-pan a quarter of a pound of fat bacon, a dozen mushrooms, an onion, a bunch of parsley, and a little thyme; (the above ingredients to be minced very fine,) Season the mixture with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne; stir over the fire for a few minutes, and then add the yolks of five eggs well beaten, to bind it together. After the tomatoes are filled with the mixture, put them in a baking pan, pour around them Lucca Cream oil just sufficient to cover the bottom of the pan, strew over their tops some fine bread crumbs, and bake in a quick oven.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and tone up the system. In large bottles 50 cents

The judicious planting eucalyptus trees has been recommended by Baron Von Muller as a means of increasing and maintaining the water-supply of Australia. These trees—known also as the "blue gum" trees—are credited with remarkable power of collecting and absorbing water, and of condensing into water the moisture in the air.

Failure Impossible

When Polson's Nerviline is used for pain. It matters not of how long standing it may be, or how often other remedies have failed to afford relief, Nerviline, the great pain cure does its work promptly. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle, and try it for internal or external pains. You will be convinced of its extraordinary power in relieving pain. Ten cent bottles and large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists. Take no substitute.

The Ghetto at Rome has been doomed by an improving but impecunious municipality, and visitors who used to wander through the intricate maze in pursuit of old lace or of old bronzes, or in quest of fragment of pillars and inscribed slabs built into the doorposts, will find their occupation gone. Intimately associated as the quarter is with memories of the Jews, it was not always their home in Rome, and Paul IV. was the first Pope who removed them across the river from the Trastevere into the shadow of the sombre Tower of Marcellus. The same Pontiff was notorious for his cruel treatment of the aliens, and rigorously enforced attendance at the annual sermon on Holy Cross Day, when such miraculous conversions were made, for reasons which may be found in Mr. Browning's familiar stanzas.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Volatic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic to the terrestrial horizon." This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.

Nothing Hunts out Corns

Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner; but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Frauds, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

As the train pulled out of Kansas City recently, bound West, a fine-looking old gentleman, who occupied a seat in the smoking-car was accosted by a rank looking specimen of Western humanity. "Goin' far West, stranger?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied the old gentleman, politely; "I am going to Denver." "Business or pleasure?" "Chiefly for my health." "Ah, yes, I see. from the East ain't yer?" "Yes, I am President of the Twenty-fifth National Bank of New York." "You don't say so!" exclaimed the Westerner. Then he added in a whisper: 'Giv us your hand, old pard, I'm a Missouri train robber.".

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A growth forming a scum upon a pond near Campbellton, New South Wales, has been noticed to have a rich green color in the mornings, turning into deep red in the afternoons.

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents.

A. P. 194.

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN AT WALLACE MASON, 13 Queen St. W., Toronto.

THOS. GALLOWAY & CO., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, On

SAW MILL PROPERTIES FOR SALE—STAVE machinery included if desired. Send for circular H. J. LEACOCK, Brigden.

H. WILLIAMS,

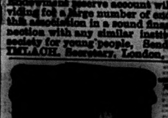
SLATE AND FELT ROOFER

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, Carpet Felt, &c., at lowest Prices.

4 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, - - TORONTO

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $3,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For $500, ... certificate, $4; quarterly dues in advance, $0.75. For $1,000 Certificate, $6; quarterly dues in advance, $1.00. For $2,000 Certificate, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.00. For $3,000 Certificate, $15; quarterly dues in advance, $3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages $1.00 on each $1000. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid, on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to $10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institution. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. IMLACH, Secretary, London, Ont.



THE MODEL

Washer

AND

BLEACHER

* Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.

$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED.

C. W. DENNIS,

TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE.

213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT

OVER 200 FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE Description and price list furnished free to all applicants. GEO. W. SNOVER, 103 Griswold street Detroit, Mich.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60; blacksmith's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $6,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY, Belleville.

50 M E N W A N T E D.

Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $500 to $2000 per year Send stamp for particulars, JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,

Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!

70 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co.

100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.

Importers of

Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay

Manufacturers of

Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair & Bed Springs

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for prices to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

If you want your houses to be attractive, use

Ramsay's Improved Calcimine Colors

for tinting Walls.—Can be used without the aid of a Painter and do not rub off. Made in fifteen different tints. Apply to your local dealers for them.

MANUFACTURED BY

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine, 1 Abell Triumph do. 1 C. C. Morrison do. 1 8 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 25 h. p. Horizontal by Northey. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines an... boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 22-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 1 Blind Slat Tenoner. 1 Buggy Planer or Jointer. 2 band saws. 18 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rock Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 ... French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 ...-inch Inserted Tooth Saw &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 8, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

Brooklyn,	Aug. 22	Montreal,	Sept. 13
Toronto,	Aug. 30	*Vancouver,	Sept. 20
*Oregon	Sept. 6		

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60 $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35, Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,

General Agents, Montreal

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B. Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

GURNEYS & WARE,

STANDARD SCALES.

THE BEST,

THE STRONGEST,

THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.

Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

GURNEYS & WARE,

HAMILTON, ONT

THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the

Sewing Machine of the Period,

It is Light and Easy to run.

Silent and Rapid in movement

Plain and Simple to Learn.

It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and 58 King St., West, Toronto.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

HARVEST—TOOLS!

Our Stock of Harvest Tools is complete in all lines

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Special value in CRADLES.

JOHN DALE & SON.

NOTICE.

The Council of the Municipality of Mayo and Carlow, at their next meeting, to be held at the Town Hall, on Saturday, the 27th day of September, 1884, intend passing a by-law establishing a Public Highway, starting at the post at the north east corner of Lot 7 in the 14th concession of Carlow, and running 57 degrees west of south 3 chains and 50 links thence 16 degrees west of south 4 chains 50 links, 54 degrees west of south 5 chains, 74 degrees west of south 6 chains, 32 degrees west of south 4 chains, 2 degrees east of south 9 chains, 21 degrees east of south 10 chains, thence 6 degrees west of south 19 chains, to the Carlow and Montesgle Road on Lot 6 in the 13th concession of Carlow. All parties concerned please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN BREMNER,
Clerk.

Conroy's Farm, Aug. 25th 1884. 382-4

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER,

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S

SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,

SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,

FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills, where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

150 More Watches to be Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL—OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS &

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.

Weiss' Block, Madoc.

E. E. Casement & Wools from Store AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

North Hastings Review.

E. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN E ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 386. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, September 25, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

Wollaston Fall Show.

The annual fall show of the Wollaston Agricultural Society will be held at Coe Hill, on October 8th. The following is the prize list:—

CLASS 1.—HORSES.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Span of Horses	$2.00	$1.50	$1.00
Stallion	2.00	1.50	1.00
Brood Mare with Foal at her side	1.50	1.00	75
Colt, 3 yrs. old	1.00	75	50
Colt, 2 yrs old	1.00	75	50
Colt, 1 yr. old	1.00	75	50

CLASS 2.—CATTLE.

Bull, 3 years old or upwards	$2.00	$1.50	$1.00
Bull, 2 yrs. old	1.50	1.00	75
Bull, 1 yr. old	1.00	75	50
Bull Calf	75	50	
Milch Cow	1.50	1.00	75
Heifer, 3 yrs old	1.00	75	50
Heifer, 2 yrs. old	1.00	75	50
Heifer, yearling	75	50	
Spring Calf, Heffer	75	50	
Yoke Working Oxen in yoke	2.00	1.50	1.00
Yoke 4 yrs. old Steers in yoke	1.00	75	50
Yoke 3 yr. old Steers	1.00	75	50
Yoke 2 yr. old Steers	1.00	75	50
Pair yearling Steers	1.00	75	

CLASS 3.—SHEEP.

Ram, any age	$1.50	$1.00	$ .75
Ram Lamb	1.00	50	
Pair of Ewes,	1.50	1.00	75
Pair of Ewe Lambs	1.00	75	

CLASS 4.—PIGS.

Boar, 1 yr. and over	$1.50	$1.00	$ .75
Boar, under 1 yr.	1.00	75	50
Brood Sow	1.50	1.00	75
Spring Pig	75	50	

CLASS 5.—POULTRY.

Pair Fowls, large, any breed	$ .75	$ .50	$ .25
Pair Fowls, small	75	50	25
Pair of Turkeys	40	25	
Pair of Geese	40	25	
Pair of Ducks	50	25	

CLASS 6.—GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fall Wheat, 1 peck	$2.00	$1.50	$1.00
Spring Wheat, 1 pk. 4th prize 75 cents	2.00	1.50	1.00
Oats, 1 peck	1.50	1.00	75
Surprise Oats	1.50	1.00	50
Peas, 1 peck	1.00	75	50
Peas, large, 1 peck	1.00	75	50
Timothy Seed, 1 pk.	1.00	75	50
Hops, ½ pound	50	25	

CLASS 7.—ROOTS, VEGETABLES, AND FRUITS.

Potatoes, early 1 pail	$1.00	$ .75	$ .50
Potatoes, late, 1 pail	1.00	75	50
Turnips, Sweeds, 3	75	50	
Turnips, any other 3	75	50	
Cabbage, 2 heads	75	50	25
Top Seed Onions, ½ peck	75	50	25
Onions grown from top	1.00	75	50
Onions raised from seed	1.00	75	50
Potato Onions, ½ pk.	75	50	
Blood Beet, ½ doz	50	25	
Mangles	50	25	
Carrots, white	50	25	
Carrots, red, ½ doz	50	25	
Parsnips, ½ doz	50	25	
Squash	50	25	
Pumpkins	50	25	
Tomatoes, 6 largest	50	25	
Apples, half peck	1.00	50	
Plums, ½ peck	75	50	
Bunch of Grapes	75	50	

CLASS 8.—IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

Ox Yoke	$1.00	$ .50	
Ox Bows	50	25	
Axe Helves	50	25	

BLACKSMIHTS' WORK.

Best Set Horseshoes	$1.00	$ .75	
Best Wiffletree Irons and Neck Yoke	1.00	75	

CLASS 9.—DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Butter, roll, 3 lbs or over	$1.00	$ .75	$ .50
Butter, tub, 10 lbs or over	1.50	1.00	75
Cheese, 8 lbs or over	75	50	25
Loaf of Bread	75	50	25
Homemade Bed Quilt patchwork, woollen	1.00	70	50
Patchwork Quilt, cotton	1.00	75	50
Braid Work	50	25	
Dyed Yarn, 1 lb	50	25	
Undyed Yarn, 1 lb	50	25	
Bedroom Mat	50	25	
Crochet Work	50	25	
Crochet Work, wool	50	25	
Rag Carpet	50	25	
Worsted Stockings	50	25	
Worsted Socks	50	25	
Worsted Mits, plain	50	25	
Worsted Mits, fancy	50	25	
Home-made Flannel, 5 yards	1.00	75	50
Homemade full cloth, undressed, 5 yds.	1.00	75	50
Home-made Blankets 1 pair, all wool	1.00	75	50
Gentleman's Flannel Shirt, worked by hand needle	75	50	25
Cake Maple Sugar 5 lbs.	1.00	75	50

SPECIAL.

Children's Work,—Under 12 yrs. old.

Hem'd Pocket Handkerchief	$ .30	$ .15
Plain Needle Work other than hdkf	30	15
Pair Knitted Socks or Stockings	30	15

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

Estate of the Late Colin Russel.

FROM this date no sales or business arrangements made by Hugh and John Russel, acting as power of Attorney for Mrs. Russel, (at present in Scotland) will be valid without the consent of all the heirs.

R. D. RUSSEL.

Madoc, February 18, 1884. 362

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a Court will be held pursuant to the "Voters' List Act," by his Honour the Judge of the County Court of the County of Hastings, at the Town Hall, Marmora Village, on the 29th day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Voters' List of the municipality of Marmora and Lake for 1884.

All persons having business at the Court are required to attend at the said time and place.

HENRY M. JONES, M. D.,
Clerk the said Municipality.

Dated, Marmora, Sept. 13th, 1884.

In the Surrogate Court

Of the County of Hastings.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned will, twenty days after the publication of this notice, or as soon thereafter as Council can be heard, apply to the Judge of the Surrogate Court of the County of Hastings for the grant to him of letters of guardianship to the persons and property of William Somerville and Albert Somerville, infant children of the late James Somerville and Mary Ann Somerville, late of the Township of Elziver, in the County of Hastings.

IRWIN LOVE.

Dated, Madoc, Sept. 10th, 1884. 385-3

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

N ½	30	in 10th concession	Hungerford.
W ½	3	in 11th "	Huntingdon.
S ½	18	in 13th "	"
W ½	1	in 1st "	Madoc
E ½	8	in 1st "	"
E ½	13	in 1st "	"
W ½	16	in 1st "	"
	29	in 1st "	"
W ½	15	in 4th "	"
E ½	8	in 6th "	"
E ½	30	in 9th "	"
	29	in 2nd "	Marmora.
W ½	29	in 3rd "	"
W ½	29	in 4th "	"

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, Secretary. J. R. ORR, Noble Grand.

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

FURNITURE.

HAVING had to vacate half of the place occupied by us leaves us no room for Furniture, so what we have left (being so over-crowded) we will sell either at auction or private sale for whatever the balance will bring. Any one wanting Sideboards, Whatnots, or small tables or stands, or any other article still on hand, will get such bargains as neve. was nor never will be again offered in Madoc.

Auction Sale on Saturdays.

M. SCOTT.

Thos. Scott, Agent and Auctioneer.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

W ½	13	in 1st	concession	Madoc,
	29	5th	"	"
	29	7th	"	"
W ½	30	9th	"	"
N E ¼	13	10th	"	Marmora,
	27	11th	"	"

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc. - Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

DENTIST.

JOHN McCULLOCK, L. D. S., Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, of Ontario, office in Dale's Block, Durham St., adoc. Office hours from 8 to 5 o'clock.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 187[illegible]

M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW B[illegible] Madoc, Ont.

Mining Lands.

SALE of Mining [illegible] effected. Minera Properties and [illegible] reported on.

JOHN STEWART,
Mining Engineer, Madoc, Ont.
March, 31, 1883 311.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. [illegible] Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, & [illegible] Office—McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large [illegible] preferred. Charges Moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRI[illegible] FRANCIS MARSKELL.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or one payment, to suit the borrower. Sums counted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

ICE CREAM

—AT—

LATIMER'S!

All accounts closed, and Bread sold for Cash after June 7th.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
[illegible] Front St. East, Toronto.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Review of the Officers and Dependants of the Queens Establishment and Their Duties.

The Queen's court is composed of officers, subordinates, and attendants to the number of nearly a thousand, the majority receiving salaries that may be called more than liberal.

First and foremost comes the Lord Steward, whose office is a policical one, in the gift of the existing Ministry; his salary is $10,000 a year. He is the principal officer of the court, and has jurisdiction over the entire household. All officers and servants connected with the court, except those of the Queen's chamber, chapel, and stable, are subject to his orders. He appears at court on all state occasions, and the subordinate officials of the household are appointed by him.

The active duties of the Lord Steward are performed by the Master of the Household, whose constant residence is within the precincts of the palace. Necessarily he has a large staff of officers to assist him, having full control over the domestic establishment. The salary of the master is $5,790 a year, and his private secretary receives $1,500 a year,

The Lord Treasurer ranks next to the Lord Steward, acts for him at all state ceremonies in case he is absent, and draws $4,520 a year; while to assist him he has the Comptroller of the Household, who also is paid $4,520 and likewise does nothing.

The Board of Green Cloth is composed of the four above-mentioned officials and adjudicates on offences committed in certain parts of the palace. To assist them in their onerous duties, they have a secretary at $1,500 a year, three accounting clerks at $1,000 a year each, divers other clerks to the number of six, and one female assistant.

The clerk of the kitchen is an important functionary, evidenced by the fact that he gets $3,500 a year and "found." Under him he has seven clerks to keep accounts, check goods as they are received, and give the necessary orders to the tradespeople.

The *chef* receives $3,500 a year, and his four assistant cooks $1,750 each, with the privilege of each taking an apprentice, the latter having to pay a premium of about $1,000. There are six other assistant cooks, and twelve helpers of different kinds.

The head of the confectionery department of the kitchen receives $1,500 yearly, and his assistant $1,250, they having six assistants. In addition there are the pastry cook and baker, with four assistants, and three women having charge of the coffee room. The linen is looked after in the "ewer" department, consisting of a yeoman and two assistants.

The chief butler receives $2,500 a year. He holds an important position, inasmuch as he selects and buys all the wines used in the royal household. To properly arrange the table before the Queen's dinner is served there are two principal table deckers with $1,000 a year each, a second table decker at $750, a third at $450, and an assistant with $260.

The least liberal salaries probably are those paid to the three yeomen having charge of the plate pantry, whose united salaries amount to but $2,150, while the valuables intrusted to their care are estimated to be worth from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. They have six assistants. The car of her Majesty's coals must be an arduous duty, as it is intrusted to no less than thirteen persons.

The first and second lamplighters receive $500 a year each and board money, and have seven assistants.

The Court of the Marshalsea is a regular court of justice attached to the Queen's household, having jurisdiction over all places within twelve miles from Whitehall. The Lord Steward is the Judge, the function of the court being to administer justice between the Queen's domestic servants. This court was established by Henry VIII., and now costs the nation $9,630 a year, not including the salary of the chief of police of this court (who is called Knight Marshal) $2,500 a year, and his eight assistants with $500 a year each.

On Maundy Thursday of each year, and twice a year in Scotland Yard, alms are distributed to the poor. The almonry is the office that looks after these distributions, the two principal officers of which are called the Hereditary Grand Almoner and the Lord High Almoner. Both offices are honorary, but they have a secretary, who receives $1,750 a year, about the amount distributed to the poor on Maundy Thursday.

The Lord Chamberlain receives $10,000 a year and the Vice-Chamberlain $4 620. They superintend all the officers and servants belonging to the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers these being under the groom of the stole, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. All entertainments given in the palace are under their care, and they have to audit all accounts connected with royal marriages, coronations, funerals, &c. To assist the Chamberlain there are a comptroller of accounts, three clerks, and four messengers, their united salaries amounting to $15 550.

In this department also is the Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse, who receives a salary of $10,000 a year and a percentage on her Majesty's privy purse. He is the financial secretary to the Queen.

The Mistress of the Robes draws a salary of $2,500, and the Groom of the Robes $4,000, with three assistants. There are also eight ladies of the bedchamber, who each in rotation wait on her Majesty a fortnight at a time.

The Queen's Maids of Honor are eight in number, and receive $1,500 a year each. They attend her Majesty two at a time for a month, thus serving but three months in the year.

The Bed Chamber women are the same in number as the Maids of Honor, receive the same salary, and serve in rotation in the same manner. They are only expected, however, to figure on state occasions.

Next we have eight Lords in Waiting, the Grooms in Waiting, the Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, Daily Waiters, Grooms of the Privy Chambers, Quarterly Waiters, Grooms of the Great Chambers, and thirty-two Gentlemen of the Private Chamber.

These last named receive no pay whatever, except the honor of the thing, while the first named cost the exchequer $55,965 a year.

A difficult position to fill is that of Marshal of the Ceremonies. He attends on all state occasions, and conducts foreign ambassadors, &c., to the Queen's presence. A thorough knowledge of the details of etiquette, and, above all, of precedence is absolutely necessary in this post. The salary is only $1,600 a year.

There are five pages of the Back Stairs, who receive $2,000 a year each. Their duties are to wait on the sovereign. Two State Pages and a Page of the Chambers assist the five.

The Lords, Ladies and Maids of Honor have six Pages of the Presence to attend them at breakfast and luncheon. These pages are also required to wait on her Majesty's visitors. They each receive $900 a year, and have pages — men to wait on them.

Eight sergeants-at-arms draw $500 a year apiece. Their duties are now nominal, though in the days of the joust and tourney they were to "hold watch outside the royal tent in complete armor, with bow, arrows, sworn and mace of office; and to capture any traitor about the court or other great offenders."

Other relics of past ages are three kings-of arms and six heralds.

Last in the Lord Chamberlain's department are messengers innumerable, palace inspectors, nine housekeepers, sixty housemaids, three linen-room women, and two attendants to show the public through Windsor Castle, with salaries ranging from a nominal sum to $1,500.

The ecclesiastics, with their necessary following, attached to the house are many in number and cost a large sum yearly in salaries. The list is as follows: "Dean and sub dean of the Chapel Royal, St. James the clerk of the closet, three deputy clerks' a resident chaplain, a closet keeper, forty, eight chaplains in ordinary and ten priests in ordinary, with four chaplains, three preachers, and three readers for the chapels at Whitehall Hall, Hampton, Windsor, and Kensington; also a choir of boys, four organists, two composers, a violinist, a sergeant of the vestry, and a master of boys."

For doctors, &c., $13,500 a year is paid.

The State Band though it is seldom heard, costs $9,580 a year.

We next come to the Poet Laureate, who draws inspiration from the Sate at the rate of $500 a year.

The Master of the Tennis Court does nothing, for which he receives $660 a year. After him, with nominal duties, come the Burgomaster, and two watermen, whose united salaries amount to $2,000 a year; the keeper of the swans, a keeper of the jewels in the Tower, an exhibitor of the jewels, a principal librarian, a librarian in ordinary, a painter, and a surveyor of pictures.

During the reign of Henry VIII., he instituted the Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners, composed of members of the highest families, selected by himself. They bore this title until the accession of William IV., when it was changed to that of Gentlemen-at-arms. The corps now consists principally of half-pay officers, but it still maintains its high tone, and under no consideration is a trades man allowed to enter. The appointments in it now are regularly bought and sold, and bring good prices, the office of Lieutenant and Sub Stick having been known to bring $5,000. The cost of running the corps is $25, 00 a year. The Captain and Gold Stick has a salary of $5,000, the Lieutenant and Silver Stick $2,500, and each of the forty gentlemen-at-arms $500, and $15 a day for travelling expenses when ordered on country service.

The Beef Eaters, or Body Guard of Yeomen, will be remembered by all who have visited the Tower, by their peculiar garb of the Tudor period. Their Captain, always a peer, receives $5,000 a year, and the men $450 a year each.

The Master of the Horse spends $62,815 a year. Under him are different equerries and Pages of Honor, a sergeant footman, fifteen footmen, twelve coachmen, twenty grooms, and fifty helpers.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Curious Practices Attending Betrothals in Tartary.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called balbiche. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also all the other females of the family. The head of a household will often send a portion of his herds several hundreds of miles away under the care of this wife, while he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a kallin besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the kalim. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead her next daughter, or in default to return the kalim, and pay a fine also of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitors ill-health, or his poverty, or (in some localities) her personal dislike. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the aul, or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost every thing he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying each one are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterwards repaid by the relatives of the bridegroom on the visit to their aul of the relations of the bride.

A Strange Grist.

In Swansea, Wales, during a recent bank scare, an old woman drew $450 from a savings bank and hid it in a sack. Not long after the sack became filled with wheat and was taken to the mill. Then she remembered that the gold was in the bottom of it, and rushed frantically after it, reaching the mill only in time to hear the miller profanely wondering aloud what ailed the wheat that it clogged the stones so. The machinery was stopped and all the gold recovered though in a much battered state.

For Want of a Latch.

An old step-ladder lesson, setting forth the sad import of little neglects, is worth a thousand repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

That is said to be taken originally from actual history—of a certain aide-de-camp whose horse fell lame on a retreat and delayed him until the enemy overtook and killed him.

Another actual case, embodying the same lesson against the lazy and shiftless habit of "letting things go," is related by the French political economist, M. Say.

Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two, and a few minutes' time, would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

One day, a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook and milkmaid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, he got a sprain that laid him up for a fortnight.

The cook, on returning to the farm-house, found the linen burned she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milkmaid, having forgotten, in her haste, to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, found that one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed.

The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth full a hundred francs, and the colt was worth nearly double that money; so that here was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half pence.

A Young Girl's Escape in the South Sea Islands.

The following is the substance of a conversation with an "old trader" between Queensland and some of the Polynesian groups: They might be some forty schooners go out on an average in the course of a year to some part or other of the South Seas. Money is not yet understood by most of the islanders, though they are beginning to take particular notice of it. What they generally get is tobacco, pipes, calico, American axes, knives, etc. Sometimes, too, I fancy the "boys" we get are sold to us by others who have captured them, and are glad to get something for them. In a few instances we pick up people who are running away from enemies. This is not common, but I remember one case. Two boats were lying off an island in the usual way, the first close by the beach with the "cove" boat a little way behind it, when a beautiful young woman plunged off a point of rock into the surf, and, after diving under the heavy breakers, reached the smooth water and soon had hold of the gunwale of the first boat and sprang on board. In make and shape she was one of the finest specimens of the human race I have ever seen; her features small and exceedingly regular, her eyes almost black, with long lashes, and she had beautiful hands and feet. Her hair was all shaved, with the exception of one tuft of long hair quite on the crown of the head, which was rolled up tight in a small tuft. She was in a perfect state of nudity, and as she sat there unabashed, with her hands raised to her head arranging her tuft, she was the most graceful creature I ever saw.

While sitting in the stern sheets of the boat, which was fast distancing the shore, she was casting anxious looks back to the spot from which she had leaped, and of a sudden her beautiful eyes brightened up, and there was a smile that had some sort of devilment in it playing over her face, caused by having caught sight of her pursuers, three in number, with bow and arrow in hand. The foremost of them went down on his right knee, and the girl motioned the men to look out, and before he could take his aim the boat's sail was run half way up the mast, and was a protection for all in the boat. The sail had not been more than a few minutes up before several arrows pierced it, and stuck there. This was a signal for the boat's crew to seize their Snider rifles, and the first shot caused one man to roll over, and the others instantly took to the bush, and no more was seen of them. We landed our fugitive safely on the ship's deck, and she was supplied with clothing, and soon apparently at home with other female recruits on board.

Might Spoil the Joke.

Making a call on a friend this week, writes the Man about Town of the New York *Star*, I noticed a white crape streamer on the bell handle, but did not pay much attention to it, as Tom——, who, by the way, is a journalist, lives in a French flat house. Ascending to his flat I found him in his "den," hard at work on a humorous article for a comic paper.

"Hello, old man," I greeted him, "hammering out more side splitters?"

"I'm trying to; but its no go. Every joke I write is like a dagger going through me a hundred times. I——" and he bowed his head on his desk and fairly cried.

"Why, Tom, old man; what's the matter?" I asked, for, although like most humorous writers, he is generally as dry as a boarding-house watermelon, he is no longer a driveler. He rose, and then I noticed that the lines of his face seemed deeper, and the hand which pens many of the jokes in the New York papers shook as though palsied; his form seemed suddenly bent, and altogether he was ten years older than fourteen day before.

"Come into the other room," he said, leading the way. "That," said he, sobbing and pointing to a casket standing on a little marble-top table in the shaded parlor; "that's why I can't write jokes." "That" was a darling little blue eyed, golden-haired girl, two years old, smiling naturally from the tiny coffin.

"I have had to have two doctors in the house for the last two weeks. She died yesterday and she'll be buried to-morrow; and," he added, putting his trembling hand to his forehead wearily, "if I don't finish two humorous articles I'm on, I shan't be able to pay the undertaker."

When the hurrying and scurrying New Yorkers laugh over that bright humor of his, as it appears in type, they will not know the circumstances under which they were written, or the knowledge might spoil the joke.

The Doctrine of Books

There has been a good deal said of late regarding books—those we should read and those we should cast aside. The question is a very expansive one, the question of books and the books themselves being really so vast, inexhaustible and complicated that it is impossible to work by laws in regard to selection. We all want to skim off the cream of literature, deriving therefrom all the nutriment obtainable. Life is so short, and time and opportunity for accomplishing so much so little that we must needs learn all we can while we may, always bearing in mind the fact that we must learn ever, learn always. Never unlearn or let our faculties stagnate. The following extract from a very old and valuable book will be found to the point, especially with those who are yet discovering ways and means of acquiring a "foundation."

"It is of vast importance for the improvement of knowledge that a young person should have the most proper books for reading recommended by a judicious friend. In books of importance I advise that the preface should be read and a survey taken of the table of contents, if there be one, before the first survey of the book. By this means you will not only be better fitted to give the book the first reading but will be much assisted in the second perusal of it, which should be done with still greater attention and deliberation. Unless a reader has an uncommon and most retentive memory, I may venture to affirm there is scarcely any book or chapter worth reading once that is not worthy of a second perusal. Remember that your business in reading or in conversation, especially in subjects of natural, moral or divine science, is to consider whether the opinions of the author or speaker are just, and to increase your own knowledge on that subject by meditation on the bases of their writing or discourse. Let this, therefore, be your practice. If a writer does not explain his ideas well, mark the faults and endeavor to do it better, either in the margin of your book or rather in some papers of your own. For instance, where the author is obscure, enlighten him; where he is too brief, amplify a little, and set his opinions in a fairer view; where he is redundant, mark those paragraphs to be retrenched; where he argues observe whether his reasons are conclusive; where you suppose he is in a mistake, propose your objections and correct his sentiments; what he writes that your understanding approves both as just and useful, treasure up in your memory and count it as part of your intellectual gains. These methods of reading will cost some labor at first, but the profit will richly compensate the pains. One book read in this manner will more enrich your understanding than skimming over the mere surface of twenty authors."

It will be seen from the above that this was written at a time who read old, fashioned teaching, and as a result thorough training was en regle. We ought to read to make our education—to glean the beauties of thought, mode of expression and generally style. It follows then that wish-washy trash should be excluded from the list of books. The plot is nothing. 'Tis only the characters, their doing and saying that go to make up the book. The cleverest books are good solid, instructive, learned novels. Their writers generally know best how to live. A definition somewhere given for education is "To be educated is to know how to live and in order to do that we must first know how to think." There is much more to be said on this subject but a sensible person need not be told what to read. Join common sense to intelligence, a desire to be educated, to live, to think and you have all the doctrine of books in a nutshell.

A Proposed African Railway.

The inevitable expedition will have to go by the route which nature indicates and man has followed since the days of Cambyses, —that is to say by the Suakim-Berber lines which is the nearest passage between the Red Sea and the Fifth Cataract. Just as certain it is that a railway connecting these points will prove the indispensable adjunct and instrument of the undertaking. The narrow guage line which we can, and must lay would go up with the troops, water, food and support them, connect them at every hour with the sea and supplies, and continue to exist and to be profitable when the last British soldier had quitted Suakim. Long ago such a line ought to have been constructed. It has been contemplated ever since the early days of Ishmail, and Tewfik would have established it, and Hicks defeated the Mahdi. We ourselves observed when the discussion first arose about dispatching Gordon, that "the best possible governor-general for the Soudan would be the Berber-Suakim railway." Even if Egypt expended the money for its construction, it would prove the wisest outlay she ever made; but, as a part of the cost of the campaign of relief alone, it would save vast sums, and may be considered, indeed, as a sine qua non of the enterprise, and the first and most important business to take in hand, when once the word is uttered that all these people who look to England for succor are not to perish. Of course the railway thus contemplated must be cheap and simple. Experienced contractors affirm that a narrow-guage line can be laid over the easy country in question at the rate of five or six miles a day. The distance is about 280 miles, and allowing for preparation and organization, it could be finished, whatever the weather, in four months. It is estimated to cost £750,000; but then it would be a property and a very good one, sure to develop commerce and intercourse, and "smash the Mahdi" by the means most fatal to him. Fifty miles of the metals are lying ready at Woolwich; the ironmasters of the Midlands could supply 100 more at short notice, and the rest could soon be provided. Payment, slender enough in the eyes of the British Navy, but dazzling to an Arab, would set the tribes of the desert to work night and day upon the job, and every league completed could be protected by armed trucks and engines, which could be held like Mobile fortresses. Water may be got in quantities by means of tube wells wherever the Arabs find it in driblets, or might be run up and stored in tanks; and all the way to within fifty miles of Berber there are springs; while at Koreb, on high ground, there is quite a beautiful oasis, fit for a sanitary station. Moving up by this swiftly built line—which would have no great elevations to climb, and no serious hollows to bridge—the column of rescue would arrive at Berber, probably with little or no fighting, for even the fiercest tribes would know the Mahdi's reign to be over when the railway echoed from Mount Erkoweet.—*London Telegraph.*

AMERICAN FABLES.

Without any Particular Moral.

It having come to the ears of a codfish that the Haddock had Pronounced the waters of the Sea to be Salt, he went over to the other side of Coney Island to argue with him and try and bring him to the Belief that it was a very Salty Pond. After the argument had lasted for an hour it was Agreed to Leave it to the Shark, who Gulped both Disputants down, Smacked his Lips, and Observed:

"Yum! yum! I declare the flavor to be about O. K."

MORAL:

What difference whether the world is round or flat after you have been eaten!

THE WOLVES AND THE OWL.

A Family of Wolves made a Journey of several Miles to visit the Owl and secure his Decision as to which was most to blame for the many Quarrels they had.

"My Friends," replied the Owl, "if you had not come to me in this Manner I should Never have Suspected that you Quarreled at all."

MORAL:

Fight out your Family Differences in your own Homes.

THE MONKEY AND THE LOBSTER.

A monkey who was Perched in a tree near the Seashore, kept up such a Gabble and Chattering that a Lobster Finally called out in Indignant Tones:

"How now, Nuisance! One would think you had been Hired to Talk for the Whole Country!"

"Jealousy with claws on!" sneered the Monkey, and he Chattered louder than ever.

The Lobster thereupon began to Clash Stones together and seek to raise a Greater Rumpus, and Presently the Turtle Appeared and growled out:

"Verily, each of you must be devoid of Common Sense, to say nothing of Wit. I call upon the police to bounce you both!"

MORAL:

He who seeks to talk down a Fool can gain no credit.

THE GOAT AND THE TIGER.

A Goat and a Tiger having been made Prisoners in the same Pitfall, the Goat remarked:

"It would seem wise to Pool our Issues against the Common Enemy. I'll agree not to Eat you if you'll Agree not to Eat me."

The Tiger readily Agreed, and by great good Fortune they managed to Regain their Liberty. They were Scarcely out of the Pit however, when the Tigar seized the Goat and prepared to crush him.

"Hold! Did we not have a Solemn Agreement?"

"Exactly, but what a Tigar Agrees to in a Pitfall does not hold good when he reaches the surface."

MORAL:

There isn't any to speak of, except that the Goat should have Eaten the Tiger down in the Pit and Trusted to Luck to Escape Afterwards.

SOME GREAT NOSES.

Famous Men Who Possessed Immense Noses.

The firmness, daring, and genius of Wellington are stamped on his heroic and soldierly nose. The nose reveals the valour, genius, and nobility of the owner. Napoleon, a skilful reader of the face and character of man, choose his officers by the size and appearance of their noses. "Do not tell me of your proficiency in the art of war," he said, on more than one occasion to a would be officer, "but let me observe the development of your nose." The nose of Napoleon himself was fierce in youth and massive in after years. Had Napoleon's nose been the eighth of an inch shorter the destinies of nations would have been altered.

The gods, demigods, and heroes of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans of the Fore-world were adorned with noble and handsome noses. When the antique sculptors wished to change the model of a symmeterical human face into that of an ideal hero or god, they added a few lines to the length of the nose. True majesty of nose is seen in the Greek Jupiter; and masculine beauty of nose may be studied on the Apollo, or on the Egyptian sculptures and covers of porphyry sarcophagi. The nose of Tasso, Voltaire, Cicero, and Locke harmonise only on the faces of men who belong to the aristocracy of talent or genius. You cannot find a fop or a poltroon with such a nose as that of Shakespeare or Petrarch. Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Schiller, Dryden, and Tennyson have noses like those of the fabled gods.

Except among the Chinese and Tartars, large noses are held in honor everywhere in the world. When Napoleon declared his preference for large noses, he had probably heard and recognised the truth of the ancient proverb. "The biggest nose the best nose," and had perhaps noted the fact that the Roman emperors had possessed, along with great decision of character, large nasal protuberances.

The ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large noses to enjoy royal honors. Antiochus VIII. was surnamed "Gropus," because his nose was large and hooked like a vulture's beak. In the medals of Cyrus and Artaxerxes the tips of their noses projected to the rim of the coin.—*Exchange.*

The Balloon that had a Rudder.

A successful experiment in balloon steering has just been accomplished in the neighborhood of Paris. The balloon was shaped like a long cigar, and furnished with a screw and rudder. The ascent was made from the balloon works at Mendon. At first the balloon was permitted to rise to a height a little above the plateau of Chatillon. The screw was then set in motion by means of machinery, and the balloon after slightly tacking for a moment, gradually quickened its speed, and moved eastward at the rate of some ten miles an hour. When it was over Mendon Forest the rudder was handled and the balloon sailed steadily toward Petit Bicetre. Then it was turned completely, after a voyage of twenty-five minutes descended at the exact point from which it had risen. The experiment was conducted by M. Charles Renard, Captain of Engineers. The balloon was watched by large crowds on the banks of the river.

PIE PHILOSOPHY.

A Fresh Subject Presented Every Day—The Origin of Mankind's Affection.

In this subject of existence it is not good enough simply to live, to pull through life as a tired horse pulls a load up-hill. Life is the best thing we've got, and it behooves us to make the best of it in the few years that are allotted to us. How are we to go about doing this? "Eat pie" is the quiet admonition that comes back to us like an echo from some far beyond, and in those two words we may find all that is needed to produce inhumanity those tender qualities so much in demand, because so scarce. They say, *They*, that pie means indigestion. Who are "They?" A dyspeptic does not enjoy life to any great extent, and when is the grumbler who likes pie? Mirthful is the adjective that should qualify our existence, for in the jelly compound of fat men and laughter do we find the sunniest side of what many choose to call a hard and cruel world.

A MIRTHFUL MAN LOVES PIE,

a lover of pie loves mirth, and the mirthful man goes through life to get all the good out of it he can. *Life* is not a serious thing that we should hang our heads and mope. We are not to blame for existing. We did not put ourselves here, and we need not bother our brains about getting away. That will be all attended to at the proper time. All that is expected of us is that we thank the Lord for giving us the chance to glorify him in her happiness. But what has this to do with pie? Pie is the substratum of our average sweetness of disposition, and if you were as great a philanthropist as you should be, if you really had the good of the nation at heart, it would be your self-instituted task to establish pie factories in every city in the land, and you would sell pies by retail at wholesale prices to man, woman and babies; in fact you would give them away—that is if people couldn't buy them; anyway, they should all eat pie. Who knows of a city that loves pie better than New York, unless it is Boston? There we are told they have pie for breakfast, pie for dinner, pie for supper, and

ATE UP NIGHTS TO EAT PIE.

Both are good cities, in their way. There are some-chronic pessimists in each, but investigation proves that they do not eat pie. No pie eater can be truly wicked in disposition. Show us a city that eats pies and we will show you a city with a happy population.

Away down on the eastern end of Long Island forty years ago, a boy was dropping potatoes for his uncle. He got tired of dropping potatoes, and one morning he found himself at Catharine Street Ferry with one cent in his pocket. The ferry master took the one cent and trusted the boy for the rest of his fare across the East River. He found a job with a baker for his board and clothes before night, and that boy has been baking ever since. He is today the president of a New York Pie Baking Company and claims the distinction of having baked and

SOLD MORE PIES,

than any man in America. He has educated the people up to their present fondness for pies, and therein he has built for himself a monument. He sold pies to Mr. and Mrs. Nibbs, when the "Garden" was a vacant lot surrounded by a high board fence, and the simple couple stood day after day in their caps and white aprons and resold them at a big profit.

When P. T. Barnum was his own ticket seller and doorkeeper at his museum, then situated where the *Herald* building now stands, his dinner every day was one of Thompson's pies and a piece of cheese. This Company sell now 20,000 pies ever day, and its business is rapidly increasing with the appetite of the community. It uses 300 barrels of flour a week, and every day works into pie 25 bushels of apples, other fruits in proportion. 6,000 pounds of sugar, 840 dozen eggs, 2,640 pounds of lard, 1,400 quarts of milk, and 100 bushels of berries. The loss in pie plates alone is $5,000 a year. The business is established on a straight cash basis, and under no circumstances are its principles departed from.

In the face of such facts as these, who dares to say that it is not good to eat pie? When a man reaches that point where he turns up his nose at sweet things, he is pretty far gone.—*New York Confectioner.*

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

A System that Preaches Self-respect to Rank and File Alike.

The proudest soldiers in Europe are in Germany. Whipping the French has made them vain and self-sufficient. Like their master, Bismarck, they really have a pity and contempt for France. "Every man in Germany must serve from one to three years in the army," said the Mayor of Dresden in a conversation I had with him.

"Don't you think it hurts Germany to keep 800,000 young men in the army in time of peace?" I asked.

"No. You do not understand the German army. It is a school. The stupidest dunce once in the army is transformed into a man.

"Has a Prussian officer a right to make a servant of a private, as he has in America?"

"Never, sir. Making a menial of a soldier will ruin any army. A Prussian officer who would compel a soldier to do the work of a servant would be cashiered. Why, some of our rich German private soldiers keep servants of their own. A soldier do servant's work! Your question astonishes me."

"But the officer of a cavalry regiment, if he were riding on the Unter den Linden, would have a private behind him, would he not?" I asked.

"No, sir. If he had a servant he would be dressed like a groom. No soldier would hold an officer's horse. Why, many of our rich privates keep aground themselves."

I thought of the many times I had seen our American officers using soldiers for servants, and how different it is here, where a private will not even tie or hold an officer's horse; in fact, where he will do no menial work. I noticed this morning, when officers were riding in the park, that they took their own servants, dressed like grooms, but no soldier uniform was thus degraded. It is this one thing that makes the Prussian army the best in the world. It was this one thing Gen. Sheridan thought that made the victory at Sedan. Gen. Sheridan, stop the use of our soldiers as servants, and our army will be a different army.

A Leap to Save a Life.

Johnny Mackintover is a chubby little fellow of 7 years, who lives with his parents at No. 144 Hester street, New York. Adjoining the house is a six story factory on the south-east corner of Hester and Elizabeth streets. The factory has a flat roof, which on Sundays is a resort for the people of the neighboring houses, being easily accessible by ladder from their own roofs.

Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, Johnny Mackintover was flying a kite on the roof of the factory. Beginning at one end of the long building he ran with his kite the entire length. Most of the way he ran backward, pulling the kite after him. So absorbed was he that he ran too far, and striking his heels on the low guard that bounds the roof he fell over the edge on the Elizabeth street side, turning over and over in the air as he fell.

Luckily for Johnny the telegraph wires at this point are very high above the street, and the boy after falling about ten feet, by a good fortune that was hardly less than a miracle, caught one of the lower wires in his heads and hung there, about fifty feet above the ground. There was no other wire within his reach.

A few persons had seen the little fellow fall, and in a moment a crowd had gathered. Unable to render the slightest help the people stood paralyzed with horror, gazing up at the boy dangling between Heaven and earth. Not a cry escaped the lad's lips.

"Hold on tight and I'll save you!" cried Frank Neumann, a youth of 18 years, who lives in the same house with Johnny. He had been lying on the top of the house, and, attracted by the noise, he ran to the edge of the roof. Young Neumann took in the situation at a glance, noting that Johnny hung nearly opposite the fire escape. But the fire escape extended only to the fifth story, and not to the roof. Without losing a moment, Neumann clambered over the edge of the roof, and, supporting himself by his fingers on the narrow line of brick outside the guard, hung directly over the fire escape.

"Oh, Frank," cried the lad, "do hurry up if you're going to do anything. I can't stand this any more. I'm going to drop."

"Hold on tight a minute longer and I'll be there!" shouted Neumann.

Swinging his body backward and forward like a pendulum he cleared the wall and let go his hold. Like an arrow he shot down through the trap in the fire-escape at the fifth floor, and caught with his hands the iron rounds of the ladder between the fourth and fifth stories.

A loud cheer went up from the crowd in the street. It was a fearful leap, but a successful one.

"You'll have to move lively, Frank," said the boy. "I must let go."

"Just one moment yet," said the young man. He got a precarious hold on the ladder with his feet and one arm, and leaned far out so that he could just grasp the boy's wrist. Then he drew him in amid the cheers of the crowd. Taking the boy in his arms they descended the ladder until they reached the third floor, when his strength failed him and he let go his hold, dropping with the boy to the ground. Neither was hurt. Then the crowd shouted itself hoarse.

The little fellow's face was white. "Frank I wouldn't try that again, if I was you," was all he said. Then he ran away and hid himself in a cellar, where he remained two hours, fearing the paternal wrath.

A Domestic Scene.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Prittie, "you oft the ink-stand on the table and I have turned it over and ruined the carpet."

"Well," replied the husband, "why didn't you leave the ink-stand on the table and not turn it over?"

"None of your foul puns, William. I'll crack your head with this duster. I'd just as leave do it as not. Here I have to scrub, scrub, scrub all the time and we never have anything fit to look at."

"When you have completed your tirade I'd like to say—"

"Tirade!" she snapped. "It's enough to make any body swear. I do think that you are the most careless and good-for-nothing man I ever saw."

"I'd like to say, in case a convenient season should roll around, that I have been unjustly assailed."

"Unjustly assailed!" she howled. "I ought to drive you off the place. Just look at that carpet. Ruined all on account of your foolishness."

"If you are ready, madame, I will make a casual observation. This morning, you asked for my ink. I told you that it was on my desk. You put it on the table and wrote the note which you have just sent down town. So you see, I had nothing to do with the performance."

"Well, I don't care," exclaimed the poor woman, bursting into tears, "it was just like you to leave it there. You are always leaving things where they don't belong. I have a great mind to declare that I won't live with you another day."

"What have I done?"

"What is it you haven't done?"

Unable longer to bear her burden of grief, she went into the adjoining room and sobbed. An hour later while her husband sat reading his paper, soft arms stole around his neck, tender lips pressed his forehead, and a sweet voice said:

"Am I so very bad?"—*Arkansas Traveller.*

THE WORLD'S FOOD SUPPLY.

A Year of Superabundance.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington reports the condition of cotton on the first of September lower than on August the first, by reason of the drought. The general average is 82½, against 87 in August. The product of winter wheat is above the average, and generally of good quality. The rate of yield is not far from an average of 13 bushels to the acre. The results of the harvest of spring wheat are not yet complete. It is probable from the reported condition of the crop already harvested and threshed that the aggregate will vary little from a hundred million bushels. The general average condition when harvested is 98, against 83 last year. The corn crop is in better condition than in any September since 1880; the general average is 94. It promises to produce an average yield of 26 bushels for the entire breadth, or not less than eighteen hundred million bushels. It will make the largest aggregate of quantity ever reported in the history of the crop. In case the average yield per acre is about the same as corn, and makes an aggregate exceeding five hundred million bushels. Its condition when harvested was 86, which is lower than for two previous years, Barley averages 97; it will average about 22 bushels per acre. The general average for rye is 96; for buckwheat 94; which indicates a medium crop of about 12 bushels per acre. The condition of potatoes averages 91; it will be an abundant crop but not so large as last year. The condition of tobacco is higher than in September of any year since 1877; it averages 94.

THE CROPS IN EUROPE.

The London agent of the department cables to-day as the result of a statistical investigation that the year will be one of superabundance, that European wheat, although above the average in product will be less than the aggregate of 1882. European importing countries need two hundred and sixty million bushels above the production. European countries exporting can supply eight million bushels, leaving one hundred and eighty million bushels to be obtained from other continents. Stocks are not excessive. There is an increased consumption of wheat, and it is the general opinion that the lowest prices have been reached. Potatoes and rye are less abundant than last year. The average yield of northern and central Italy is abundant, but it is short in the south, including Sicily and Sardinia. Corn is looking unusually well, and promises an abundant yield. The same is true of rice. As for fruit, the excessively hot, dry weather in Italy is said to have damaged it.

A FEW SMILES.

A shallow-brained fop remarked, with the air of an instructor, "People should never laugh at their own jokes. I never think of laughing at mine." "Does anyone else?" slyly asked a young lady.

Because a Chicago girl leaves her shoes outside of the door of her room in a hotel to be polished, it does not excuse the porter for knocking, and asking if she wants "those valises taken down to the office to be checked."

"I hear that you are to marry a wealthy American girl," said one British nobleman to another. "Ya'as," replied his lordship. "Are there any encumbrances on the property?" "Ya'as, the lady."

A wealthy bank officer being applied to for aid by a needy Irishman, answered petulantly, "No, no; I can't help you. I have 50 such applicants as you every day." "Sare and ye might have a hundred without costing you much," was the response.

A full bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner-table his three year old grandaughter noticed it, gazed along with wondering eyes, and finally she ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

"Inquirer." No, an intelligence office is not a place to look for intelligence. The name is entirely irrelevant. But if you want a green house-girl, whom you will have to teach all she will ever know, that is the place where they have them on draught. Titles do not signify anything in America.

"And what's the big fellow with the red face doing now?" asked an unsophisticated country visitor at the opera. "Great goodness, man, shut up," whispered the other; "that's Pickleomphy, the celebrated tenor, and he's trilling." "Oh, I thought he was gargling his throat. It sounds like it."

A young negro bootblack observed a neighbour poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed thus: "S'altus, what are you looking at that paper for? You can't read." "Go away," retorted the other indignantly; "guess I can read; I a big enuff for that." "B'g 'nuff!" retorted the other scornfully; "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big enuff to catch mice; but she can't."

Overrated Rome.

Rome, proud mistress of the world, who sat in grandeur on her seven hills, was undoubtedly a much overrated institution; only great in comparison with the littleness with which she was surrounded, only strong because she had the opportunity to measure her strength with weakness; and only civilized in contrast with barbarism. Her hills, the famous seven, the Aventine, Capitoline, Caelian, Esquiline, Palatine, Quirinal and Viminal, are only about 150 feet in height, and not at all comparable to our seven hills of San Francisco.—Telegraph, Otlay street, Russian, Pacific heights, Rincona, Strawberry and Leone mountain. The famous Appian way is a narrow and unserviceable road of unshapely bowlders. The wall which Romulus built, Remus jumped over, and there has never been a wall around Rome since which would for a moment resist a modern siege. The Tiber is a muddy rivulet; the campagna an unhealthy morass; the Castle St. Angels is an exaggerated cheese-box; St. Peter's, her famous basilica, is but the monument of a fading superstition which succeeded the pantheon and coliseum rules of a defunct paganism. A cardinal, with his purple mantle, is a burlesque pantomime of the Roman senator in his toga. The "states of the church," under the civil dominion of the Pope, was in extent of country a cabbage garden, in point of government a sort of cross between an Irish wake and a Methodist camp meeting. The city of Rome under the government of Italy, and as Italy's capital, is undergoing transformation is being improved and modernized, is well governed and is prospering. The malignant shadow of the ogre crawls slowly in as the sun of the new day rises above the horizon. Odd superstitions disappear, giving to new Italy a new and better Rome, with liberty and religious freedom.

The Funny Furnishing of a Gothenburg Bedroom.

The hotel we choose in Gothenburg was the Gota-Kollare. I had to study Swedish customs at once, for my bed had no pillows, and an enormous lump, like a camel's, in the centre. I remonstrated gently but firmly with the maid, and told her that to sleep on such a hemispheere would bring on curvature of the spine. She uncovered the lump and showed me the pillows architecturally disposed in the centre. That night I found all these pillows and more at the head of the bed, the chambermaid having evidently taken the notion that I desired to sleep standing, or very nearly so. My room was not obscurful. It had a tall reservoir of a water picture near my head, which looked like a tombstone, and a vast tile stove some ten feet high which resembled a monument. So I naturally dreamed of sleeping in a Swedish cemetery and read, "Sacred to the memory of," etc., on the tile stove.

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Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. Polson & Co., Kingston, propr's.

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Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said one, who, after I am got such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Biliousness and Sick Headache as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and of and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large 50 cents.

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The most convenient meal for farmers in their busy harvest. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers throughout the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 343 Montreal.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Traction Farm Engine, 1 Side Crank Do., 1 C. O. Morrison do. 1 9 h. p. Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 10 h. p. Horizontal by Worthington, 1 do. by Waterous with set of valve, and 10 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 1 24-inch Flanged Iron Planer. 1 20-inch Iron Planer. 1 Iron Frame Tenoning machine. 2 Shingle Machines. 1 Bandy Planer or jointer. 2 band saws. 1 9 Saw Table Rip Saw. 1 Bench Saw. 1 Crowley's Bench Steel. 1 Beck-Binder's Screw Press. 1 6-inch Pruden Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 42-inch inserted Tooth Saw, &c., &c. For part list, No. 9, containing full description of machines, in stock. Address

H. WAPETHIE, Brantford, Ont.

MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASS'N of Incorporated, Head Office, London, Ont. Issues Certificates from $125 to $2,000, payable on marriage, as following rates: For $500, or half certificates, $5; quarterly dues in advance, $1.25. For $1,000, or whole certificates, $10; quarterly dues in advance, $2.50. For $2,000 Certificates, $20; quarterly dues in advance, $5.00. For the only such Association. All claims on marriages paid in 30 days. Fifteen years quarterly contributions are promptly paid on maturity of the end of year. Reserve account will amount to $12,000, providing for a large number of claims. Policy holders in this Association in a specially favorable position as compared with any similar institution. A good savings investment. Agents Required. For Terms, &c. Apply to W. J. TMLAGH, Secretary, London, Ont.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday, and from Portland every Tuesday, calling at Rimouski Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from Portland:

LIVERPOOL TO LIVERPOOL.
Brooklyn, Sept. 25 | Montreal, Sept. 12
Toronto, Aug. 29 | Vancouver Sept. 19
West, Sept. 5

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60, $70, $80, $90. Return, $108, $126, $144, $162. Intermediate and berth. Intermediate $30. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers are midship, where the motion is comparatively little, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to

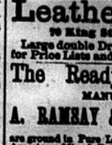
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

F. E DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Sen for Price Lists and Discounts

The Ready Mixed Paints
MANUFACTURED BY
A. RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL,
are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Silicate of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to our local dealers.

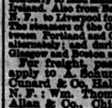
Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Saturday, and Halifax every Wednesday, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Ireland and Scotland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Ireland and Scotland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax to St. John's, N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The Steamers of this line are the largest and most powerful sailing from any port in winter. Portland and Glasgow, and from Quebec and Glasgow alternately; and during Summer from Quebec and Glasgow and Liverpool, and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; J. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.



Burton's All Healing
TAR AND GLYCERINE
SOAP!
The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Man or Beast. Sold by all druggists.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'S
TRANSPARENT
CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE
Is the best in the market.

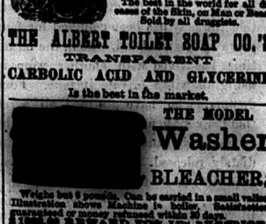


THE MODEL
Washer
BLEACHER.
Weighs but 8 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in action. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.
$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS EQUAL.
Washing made light and easy. Mike clothes have that pure whiteness only made of washing as now produced. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an old woman.

To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2 50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. Call and see it working, or send for circular about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. U. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and in very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in Province of Ontario and Quebec Charges paid $2.00 Send for circular.

AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

GURNEYS & WARE,



STANDARD SCALES.
THE BEST,
THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST RELIABLE.
Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give satisfaction for all time.
THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
RAILROAD, WAREHOUSE AND MILL TRUCKS.
Mills' Alarm Money Drawers.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.
GURNEYS & WARE,

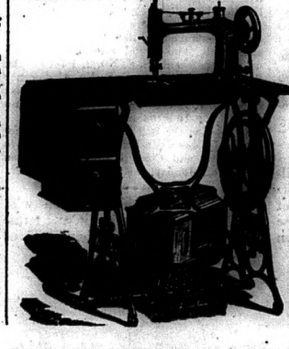
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
—:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:—
Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,
New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.

TRADE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY MARK

Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

THE NEW WILLIAMS



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run.
Silent and Rapid in movement!
Plain and Simple to learn!
It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.
THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.
1763 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and King St., West, Toronto.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, SEPTEMBER 25, 1884.

——THE immigration returns for August show that 14,836 immigrants landed in Canada during the month. Of these 5,895 were passengers for the United States, leaving 8,941 who settled in the Dominion. Since the 1st of January 112,510 entered Canada as immigrants, 48,275 of whom intended settling in the United States, leaving 64,235 who settled in the Dominion. These figures are below those for the corresponding period of 1883, when up to the end of August 134,837 persons had landed in Canada. Of these 80,011 settled in this country and 54,826 went to the States.

——A MOST remarkable case is occupying the attention of the Superior Court of Montreal. It is the petition of Mrs. Peter Lyman, wife of the guardian of the Royal Canadian Assurance Company, to be released from the insane asylum. From the evidence it appears that the lady has been confined for four years by her husband, who in the meantime has lived with another woman, using his wife's private income. Four doctors, who have testified, all agree that her confinement is disgrace, that she is perfectly sane and should be immediately released. The poor woman was kept during all this time among pauper inmates, and was never once visited by her husband.

——A SERIES of changes are said to be contemplated in the Dominion Cabinet. It is understood that Sir David Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, will resign his portfolio to accept the Lieutenant Governorship of Ontario, and that he will be succeeded either by Thomas White, of the Montreal Gazette, or Col. Kirkpatrick, son-in-law of Sir David, and at present Speaker of the Commons. Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice, will probably go to the Supreme Court, and his portfolio will be offered to Dalton McCarthy, Q. C., one of the brightest legal lights in Canada. Hon. John O'Connor, a late minister; has been elevated to a judgeship. These changes will greatly strengthen the Government. Sir Charles Tupper's successor as Minister of Railways has not been decided on.

WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

LIKELY TO BE REDUCED TO A FLYING COLUMN.

CAIRO, Sept. 22.—A dispatch from the French consul at Khartoum confirms previous reports that the siege of the city has been raised. A dispatch states that the country in the neighborhood of Khartoum is freed from rebels, and the obtaining of food supplies is comparatively easy. The French consul was on the point of starting for Dongola with Colonels Stewart and Power.

The reports that the siege of Khartoum has collapsed are officially confirmed. Preparations for the dispatch of the camel corps to the Soudan continue with unabated vigor. Reinforcements of 500 men will be sent from England as proposed.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Wolseley has telegraphed to the War Office to stop forwarding troops to Egypt for the present. The Marquis of Hartingdon will hold a conference with the chief military officers to-day. It is believed the expedition for the relief of Khartoum will be reduced to a flying column owing to the favorable news received from Gordon.

Orders were received at Woolwich to-day from the Admiralty suspending work on the transports for Egypt, but afterwards the orders were rescinded and directions given to complete the shipment of stores without delay.

Canadians Desert from the Ocean King.

OTTAWA, Sept. 22.—A private telegram received in the city states that two of the Canadian contingent deserted from the Ocean King at Sidney, Cape Breton, while the steamer was taking coal on board. Two men were quickly secured to take their places. The deserters will be prosecuted and are now being sent to the city from Sidney.

The crops are almost a complete failure in the interior of India, owing to the draught. The distress is great, some of the women killing themselves because they are unable to give their children food.

KILLED BY A THRESHING MACHINE

LONDON, Sept. 18.—A terrible accident occurred this morning in the township of Dorchester, about a mile and a half east of the Dorchester station, to a farmer named Saunders. It appears he was attending to a threshing machine, and after putting on the belt instead of stepping around the cylinder to get on the feed board, he unfortunately stepped into the cylinder and was mangled to death before the machine could be stopped, being literally torn to atoms. He leaves a wife and a family of small children.

Death of John Riordan.

Toronto World.

A gentleman of high standing in several industrial and monetary concerns in Canada has gone to his long rest in the person of John Riordan. Mr. Riordan went to Europe with shattered health over two years ago, and after travelling on the continent some time took up his residence with his family (wife and son) at Norwood, a suburb of London, where for a while his condition improved under the attendance of a skilful physician. Latterly, however, a change for the worse set in, and a cable message was received by Mr. Bunting announcing his death on Sunday. Mr. Riordan was a self-made man. He came to this country from Ireland with his parents in 1850, being then a young man. After a few years residence at different places, he settled at St. Catharines as a paper manufacturer. He rapidly accumulated wealth and has long been known as a millionaire. He acquired an extensive interest in the Mail newspaper in 1878, and the handsome building that adorns the northwest corner of King and Bay streets stands as a monument to his enterprise. Mr. Riordan never entered public life, but was well know in the business circles of Canada.

Elzevir and Grimsthorpe Council.

Council met pursuant adjournment. Present: Messrs McIlroy, Breeze, James, and Jeffs. On motion Mr. McIlroy took the chair in the absence of the Reeve. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

The following petitions were presented and received:

By Mr. James from W. P. Black, et. al, to establish a road into the Bleeker property, and from W. P. Black, et. al, to change the road at Reavies Hill.

By Mr. Jeffs Thomas Hailstone, et. al, for repair of Culvert across Lots 14 and 15 in the 3rd concession.

An application was received from Samuel Graterex for a grant of $15 on road between 7th and 8th concessions leading from boundary across lots 1 and 2.

On motion David Badgley was notified to put back fence off the old established road given on both sides of boundary line, between Elzevir and Hungerford on east ½ lot 17 in 14th concession of Hungerford, otherwise proceedings would be taken against him at the Quarter Sessions.

On motion the following grants were made, $15 to be laid out on road allowance between lots 15 and 16 in 8th concession, under the direction of Mr. M James; $10 on the petition of Samuel Graterex; $5 to Judith McNamara for support; $10 to Mrs. Lewis for whitewashing and cleaning Town Hall.

On motion Mr. H. James was empowered to ascertain the cost of right of way round Reavies Hill in accordance with petition of W. P. Black, et. al, and the Road Surveyor was instructed to examine and make report as to laying out a road to the Bleeker property, and Mr. Jeffs was appointed to look after fixing culvert across lots 14 and 15, in 3rd concession, in accordance with Thos. Hailstone's petition.

The Treasurer presented his half-yearly report which was examined and on motion received.

After adjournment for dinner the Road Surveyor presented his report on the Whittle bridge with plans and specifications shewing estimated cost of skeleton, which was on motion received, and the Clerk was instructed to advertise in Weekly Intellingencer and North Hastings Review for tenders for building the above bridge across Black Creek, on side road between lots 5 and 6, in the 2nd concession of Elzevir.

The Collector returned his roll for 1883, which on motion was returned to him to continue his collecting until Council meets on October 20th.

On motion the following taxes were remitted: Alex. Lapam, sr., Mrs. Flemming, and Mrs. Wm. Smith.

The Clerk read a notice he had received from the County Clerk stating that the sum of $1205.16, (including $166.00 for public schools), had been levied by the County on this Municipality, and he had received the following applications from the school sections for money to be collected for their use, viz:—No. 1 $500; No. 2 $230; No. 3 $400; No. 4 $280; No. 5 $130; No. 6 $250; No. 7 $200.

A by-law in accordance with the above was read three times, passed, and numbered 102, levying the following rates, viz:—For County and Township purposes 2 7-10 cents on the dollar; general School Rate 1½ mills; S. S. No. 1, 2½ cents, and special rate to pay $156 indebtedness ½ cent; S. S. No. 2, 1 7-10 cents; S. S No. 3, 1½ cents; S. S. No. 4, 1 cent; S. S. No. 5, 2 cents; S. S. No. 6, 1½ cents; S. S. No. 7, 1½ cents, and to meet debentures of $300, 2 9-10 mills on the dollar.

On motion the $35 granted last year for repair of sidewalk in Bridgewater was paid to Mr. Preeze, and Council adjourned till ten o'clock on Monday, the 20th day of October.

The English sailors employed with the Chinese fleet have left it, and refuse to fight against France, although offered double pay to do so.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—Our usually quiet village, and surroundings, has of late been greatly disgraced by the rowdy actions of several parties whose disgraceful conduct can only find its counterpart in the lowest slums of a large city. For some time past night has been made hideous by the drunken orgies of those parties. Cannot our guardians of the peace take some steps to either put an end to such proceedings or to send the guilty persons for a few years to Kingston. What makes the case still worse is the fact that some of those rowdies have young wives, who must keenly feel the disgrace brought on them by their drunken husbands. On Saturday last three relations from the Irish settlement visited us and before leaving got gloriously drunk, On the way home they quarrelled and would probably have eaten each other had they not been separated. What is getting into these miserable creatures? Let all honest men shun such parties, and treat them as they richly deserve, namely, with supreme contempt and disgust. Hoping all concerned will take a hint from the above. I am, etc.,

A DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

Citizens of Benton, Montana, are in a fever of excitement over the reported discovery of rich gold deposits in Little Rock mountains, and a stampede of the population to the scene of the new El Dorado has taken place.

Holloway's Pills.—Weak Stomach.—The wisest cannot enumerate one quarter of the distressing symptoms arising from imperfect or disordered digestion, all of which can be relieved by these admirable Pills. They remove cankery taste from the mouth, flatulency and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every organ, thereby bringing digestion to that healthy tone which fully enables it to convert all we eat and drink to the nourishment of our bodies. Hense these Pills are the surest strengtheners and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and cronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for inpaired appetite eructation, and a multitude of others disagreeable symptoms which render the lives of thousand miserable indeed. These Pills are approved by all classes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

To the Electors of the Village of Madoc:

GENTLEMEN.—The undersigned intends offering his services as Reeve for the village of Madoc, for 1884.

STEPHEN REED.

Madoc, Sept. 24, 1885.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE east half of lot No. 6, 9th Concession, township of Madoc, containing one hundred acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn and log house, and the property is well watered, a never-failing spring on the place. It is situated within three miles of the village of Madoc, and half a mile from a school. Title perfect. Apply to

JAS. McMECHAN.
Ross's Corners, Belleville P. O.
or to THOS. McMECHAN,
Springbrook, Rawdon.

September 22nd, 1884. (386-4w)

MUNICIPALITY OF
ELZEVIR & GRIMSTHORPE.

Tender for Bridge Building.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, marked "Tenders for Bridge Building," will be received until Thursday, the 16th day of October, next, for building a Truss Bridge across Black Creek, on side road between Lot 5 and 6 in the 2nd Concession of the township of Elzevir, to be commenced as soon as practicable in the summer of 1885, and finished not later than the first day of September in the same year. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Township Clerk, Bridgewater. The party whose tender is accepted will be required to furnish two approved sureties (to be named in the tender), for the satisfactory completion of the work in the time specified.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of the Municipality
of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe.

Bridgewater, September 18th, 1884.

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the United Townships of
DUNGANNON AND FARADAY,
County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, in Faraday, on the 20th day of Sept. 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

A. C. PARKER,
Clerk of said Municipality.

Dated this 20th day of September 1884.

Hardware

WE HAVE

REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Selling Out!

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

MRS. J. WRIGHT,

Having sold out her business to Mr. J. B. Church, and being obliged to give up possession of her premises on the 1st of November next, now offers the balance of her stock to the public

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Call and see the Bargains offered.

JANE WRIGHT.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

D. C. CLARKE,

MADOC BAKERY

THOS. REYNOLDS,

Having purchased the business lately carried on by W. Hudgins in the Victoria Block, Madoc, and having secured a first-class Baker from Belleville, is now prepared to supply the public with the best Bread, Cakes and Confectionery in the place.

Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

LUNCHES, ICE CREAM AND COOL SUMMER DRINKS.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

Latest Local News.

R. C. Bazaar.

Among other valuable articles to be contested for at the con... R. C. Bazaar, is a handsome parlor set of furniture, valued at $130, now at Maybee's. It will be between four young ladies, to be selected.

Early in the Field.

In another column Mr. Stephen Reed, of this village, gives notice that he will be a candidate for the Reeveship at the ensuing election. Mr. R. evidently believes in taking time by the forelock. He will issue an address before nomination day.

Enterprise.

The proprietor of the Trenton *Advocate* announces that that paper will be issued bi-weekly instead of weekly. It is some risk to run, in a town the size of Trenton, but we admire the pluck of our contemporary, and hope the venture will be a success.

Large Potatoes.

Last week Mr. C. Thrasher, of this village, left in our office three potatoes, or rather twelve grouped together in three lots, one of which contained six large potatoes all growing together. The whole lot weighed nearly seven pounds. They were quite a curiosity.

Excursion.

Mr. James McGregor, Reeve, and President of the Wollaston Agricultural Society, informed us yesterday that arrangements were being made to run an excursion on the C. O. Railway to Coe Hill, on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, the date of the fall show at that place. Three hours will be given excursionists to view the sights.

Generous.

Mr. C. H. Chadwick, representing the celebrated New York Soap manufacturer, B. T. Babbitt, was in this village during the past week and left a sample package of soap in every house, free. On all sides we hear it pronounced a first class article, and in future it will be found at several stores in the place. Mr. Chadwick informs us that twenty tons of the soap is being delivered free in Canada, and the owner will in addition spend $50,000 in advertising it.

Dakota Wheat.

We have received from Mr. M. McKinnon, of Valley City, Dakota, late of Queensboro', a sample of Saskatchawan Fife Wheat, which he took the trouble to pick, at random, from a field of that variety, near that place, which we judge to be an excellent sample. Mr. McKinnon informs us that the whole field of about 50 acres averaged a little over 37 bushels per acre. He recommends the farmers in this vicinity, to procure this kind of wheat, as it is acknowledged the best and yields larger to the acre than any other variety in that section. The sample mentioned above can be seen at this office.

Fall Shows.

The following Agricultural Societies Shows are advertised to be held on the dates mentioned :—

North Hastings, at West Huntingdon, on Wednesday, October 1st.

Tudor, etal., at Millbridge, on Thursday, October 2nd.

Monteagle, etal., at Maynooth, Saturday October 4th.

Wollaston, at Coe Hill, Wednesday, Oct. 8.

West Hastings, at Belleville, October 8th and 9th.

Township of Huntingdon, at the Town Hall, on October 7th.

East Hastings, at Roslin, on Oct. 8th.

Hungerford Agricultural show will be held at Tweed on October 15th.

A Psalm of Sorrow.

Now is the season of stove cleaning and repairing; of hunting up dusty stove pipes from the most awkward places in creation; of loud and deep cursing from the unfortunate father of seven small children, as the eldest one upsetteth the pils of rusty, cobwebby, smoke connectors onto the very top of his bald cranium, at the same moment, that the youngest chargeth him violently in the shins with the sharpest section. Now also, verily, is the season when the pious man muttereth brimstoney language from between his clenched teeth as he faileth to connect two joints together for the thousand and seventh time. But at this season the coal man rejoiceth much, and woopeth up the price of the "black diamond" until the householder burneth red with indignation and sayeth words which are not found to be in the prayer book. Verily it is a time of mourning and of cursing one's neighbor, a time of skinned fingers and shins and a season of general disquietude and blackness.

Stamp it Out.

Mr. A. F. Wood, J. P., struck a hard blow at the prevalent rowdyism which has been rampant in this section of late, when, on Monday, a gang of the Rodgers, Greens and Whites tribe came before him as a magistrate. One Rodgers charged Paddy White, John White, Paddy Green, and Mike Green with breaking into his house, in Rawdon, and otherwise acting disorderly. From the evidence it appears that the rowdies were drawn to Rodgers' place by the presence of a disreputable female whom Rodgers was keeping in the house. Mr. Wood, while severely censuring Rodgers, said he was determined to stamp out such proceedings, if possible, and inflicted a fine of $10 and costs on Paddy White, amounting in all to $20.70, and fined John White $2.00 and $5.50 costs, with the alternative of 60 and 30 days in jail, respectively. The money was paid by a friend. The two Greens had skipped out to avoid a summons, but they will be caught yet. Mr. Wood then sent the girl down for 30 days, as a vagrant. The whole crowd are bad, but we hope with a few examples like this our magistrates may be able to make better people of them, or else rid the county of them altogether.

James McGuire, a butcher, of Kingston, is dying from the effects of blood poisoning, resulting from picking what he thought was a wart off his hand.

Local Chit-Chat.

—Plenty of rain.

—Two funerals passed through the village yesterday.

—See J. Dale & Son's new advertisement in this issue.

—Farmers say wheat is the best of the grain crops this season.

—Tudor, Limerick and Cashel fall show, at Millbridge next Thursday.

—A letter from "J. P." has been held over this week on account of its length.

—There will be a temperance lecture in the Town Hall to-morrow (Friday) evening.

—A ball and supper will be held at Lapam's Bridgewater, on the evening of October 1st.

—The Sabbath School of the Church of St. John the Baptist had their annual picnic in Mr. Seymour's grove on Tuesday.

—All parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle before the 15th October, or costs will be added. MRS. WRIGHT.

—Miss Elliott's millinery establishment has been removed to new premises in the Wilson Block. Advertisement next week.

—Messrs. M. Mabyee, E. L. Weiss and George Caverly left on Monday for a three weeks hunting expedition around Bancroft.

—F. E. O'Flyun, B.A., of the law office of Moss, Hoyles & Aylsworth, Toronto, has been in the village during the past few days.

—A new comet has been discovered. It comes to late to be of service to the young people who hang on front gates. The weather is getting too cold.

—Messrs. S. D. Ross, S. Barnum, James Whytock, M. McLean and M. McCoy left yesterday per C. P. R. to visit the Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa.

—Mr. McCullough, dentist, being about to remove from Madoc, we understand Mr. Alex J. Robertson, of Norwood, will assume charge of his practice here.

—A prominent citizen, on hearing of the burglaries last week, hurried down town to purchase a revolver. Future burglars would do well to exercise a little discretion in what houses they select for their operations.

—The Montreal *Witness* says a gold medal has been awarded for the Buckthorn Steel Fencing at the Dominion Exhibition here. This is the only medal that has ever been awarded for fencing, and this unusual honor would appear to bear out the opinion of every farmer who has seen Mr. Lomer's exhibit that it is the best fencing in the market. Messrs. R. R. Casement & Co., are agents in this village.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Bear Killed.

For some time back a bear has been preying on a piece of oats belonging to Mr. A. Runnow, of the Long Settlement, Dungannon, and on the morning of the 17th, Messrs. R. and J. Tait, of L'Amable, went over for the purpose of trying to get a shot at him. On reaching the oats they found that the bear was not there, but discovered him in the centre of a large field. They attempted cautiously to get up closer to him, but the bear was shy, and betraying signs of uneasiness, Mr. R. Tait tried a long range, aiming behind the shoulder; he made an excellent shot, sending the rifle ball through his heart, killing him on the spot. The bear was a large one.

SYLVANUS.

Published by special request.

Lines,

Written in memory of Mary Mitchell, wife of D. C. McDonell, foreman on C.O. Railway, who died August 3rd, 1884, aged 22 years 5 months.

Grim Death had siezed her and brought her down low,
And in spite of all doctors found she must go,
But her husband and neighbors laid her in the tomb, [come,
Released from all sorrows and troubles to
But I hope she's in heaven, and her soul is at rest, [blessed.
If you prove faithful with her you will be

Duncan, dearest Duncan, mourn not for me,
For the Scripture reveals it, you plainly may see,
The Bible will tell you when in it you read,
That all earthly mortals must not mourn for the dead.
Mourn not for the dead for they are at rest,
And if you prove faithful with her you'll be blessed.

She died away from parents, she died away from home, [to mourn,
She died among all strangers which causes me
But when I read my Bible I see the Lord knows best, [at rest.
And along with our Redeemer I hope may be

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit for they rest from their labors. For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return. M. M., Bass Lake.

A Youthful Train Wrecker.

About half-past five o'clock on Saturday evening an obstruction was discovered on the G. T. R., between Shannonville and Tyendinaga, by the engineer of a passenger train that was approaching the spot, it having been placed there by some dastardly miscreants who evidently meant murder and pillage The obstruction, which were a stone weighing about one hundred pounds supporting and blocking two large beams, occupied such a position that had the engineer not noticed it in less than a minute a frightful calamity would have ensued.

BELLEVILLE, Sept. 22.—Alex. Brant, aged 16, acknowledged in to-day's police court that he had placed a piece of wood and a 50 lb. stone on the Grand Trunk track, with a view of "seeing them fly;" that some time since he had laid boards from a fence across the rails; and that he had once smashed a car window with a stone. He was sentenced to two years in the Reformatory.

The Busy Burglar.

Visits a Store in this Village, but is easily Satisfied.

Madoc is happily not troubled much with burglars, but a little piece of this kind of work was perpetrated on Friday night last, which for daring and cheekyness entitles the rascal to be placed in the first rank. When Cross & Mouncey's store was opened on Saturday morning it was found that some midnight marauder had been there, entrance having been gained by breaking out a light of glass in one of the front doors. A careful examination of the stock showed that probably not more than a suit of ready-made clothes had been taken, but from the way this department of the stock was thrown around the floor, it was evident the fellow took the best he could find. About 4 o'clock some of our citizens saw a light in the store, but as it was raining at the time thought it was one of the proprietors looking after the sky-light which sometimes leaked. The burglar was easily satisfied, however, as beyond this nothing else could be said to be missing.

The same night, Jas. Davidson, shoemaker, had a pair of new boots stolen, and the cellar of Mr. O'Donnell, near the lake, was entered and a loaf of bread and other articles stolen. All was evidently the work of one person. Constable Huff started in pursuit the next morning, going as far as Belleville, but without success. We hope this visit will be the last, but in the meantime merchants and householders ought to be prepared for such nocturnal visitors.

Born.

HARPER.—On the 20th inst., the wife of J. Harper, of a son.

Married.

SAGAR—STRATTON.—On September 17th., by the Rev. F. B. Stratton, at the residence of the bride's father, Robert A. Sagar, to Sara A., second daughter of Daniel Stratton, Esq., all of Richmond.

BREDEN—BRENDT.—On September 18th, by the Rev. F. B. Stratton, at the residence of George Ham, of Ernestown, son-in-law of the bride, John Breden Esq., of Kingston, to Mrs. M. A. Breden, of Odessa.

BANDY—CHATTERTON.—On the 17th, inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. Samuel Bandy, of Mayo, to Miss Ella Chatterton, of Carlow.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

Under this title THE CENTURY will begin with the November number of the present year, and continue without intermission (if possible), a series of separate papers, the object of which is to set forth, in clear and graphic manner, the life and spirit of the most important of modern military conquests—the war for the Union. The main portion of the scheme will be papers of a popular character on the great engagements of the war, by general officers high in command at the time, either upon the Union or the Confederate side. In many instances the contributor will be the officer of first command, and in every instance a participant in the engagements under consideration. For instance, the battles of Shiloh and Vicksburg will be described by General U. S. Grant, who will contribute four papers to the series; General Beaufegard will write of the first Bull Run; General McClellan, of Antietam; General Rosecrans, of Stone River; etc., etc. The Passage of the Forts below New Orleans will be described by Admiral Porter, and the Western Gunboat Service by Rear-Admiral Walke, and the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* by Colonel John Taylor Wood, the senior surviving officer of the latter vessel.

In conjunction with the above will appear from time to time a number of briefer sketches, entitled "Recollections of a Private," reflecting, with interesting and life-like details, the experiences of the common soldier from the time of enlistment to the muster-out: the drill, the march, the bivouac, the skirmish, the charge, the pursuit, the retreat, etc., etc.

The illustrations of the scheme will receive the most careful attention, and in this particular it is thought that the series will possess an unequaled historical interest. THE CENTURY has at its disposal a very large quantity of maps and plans, portraits of general officers of both sides, authentic paintings and drawings, and especially photogtaphs of camp scenes, battle-fields, famous localities, etc., etc., etc. A strict regard for accuracy will guide the preparation of the illustrations.

THE St. Mary's Carriage Manufacturing Company, an enterprise managed by capitalists of the town is meeting with great success having sold already over twenty-three thousand shares. The surplus stock of the Company amounting to $106,000 will be divided on October 22nd. Shares are $2 each and all those desiring to participate in this Grand Division, should buy a share at once. Address: H. A. L. White, Sec'y., St. Marys.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

A GOOD GIRL.

CAN hear of a situation by applying at the REVIEW OFFICE, Madoc.

FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS will be received up to the 25th of September, instant, for the position of Caretaker for the Methodist Church, village of Madoc. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily received.

C. G. WILSON,
Sec. of Com.

Madoc, dept. 4th, 1884.

Farmers and consumers of oil will do well to use the Queen City Oil Co's celebrated "Peerless" Machine Oils. For sale by all first class dealers. See their advertisement elsewhere.

MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $4 75 to $0 00
Fall Wheat, $0 80 to $0 00
Spring Wheat, $0 85 to $0 00
Oats, 35 cents to 00 cents
Rye, 50 " to 50 "
Barley, 50 cents to 60 cents
Peas, 60 cents to 60 cents
Potatoes per bag, 40 cents to 50 cents
Butter per pound, 18 cents
Eggs per dozen, 10 to 12 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 10 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 25 cents to 45 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents
Hay, per ton, $9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 10c to 12c

G. A. ROLLINS,
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
Durham Street, - Madoc, Ont.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

Wholesale & Retail

The undersigned begs leave to notify his customers and the public that his stock is complete once more, since the late fire.

Having just received a full and complete assortment of

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
WINES,
LIQUORS,

&c.,—the very best that the

MARKET WILL AFFORD,

which will be sold as reasonable as any other house in the trade.

Hoping to receive a fair share of public patronage in the future as in the past.

D. W. WRIGHT.

1862. WHITE'S 1884.
AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
MADOC, ONT.

FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

CITY

Art Gallery,

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.
I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER II.

The wind and rain had cleared the unfrequented suburb of any observant lounger, and the darkness, lit only by far-spaced, dusty lamps, hid her hastening figure. She had barely crossed the second street when she heard the quick clatter of hoofs behind her; a hooped dray drove up to the curbstone, and Poindexter leaped out. She entered quickly, but for a moment he still held the reins of the impatient horse. "He's rather fresh he said cyeing her keenly; "are you sure y can manage him?"

"Give me the reins," she said simply.

He placed them in the two firm, well-shaped hands that reached from the depths of the vehicle, and was satisfied. Yet he lingered.

"It's rough work for a lone woman," he said, almost curtly. "I can't go with you, but—speak frankly—is there any man you know whom you can trust well enough to take? It's not too late yet; think a moment!"

He paused over the buttoning of the leather apron of the vehicle.

"No, there is none," answered the voice from the interior; "and its better so. Is all ready?"

"One moment more." He had recovered his half bantering manner. "You have a friend and countryman already with you, do you know? Your horse is Blue Grass. Good-night."

With these words ringing in her ears she began her journey. The horse, as if eager to maintain the reputation which his native district had given his race, as well as the grace of the pretty woman behind him leaped impatiently forward. But pulled together by the fine and firm fingers that seemed to guide rather than check his exuberance, he presently struck into the long swinging pace of his kind, and kept it throughout without "break" or acceleration. Over the paved streets the light buggy rattled, and the slender shafts danced around his smooth barrel, but when they touched the level high road, horse and vehicle slipped forward through the night—a swift and noiseless phantom. Mrs. Tucker could see the graceful head dimly rising and falling before her with tireless rhythm, and could feel the intelligent pressure of his mouth until it seemed the responsive grasp of a powerful but kindly hand. The faint glow of conquest came to her cold cheek; the slight stirrings of pride moved her preoccupied heart. A soft light filled her hazel eyes. A desolate woman, bereft of husband and home, and flying through storm and night—she knew not where—she still leaned forward toward her horse. "Was he Blue Grass, then, dear old boy!" she gently cooed at him in the darkness. He evidently was, and responded by blowing her an ostentatious equine kiss. "Auch! you're good to his own foreaken Belle," she murmured caressingly, "and wouldn't let any one harm her!" But here, overcome by the lazy witchery of her voice, he shook his head so violently that Mrs. Tucker, after the fashion of her sex, had the double satisfaction of demurely restraining the passion she had evoked.

To avoid the more travolled thoroughfare, while the evening was still early, it had been arranged that she should at first take a less direct but less frequented road. This was a famous pleasure drive from San Francisco—a gravelled and sanded stretch of eight miles to the sea, and an ultimate cocktail in a "stately pleasuredom decreed" among the surf and rocks of the Pacific shore. It was deserted now, and left to the unobstructed sweep of the wind and rain. Mrs. Tucker would not have chosen this road. With the instinctive jealousy of a bacolio inland race born by great rivers, she did not like the sea; and again the dim and dreary waste tended to recall the vision connected with her husband's flight, upon which she had resolutely shut her eyes. But when she had reached it the road suddenly turned, following the trend of the beach, and she was exposed to the full power of its dread fascinations. The combined roar of sea and shore was in her ears; as the direct force of the gale had compelled her to furl the protected hood of the buggy to keep the light vehicle from overturning or drifting to leeward, she could no longer shut out the heavier chaos on the right from which the pallid ghosts of dead and dying breakers dimly rose and sank as if in awful salutation. At times through darkness a white sheet appeared spread before the path and beneath the wheels of the buggy, which, when withdrawn with a reluctant hiss, seemed striving to drag the exhausted beach seaward with it. But the blind terror of her horse, who swerved at every sweep of the surge, shamed her own half superstitious fears, and with the effort to control his alarm she regained her own self possession—albeit with eyelashes wet, not altogether with the salt spray from the sea. Tats was followed by a reaction, perhaps stimulated by the victory over the beaten animal, when for a time—she knew not how long—she felt only a mad sense of freedom and power; oblivious of even her sorrows, her lost home and husband; and with intense feminine consciousness she longed to be a man. She was scarcely aware that the track turned again inland until the beat of the horse's hoofs on the firm ground and an acceleration of speed showed her she had left the beach and the mysterious sea behind her, and she remembered that she was near the end of the first stage of her journey. Half an hour later the twinkling lights of the roadside inn where she was to change horses rose out of the darkness.

Happily for her the hostler considered the horse, who had a local reputation, of more importance than the unknown muffled figure in the shadow of the unfurled hood, and confined his attention to the animal. After a careful examination of his feet and a few comments addressed solely to the superior creation, he led him away. Mrs. Tucker would have liked to part more affectionately from her four footed companion, and felt a sudden pang of loneliness at the loss of her new friend, but a recollection of certain cautions of Captain Poindexter's kept her mute. Nevertheless, the ostler's ostentatious adjuration of "Now, then, aren't you going to bring out that mustang for the Senora?" puzzled her. It was not until the fresh horse was put to, and she had flung a piece of gold into the attendant's hand, that the "*Gracias*" of his unmistakable Saxon speech revealed to her the reason of the lawyer's caution. Poindexter had evidently represented her to these people as a Californian who did not speak English. In her inconsistency her blood took fire at this first suggestion of deceit, and burned in her face. Why should he try to pass her off as somebody else? Why should she not use her own—her husband's name? She stopped and bit her lip.

It was but the beginning of an uneasy train of thought. She suddenly found herself thinking of her visitor, Calhoun Weaver—and not pleasantly. He would bear of their ruin to-morrow, perhaps it were best flight. He would remember his visit, and what would he think of her deceitful frivolity? Would he believe that she was then ignorant of the failure? It was her first sense of any accountability to others than herself, but even then it was rather owing to an uneasy consciousness of what her husband must feel if he were subjected to the criticisms of men like Calhoun. She wondered if others knew that he had kept her in ignorance of his flight. Did Poindexter know it—or had he only entrapped her into the admission? Why had she not been clever enough to make him think that she knew it already? For the moment she hated Poindexter for sharing that secret. Yet this was again followed by a new impatience of her husband's want of insight into her ability to help him. Of course the poor fellow could not bear to worry her—could not bear to face such men as Calhoun—or even Poindexter—(she added exultingly to herself) but he might have sent her line as he fled, only to prepare her to meet and combat the shame alone. It did not occur to her unsophisticated singleness of nature that she was accepting as an error of feeling what the world would call cowardly selfishness.

At midnight the storm lulled and a few stars trembled through the rent clouds. Her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and her country instincts, a little overlaid by the urban experiences of the last few years, came again to the surface. She felt the fresh cool radiation from outlying upturned fields, the faint, sad odors from dim stretches of pricking grain, and quickening leaf, and wondered if at Los Cuervos it might be possible to reproduce the peculiar verdure of her native district. She beguiled her fancy by an ambitious plan of retrieving their fortunes by farming; her comfortable tastes had lately rebelled against the homeless mechanical cultivation of these desolate but teeming Californian acres, and from excitement indulged in a vision of a vine-clad cottage home that in any other woman would have been sentimental. Her cramped limbs aching, she took advantage of the security of the darkness and the familiar contiguity of the fields to get down from the vehicle, gather her skirts together, and run at the head of the mustang, until her chill blood was thawed, night drawing a modest veil over this charming revelation of the nymph and woman. But the sudden shadow of a *coyote* checked the scouring feet of this swift Camilla, and sent her back precipitately to the buggy. Nevertheless she was refreshed and able to pursue her journey, until the cold grey of early morning found her at the end of her second stage.

Her route was changed again from the main highway, rendered dangerous by the approach of day and the contiguity of the neighboring *rancheros*. The road was rough and hilly, her new horse and vehicle in keeping with the rudeness of the route—by far the most difficult of her whole journey. The rare waggon tracks that indicated her road were often scarcely discernible; at times they led her through openings in the half cleared woods, skirted suspicious morasses, painfully climbed the smooth dome-like hills, or wound along perilous slopes at a dangerous angle. Twice she had to alight and cling to the sliding wheels on one of these treacherous inclines, or drag them from impending ruts or immovable mire. In the growing light she could distinguish the distant low lying marshes eaten by encroaching sloughs and insidious channels, and beyond them the faint gray waste of the Lower Bay. A darker peninsula in the marsh she knew to be the extreme boundary of her future home—the Rancho de los Cuervos. In another hour she began to descend to the plain, and to once more approach the main road, which now ran nearly parallel with her track. She scanned it cautiously for any early traveller; it stretched north and south in apparent unerring solitude. She struck into it boldly, and urged her horse to the top of his speed, until she reached the cross road that led to the rancho. But here she paused and allowed the reins to drop idly on the mustang's back. A singular and unaccountable irresolution seized her. The difficulties of her journey were over, the rancho lay scarcely two miles away, she had achieved the most important part of her task in the appointed time, but she hesitated. What had she come for? She tried to recall Poindexter's words, even her own enthusiasm, but in vain. She was going to take possession of her husband's property, she knew—that was all. But the means she had taken seemed now so exaggerated and mysterious for that simple end, that she began to dread an impending something or some vague danger she had not considered, that she was rushing blindly to meet. Full of this strange feeling, she almost mechanically stopped her horse as she entered the cross road.

From this momentary hesitation a singular sound aroused her. It seemed at first like the swift hurrying by of some viewless ocurier of air, the vague alarm of some invisible flying herald, or like the inarticulate cry that precedes a storm. It seemed to rise and fall around her as if with some changing urgency or purpose. Raising her eyes she suddenly recognized the two far stretched lines of telegraph wire above her head, and knew the aolian cry of the morning wind along its vibrating chords. But it brought another and more practical fear to her active brain. Perhaps even now the telegraph might be anticipating her! Had Poindexter thought of that? She hesitated no longer, but laying the whip on the back of her jaded mustang again hurried forward.

As the level horizon grew more distinct her attention was attracted by the white sail of a small boat lazily threading the narrow channel of the slough. It might be Poindexter arriving by the more direct route from the steamboat that occasionally laid off the ancient *embarcadero* of the Los Cuervos Rancho. But even while watching it her quick ear caugh the sound of galloping hoofs behind her. She turned quickly and saw that she was followed by a horseman. But her momentary alarm was succeeded by a feeling of relief as she recognized the erect figure and square shoulders of Poindexter. Yet she could not help thinking that he looked more like a militant scout and less like a cautious legal adviser than ever.

With unaffected womanliness she rearranged her slightly disordered hair as he drew up beside her. "I thought you were in yonder boat," she said.

"Not I," he laughed; "I distanced you by the high road two hours, and have been reconnoitering, until I saw you hesitate at the cross roads.

"But who is in the boat?" asked Mrs. Tucker, partly to hide her embarrassment.

"Only some early Chinese market gardener, I dare say. But you are safe now. You are on your own land. You passed the boundary monument of the rancho five minutes ago. Look! All you see before you is yours, from the *embacardero* to yonder Coast range."

The tone of half raillery did not, however, cheer Mrs. Tucker. She shuddered slightly and cast her eyes over the monotonous sea of tule and meadow.

"It doesn't look pretty perhaps," continued Poindexter, "but it's the richest land in the State, and the *embarcadero* will some day be a town. I suppose you'll call it Blue Grassville. But you seem tired!" he said, suddenly dropping his voice to a tone of half humorous sympathy.

Mrs. Tucker managed to get rid of an impending tear under the pretence of clearing her eyes. "Are we nearly there?" she asked.

"Nearly. You know," he added, with the same half-mischievous, half sympathising gayety, "it's not exactly a palace you're coming to. Hardly. It's the old *casa* that has been deserted for years, but I thought it better you should go into possession there than take up your abode at the shanty where your husband's farm hands are." No one will know when you take possession of the *casa*, while the very hour of your arrival at the shanty would be known—and if they should make any trouble——"

"If they should make any trouble!" repeated Mrs. Tucker, lifting her frank inquiring eyes to Poindexter.

His horse suddenly reared from an apparently accidental prick of the spur, it was a minute or two before he was able to explain. "I mean if this ever comes up as a matter of evidence you know. But here we are!"

What had seemed to be an overgrown mound rising like an island out of the dead level of the grassy sea now resolved itself into a collection of adobe walls, eaten and encrusted with shrubs and vines that bore some resemblance to the usual uninhabited looking exterior of a Spanish American dwelling. Apertures that might have been lance shaped windows or only cracks and fissures in the walls were choked up with weeds and grass, and gave no passing glimpse of the interior. Entering a ruinous corral they came to a second entrance, which proved to be the *patio* or courtyard. The deserted wooden corridor, with beams, rafters, and floors whitened by the eternal sun and wind, containing a few withered leaves, dryly rotting skins and thongs of leather, as if undisturbed by human care. But among these scattered debris of former life and habitation there was no noisome or unclean suggestion of decay. A faint spiced odor of dessication filled the barn walls. There was no slime on stone or sun-dried brick. In place of fungus or discolored moisture, the dust of efflorescence whitened in the obscured corners. The elements had picked clean the bones of the crumbling tenement ere they should finally absorb it.

A withered old *peon* woman, who in dress, complexion, fibrous hair might have been an animated fragment of the debris, rustled out of a low vaulted passage and welcomed them with a feeble crepitation. Following her into the dim interior, Mrs. Tucker was surprised to find some slight attempt at comfort and even adornment, in two or three habitable apartments. They were scrupulously clean and dry—two qualities which in her feminine eyes, atoned for poverty of material.

"I could not send anything from San Bruno, the nearest village, without attracting attention," explained Poindexter; "but if you can manage to picnic here for a day longer I'll get one of our Chinese friends here," he pointed to the slough, "to bring over, for his return cargo from across the bay, any necessaries you may want. There is no danger of his betraying you," he added with an ironical smile; "Chinamen and Indians are, by an ingenious provision of the statute of California, incapable of giving evidence against a white person. You can trust your handmaiden perfectly—even if she can't trust you. That is your sacred privilege under the constitution. And now, as I expect to catch the up boat ten miles from here, I must say "good-by" until to-morrow night. I hope to bring you then some more definite plans for the future. The worst is over." He held her hand for a moment, and with a graver voice continued: "You have done it very well—do you know—very well!"

In the slight embarrassment produced by his sudden change of manner, she felt that her thanks seemed awkward and restrained. "Don't thank me," he laughed with a prompt return of his former levity, "that's my trade. I only advised. You have saved yourself like a plucky woman—shall I say like Blue Grass? Good-by!" He mounted his horse, but, as if struck by an after thought, wheeled and drew up by her side again. "If I were you I wouldn't see many strangers for a day or two, and listen to as little news as a woman possibly can." He laughed again; waved her a half-gallant, half-military salute and was gone. The question she had been trying to frame, regarding the probibility of communication with her husband, remained unasked. At least she had saved her pride before him.

Addressing herself to the care of her narrow household, she mechanically put away the few things she had brought with her, and began to readjust the scant furniture. She was a little discomposed first by the absence of bolts, locks, and even window fastenings, until assured by Concha's evident inability to comprehend her concern that they were quite unknown at Los Cuervos. Her slight knowledge of Spanish was barely sufficient to make her wants known, so that the relief of conversation with her only companion was debarred her, and she was obliged to content herself with the sapless, crackling smiles and withered genuflections that the old woman dropped like dead leaves in her path. It was staring noon when, the house singing like an empty shell in the monotonous wind, she felt she could stand the solitude no longer, and, crossing the glaring *patio* and whistling corridor, made her way to the open gateway.

But the view without seemed to intensify her desolation. The broad expanse of the shadowless plain reached apparently to the Coast range, trackless and unbroken save by one or two clusters of dwarfed oaks, which at that distance were but mossy excrescences on the surface, barely raised above the dead level. On the other side the marsh took up the monotony and carried it, scarcely interrupted by undefined water courses, to the faintly marked-out horizon line of the remote bay. Scattered and apparently motionless black spots on the meadows, that gave a dreary significance to the title of "The Crows," which the rancho bore, and sudden gray clouds of sand pipers on the marshes, that rose and vanished down the wind, were the only signs of life. Even the white sail of the early morning was gone.

She stood there until the aching of her straining eyes, and the stiffening of her limbs in the cold wind, compelled her to seek the sheltered warmth of the courtyard. Here she endeavored to make friends with a bright-eyed lizard who was sunning himself in the corridor—a graceful little creature in blue and gold, from whom she felt at other times she might have fled, but whose beauty and harmlessness solitude had made known to her. With misplaced kindness she tempted it with bread crumbs, with no other effect than to stiffen it into stony astonishment. She wondered if she should become like the prisoners she had read of in books, who poured out their solitary affections on noisome creatures, and she even regretted the mustang, which with the buggy had disappeared under the charge of some unknown retainer on her arrival. Was she not a prisoner? The shutterless windows, yawning doors, and open gate refuted the suggestion; but the encompassing solitude and trackless waste still held her captive. Poindexter had told her it was four miles to the shanty; she might walk there. Why had she given her word that she would remain at the rancho until he returned?

The long day crept ceaselessly away, and she welcomed the night which shut out the dreary prospect. But it brought no cessation of the harassing wind without, nor surcease of the nervous irritation its perpetual and even activity wrought upon her. It haunted her pillow even in her exhausted sleep and seemed to impatiently beckon her to rise and follow it. It brought her feverish dreams of her husband, footsore and weary, staggering forward under its pitiless lash and clamorous outcry; she would have gone to his assistance, but when she reached his side and held out her arms to him, it hurried her past with merciless power, and bearing her away, left him hopelessly behind. It was broad day when she awoke. The usual night showers of the waning rainy season had left no trace in sky or meadow; the fervid morning sun had already dried the *patio*; only the restless harrying wind remained.

Mrs. Tucker arose with a resolve. She had learned from Concha on the previous evening that a part of the shanty was used as a *tienda*, or shop for the laborers and *rancheros*. Under the necessity of purchasing some articles, she would go there and for a moment mingle with those people who would not recognize her. Even if they did, her instinct told her it would be less to be feared than the hopeless uncertainty of another day. As she left the house the wind seemed to seize her, as in her dream, and hurry her along with it, until in a few minutes the walls of the low *casa* sank into the earth again and she was alone, but for the breeze on the solitary plain. The level distance glittered in the sharp light, a few crows with slant wings dipped and ran down the wind before her, and a passing gleam on the marsh was explained by the far-off cry of a curlew.

She had walked for an hour, upheld by the stimulus of light and morning air, when the cluster of scrub oaks, which was her destination, opened enough to show two rambling sheds, before one of which was a wooden plaiform containing a few barrels and bones. As she approached nearer she could see that one or two horses were tethered under the trees, that their riders were longing by a horse trough, and that over an open door the word *Tienda* was rudely painted on a board, and as rudely illustrated by the wares displayed at door and window. Accustomed as she was to the poverty of frontier architecture, even the crumbling walls of the old *hacienda* she had just left seemed picturesque to the rigid angles of the thin, blank, unpainted shell before her. One of the loungers, who was reading a newspaper aloud as she advanced, spat it aside and stared at her; there was an evident commotion in the shop as she stepped upon the platform, and when she entered, with breathless lips and beating heart, she found herself the object of a dozen curious eyes. Her quick pride resented the scrutiny and recalled her courage, and it was with a slight coldness in her usual lazy indifference that she leaned over the counter and asked for the article she wanted.

The request was followed by a dead silence. Mrs. Tucker repeated it with some *hauteur*.

"I reckon you don't seem to know this store is in the hands of the Sheriff," said one of the loungers.

Mrs. Tucker was not aware of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the present time; why might be different entirely. It is a splendid Blood Purifier, All Druggists Sell It.

Philosophy from the cornfield corner: It ain't de man what reads de most dat thinks de most. It ain't de puson what eats de most dat's de stronges'.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

"So you think John is becoming a great man in the city?" said a farmer, speaking of his absent son to a companion of the youth. "Great man! I should say so. Why, there ain't a boy keeper in the city hardly that he don't call by his first name."

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Probably most of us, if asked to mention the wickedest thing we had ever done would at once go back in thought to the days of our childhood.

A NATIONAL DANGER.

Will it Ever Occur to [illegible] Fearful Misfortune of Crop [illegible] Be Solved

(American Rural Home.)

A National famine would cause the greatest disaster, and there are many who believe that it will eventually occur. Still the diversities of climate, the richness of soil and the character of the country seem to proclaim the impossibility of such a calamity. But without such aids as machinery furnishes, the grass and grain of the country could not be secured. With all the machinery at their disposal and the employment of every man that can be hired for such work, our farmers in the great grain growing sections of the country almost always fail to secure their entire crop in the best possible order, simply because sufficient help cannot be secured. Take away the harvesting machinery and the farm labor of the country could scarcely care for more than a twentieth of the present average yearly crop. As a consequence fewer acres would be planted, the lesser yield would enhance the price of grain, and bread would reach a figure beyond the means of the laboring classes—in fact, become a luxury. Manufacturers of harvesting machinery have, therefore, benefited, not only the farmer, by enabling him to reap more acres of grain than he otherwise could, but all other classes through the cheapening of grain (and consequently of bread) as the result of the vast quantity produced.

There is no man in America who has contributed more to this result than Mr. C. Dewey, president of the Johnston Harvester company, of Batavia, N. Y. Through his energy and ability the harvesting of grain by means of his wonderful machines has become almost an exact science, and in his accomplishment of this purpose Mr. Dewey has been an indefatigable worker. Indeed for an extended period he was so closely confined to his duties that he scarcely took time for proper rest or recreation. While in the very midst of these great labors he observed a peculiar sensation about the head which did not leave him and which he attributed to the strain of business. He also noticed that his appetite was fickle and his sleep broken, but he did not anticipate the terrible troubles which were before him, and like nearly every man who is prosecuting a great work his interest in the undertaking overcame all thoughts of self. But the physical difficulties which were slight at first, kept increasing. The little pains grew to agonies; the miner symptoms to serious calamities until at last he broke down completely and was confined to his bed for more than two months. At that time his condition was deplorable. His mind was in a nearly comatose state and his body perfectly helpless. During the entire period he did not move a pillow's length, so great was his exhaustion.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more helpless condition than that in which Mr. Dewey then was. And yet to-day he is a picture of health and attends to his duties constantly. When asked how this had been accomplished he made answer as so many thousands of others have: "By the means of Warner's Safe Cure. This great remedy, I am happy to state, has restored me to nearly the health and vigor I formerly had. It is not surprising, therefore, that I consider it a most valuable medicine and that I cordially recommend it."

The sharp competition of the present day forces men of business far beyond their strength before they are aware. The claims of society and the family undermine the vitality of women unknown even to themselves or their friends. The end of all such taxations is sickness, pain and death. Fortunate is the one who finds the means of escape from this terrible ending before it is too late. More fortunate is the one who avoids its final stages by overcoming the first symptoms while they are yet in their beginnings and by such means as have been shown to be efficient and pure.

CATARRH—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most remarkable success that has been attained in modern medical science is contained in the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of a the patients treated during the past six months over 90 per cent. have been cured of this loathsome malady. This is more the less startling when it is remembered that over 90 per cent. of the patients presenting themselves for treatment have never found a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon as all who have read his pamphlet on catarrh will understand; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is consequently, as cures effected by him four years ago are now known to be, complete. Those who have tampered in cure catarrh in this manner, and so with the treatment has ever cured catarrh. The specific is a local treatment, and can be used at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. The majority of cases under treatment at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a depot that the engineer did not see her coming and steam off just out of spite.

Sure Pop.

Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, is sure pop every time. No need to spend a large sum to get prompt relief from every kind of pain, for 10 cents will purchase a trial bottle. Go to any drug store for it. Large bottles only 25 cents, at all druggists. Nerviline the pain king, cures cramps, headache, neuralgia. An aching tooth, filled with batting saturated with Nerviline, will cease aching within five minutes. Try Nerviline for all kinds of pain. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A silent partner is one who is expected to keep his mouth shut when he sees the confidential clerk speculating with the funds of the firm.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring house cleaning! Oh, yes you will, if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system. Large bottles 50 cents.

AGRICULTURAL.

Weaning Lambs—When and How to do it.

The common practice of allowing ewes and lambs to run together until taken up for winter, is bad for both. While the ewe does not afford the three or four-months old lamb sufficient nourishment to meet his wants, she does afford enough to cause him intentionally chase her about to annoy her, and to spoil his appetite for other food, and the drain upon her system is sufficient to cause much loss of flesh. The proper age at which to separate a lamb from its dam, is when it is from 14 to 16 weeks old; but it should be prepared for the separation by being previously taught to eat. Near where the sheep are wont to sleep, and where they should be encouraged to congregate, by being daily given a little salt; in a yard built for the purpose, or in an adjoining field, having the fence between, so arranged that the lambs alone can pass through, place suitable troughs, which may be made by nailing together, V-shaped, two boards, six inches wide, with ends nailed in, which troughs are placed on legs so as to raise them about six inches from the ground. Into these put daily a little oats, corn, bran, oil-meal, or a mixture of any or all of these, so that the lambs will acquire a taste for them; in two weeks they will have learned to eat, and will be ready for separation. They should now be put into a field of fresh grass, where they can have plenty of good drinking water, and should have the grain ration continued in sufficient quantity to keep up a constant growth. The ewes and lambs should be placed so far apart that they cannot hear each other bleat, and the lambs, if at all wild, should have one or two very tame, dry ewes put with them, that they may the sooner become accustomed to the presence of the feeder. The ewes, for a few days, should be put on rather poor feed, and be occasionally looked after, and, if necessary milked, that they do not suffer with inflamed udders, and perhaps the loss of the whole or a part.

After this, they should be carefully sorted, and none but the best retained for further breeding. The remainder should receive extra feed to be hurried into condition for market. The breeding ewes should be given good pasture, so they may become in good flesh before cold weather, and should, at no time, be allowed to fall away. The moment they are allowed to do so, the growth of wool ceases, or becomes of very uneven and inferior quality. With the present prices of meat and wool, sheep can be kept at a profit only by the exercise of the utmost vigilance, to see that every requirement is met to insure the largest production of meat and wool of the finest quality, at the lowest possible cost for feed, and to do this they must at no time be allowed to go back or fall away in flesh.

Look After the Fowl.

Lice and filth kill more fowls, and are the cause of greater loss to the poultry keeper than all other causes combined. People whose fowls are not infested with the large, black or grey lice, wonder as they daily see them growing poor and looking rough, why they are so unlucky with fowls. If they will closely examine the nest and perches, they will find the cause, and be surprised to see the myriads of little mites swarming in every place, literally eating the poor fowls alive. No amount of food or corn can cause thrift so long as these pests are allowed to prey upon them. If people care nothing for eggs or profit, humanity should prompt them to get rid either of the fowls or the lice, and there is no excuse for the prevalence of the pests when one quart of kerosene, costing not more than five cents anywhere, will kill every one of them. To apply it, take one pound of hard soap and two quarts of water, or one quart each of soft soap and water; put either into an iron kettle and heat gradually till it comes to a boil, stirring until the soap is all dissolved; take from the fire, and add the kerosene, stirring well, and it will soon disappear; add enough water to the mixture to make a strong soap-suds, and with this spray or wash the entire inside of the poultry house, and especially the perches and nest boxes, cleaning them out first, and afterwards supplying new nest material.

Corn and Wheat.

Figures based on official reports made within a few days by State agricultural departments and statistical agents in the different States and territories show a total production of winter wheat to be 370 000 000 bushels and the total spring wheat 150,000,000; the total of winter and spring 530,000,000 bushels. The maize or total yield of the country fully 25,000,000 bushels more than ever before produced; 130 000 000 more than last year's crop and 90,000,000 more than the average crop for the past five years. Departments all agree in reporting the quality superior, and where it has been threshed they say the yield has more than met their calculations. This applies especially to spring wheat sections—Iowa, Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The quality of spring wheat was never better. The spring wheat harvest has been late, but the weather has been most favorable, and the grain is being cared for in excellent condition.

The latest reports on the corn crop are, on the whole, favorable. In Ohio, Illinois and a few other localities the crop has been somewhat affected by the drought, but Kansas and Nebraska will yield an immense crop. That of Nebraska, it is said, will be 30 per cent. more than the great crop of 1883, while two weeks more of good weather will put the corn crop of Dakota beyond the danger of any frost. It is said that railroad freights in the Northwest are at present very low, which will probably lead the farmers to move their crops much more quickly than if they had to contend with a high scale of freight charges.

The Manchester *Guardian* directs attention to the fact that the extending practice of settling foreign indebtedness by means of "telegraphic transfers" is showing an appreciable tendency to lessen the number and amount of foreign bills received in the United in the United Kingdom which are subject to stamp duty, as well as of bills drawn against consignments of goods abroad. This fact is made apparent by the report of the commissioners of inland revenue for the past year, which shows that during the year ended March 31st last the amount received for stamps upon bills of exchange was only £745.101 against £757,948 in 1882 3.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

A strong decoction of the leaves and stems of tomato plants is said to be deadly to caterpillars, hoe, and other enemies of vegetation without being injurious to the plants.

Previous to the year 1851 coal was the only mineral raised in New South Wales. Even 20 years later the only minerals which had been worked there were coal, shale, gold, copper, and antimony; but since 1871 tin, silver, iron, lead, asbestos, and bismuth have been added to the list.

For the last 12 months it is officially estimated that the fish caught on the coasts of Scotland amounted in value to more than $16,430,000, the herring fishery alone making fully $10,267,750. The fishery industry of that country supports a population numbering more than half a million.

Grapes do not grow well in New Zealand in the open air except in a few sheltered situations. The climate is too humid and equable. The winters are too warm to ripen the wood, and the summers are not hot enough to mature the fruit. The consequence is that the most of the grapes to be had in the market there must be either imported or grown under glass.

Regarding the alleged gold discoveries in Assam the Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India writes: "There is no doubt that the Lakhimpur or Sabansiri region is, and has long been, gold producing, but, from all I can gather, very little more so than other washing grounds in the peninsula. It is, however, a question whether increased working would show an increased outturn of gold which would last for any time, and the determination of this I consider may, I think, be advisedly left to private enterprise."

The railway up the Drachenfels has been completed at a cost of 850 000. Its length is 1,529 metres, the upper end 222 metres above the starting point, and the mean gradient 1 in 16 8. Rack railways, according to the *Engineer*, are not now uncommon, though the first was constructed but a few years ago up the Righi by M. Riggenbach. They comprise those worked wholly by engines gearing in the rack, and those worked either by locomotives which have rack as well as common gear, or by two kinds of locomotives.

Ground air, says Mr. G. H. Robe, is simply the atmospheric air which had penetrated into the interstices of the soil and taken part in the various decompositions going on there. In consequence of these chemical actions the relative proportions of the oxygen and carbonic acid in the air are changed, oxygen disappearing and giving place to carbonic acid. The researches of Fodor have demonstrated that the proportion of carbonic acid in the ground air may be taken as an approximate measure of the impurity of the soil whence the air is taken.

A doe kangaroo, when hunted and hard pressed, says Mr. J. H. Wheelwright, will throw the young one out of the pouch into any handy clump of scrub or tussock of grass. The "Joey" accepts the situation, and makes himself as small as ever he can; in fact, in looking for him, all you ever can see are his bright eyes. Young kangaroos seem to posses exactly the same instinct as the calves of wild or semi-wild cattle, that of concealing themselves. Young kangaroos soon adapt themselves to circumstances, and make themselves comfortable at the bottom of the pocket of a jacket.

In the report of the Peabody Museum it is stated that a human molar tooth of the Trenton gravels was discovered by Dr. C. C. Abbot at a place where paleolithic implements have been brought to light from time to time. As the tooth is rolled and well worn it is supposed to be of the same age as the ancient tools. Some little skepticism was entertained regarding the real source of a portion of a human skull, alleged by the person from whom the relic was obtained for the museum to have been taken from the gravel bed near Trenton, but any doubts as to its origin seems to have been dispelled by the finding of the tooth.

There can be no doubt, writes "W. G. S." in *Nature*, that the habits of insects often indicate affinities in plants. There is doubtless a strong affinity between the *Solanaceæ* and *Scrophularineæ*; the small oval pollen is almost identical in both. The habits of fungus parasites sometimes disclose similar relationships, often more real than is at first apparent. We have an example of this in the fungus of the potato disease—*Peronospora infestans*. This parasite is almost peculiar to the *Solanaceæ*, being especially destructive to *Solanum, Lycopersicum*, and *Petunia*; but at times it invades the *Scrophularineæ* and grows on *Anthocercis* and *Schizanthus*. It is not common to find one parasitic fungus attacking the members of two natural orders of plants, but other examples could be given.

A Plea for a Plurality of Suitors.

A sense of being approved, admired, thought much of, is always agreeable. Even when the sentiment does not go the length of love there is a certain moral support in the consciousness in a girl's mind that she embodies to some one the best things in human kind. When the highest instincts of love touch the heart it becomes a sort of profanity indeed to think of any but the one who has awakened that divine inspiration: but the earlier stages, before any sentiment has become definite, or her thoughts begin to contemplate any final decision, there is a secret gratification in the mere consciousness. It may not be an elevated feeling but it is a true one. She is pleased; there is a certain elation in her veins in spite of herself. Mr. Ruskin says that a good girl should have seven suitors at least, all ready to do impossibilities in her service, among whom she should choose, but not too soon, letting each have a chance. Perhaps in the present state of statistics this is somewhat impracticable, and it may perhaps be doubted whether the adoration of these seven gentlemen would be a very safe moral atmosphere for the young lady. It also goes rather against the other rule, which insists on a girl falling in love as well as her lover—that is to say, making her selection by chance, by impulse, and not by proof of the worthiest. But at least it is a high authority in favor of a plurality of suitors, and might be adduced by the offenders in such cases as a proof that their otherwise not quite excusable satisfaction in the devotion of more than one was almost justifiable.

An Irish Girl's Sad Life.

In the winter of 1880 a young woman was sent from Port Jervis to the county insane asylum near Goshen, N. Y., and her four-weeks-old infant to the county house. She was Mrs. Maggie Hart. Her maiden name was Maggie Burton. She ran away from her home in Rathlague, Maryborough, county Queen's, Ireland, in 1872, because her parents would not permit her to marry a dissolute lover named John Hart. She had an uncle living in Sullivan county, this State, a few miles from Lackawaxen station, on the Erie Railway. She had just money enough, on landing in New York, to take her to her uncle's. She obtained work as a domestic in a Port Jervis family. She was girl of good character, and was much liked by her employers.

In the spring of 1877 she took a train on the Erie to go to Lackawaxen to visit her uncle's family. The train had nearly reached that place when the locomotive of a train passing on the east-bound track jumped the track when opposite the car in which Miss Burton was sitting, and striking it, completely turned it over and wrecked it. The girl was taken from the wreck unconscious. It was thought she was fatally injured. Her skull was broken so that the brain oozed from the fracture. She was taken to a hotel in Lackawaxen. Before a physician arrived so much of her brain had been lost that her death was momentarily expected. She remained unconscious for seven days, when she revived. She recognized objects and persons. The Erie Company engaged the best surgical aid to attend her. Her case was considered so remarkable that careful notes were taken of its progress, and it was reported in medical journals. In three months she was able to continue her journey. The company paid all her expenses and gave her $1,000 in cash.

She returned to Ireland. Her lover was still unmarried. She married him, and resolved to return to America after a two months' stay in the old country, and bought tickets for herself and husband and a younger sister. Her husband had a friend whom he was anxious to have accompanying him to America. The two made up the story that the friend, Thomas Foster by name, was being haunted by officers for violation of the game laws. This story awakened the sympathy of the young wife, and she paid Foster's passage to America also.

On arriving here Hart was not able to obtain work at once. Mrs. Hart paid the way of the entire party to Lackawaxan, where she had hopes that her husband might obtain employment. He did not. Foster was also idle. The woman supported them all until her little fortune had dwindled to less than $100.

In December, 1877, she succeeded in getting her husband work on the Erie Railway. He was to go to work the next week. The Sunday before that he and his wife and Foster were out walking. Mrs. Hart had all the money she had left in a purse in her cloak pocket. Hart expressed a fear that she might lose it. She handed it to him for safe keeping. When she called her husband to supper that night neither he nor Foster could be found. They had run away, leaving the poor woman penniless.

For weeks she and her sister lived on the charity of friends. Then they both procured situations Mrs Hart got a position Post Jervis. She had been there a when her head began to trouble her. sufferings became so great that she was unable to work and became destitute. She was but 22 years old, and very attractive. In her friendless state and despair she consented to live with an employe of the Erie Railway. He cared for her until 1880, when she became a mother, and he deserted her. She became insane, and was placed in the insane asylum, and her child became a county charge.

After a stay of nearly two years in the asylum she was discharged as cured. She procured work in a farmer's family, and soon afterward took her child from the county house. A year ago, never having heard anything from her husband, and believing him dead, she married a young Irish laborer. They soon afterward moved to the flagstone quarry region near Hawley, Pa., where her husband had obtained work. A few days since he sent word to a friend that his wife had received a letter from John Hart, her first husband, whom they had thought dead. He had heard in some way of her second marriage and her whereabouts, and had written her from Colorado that unless she sent him $100 at once he would come East and have both her and her new husband imprisoned. She had recently become a mother. The letter had unsettled her reason again, and she had become a raving maniac. The poor woman has been taken in charge by kind hands. It is not believed that Hart will ever present himself in the region. In the present moode of the quarryman there it is said that he would be summarily dealt with.

The Beer Gardens of Munich.

Munich has the largest beer gardens and the best beer in Europe. The best Bavarian beer sells for three cents per quart mug. It is common to see a man sit down and drain off three quart mugs at a sitting. If you see a procession of people on the street and follow it, it will take you to a beer garden. In these gardens you will sometimes see 3,000 people drinking beer and listening to the music. In these gardens refreshments are also served. Fried sausage costs three cents, bread a penny, chicken and duck five cents. Many of the people bring their own refreshments. A man always comes with his family. After the Bavarian has drank two quarts he feels a little exhilarated, but the third quart sets him to yawning. The government inspects the beer. It is pure. The hops are hops, and not aloes, as in America. When I asked a Bavarian how much beer a man could drink, he said:

"We have men who drink thirteen quart mugs at a sitting."

Napoleon's Paris Residence.

Prince Napoleon's Parisian residence is on the Avenue d'Antin, the Faubourg St. Honore being the favorite quarter of imperialists, as the Faboury St. Germain is of the legitimists. He occupies the whole of the floor No. 20. His rooms are furnished elegantly, but not luxuriously. He possesses a choice collection of artistic bibelots, and some of the paintings which adorn the walls are signed by the most distinguished names. More interesting still are the numerous relics and souvenirs of the great Napoleon which occupy the place of honor in the saloon—guns, sabres, field-glasses, and other objects of little intrinsic value, but rendered priceless by their associations.—*Paris Cor. Providence Press.*

Khartoum.

Khartoum is a name that is known among the wildest savages of equatorial Africa who never heard of Paris or of London; to them it is the centre of all that is great, and it is the capital of everything. The abandonment of Khartoum would, in their estimation, be the disruption of a central power, which would imply impotence. The slave hunters have been suppressed by the authority from Khartoum, and the force required for that suppression has emanated from that centre of strength and government; if therefore, Khartoum should be abandoned, the protection that was the support of royal tribes of the interior would have been withdrawn, the supporting power would have been overthrown, and the slave hunters would again be in the ascendant. The result would be immediate; those tribes which had been faithful to the Government would become the first victim to those who had been against the Government; a general anarchy would ensue, and the loyal would be sacrificed to the slave gangs, which had been kept in subjection by the imperial forces. The slave trade would be renewed with tenfold vigor, as no power woul remain to curb the atrocities of the traders. This deplorable situation would render impossible all future attempts at government, as the natives would have lost all confidence of support; they would have seen that the loyal had been sacrificed by the abandonment of the Government, upon which they have depended for protection, while those who had openly defied the laws had triumphed by rebellion. All the good results of the last five-and-twenty years of exploration and energetic action against the slave trade would have been entirely dissipated, and the end of the long struggle would have yielded victory to the wrongdoers. The work of 64 years since the conquest of the Soudan by Mehemet Ali Pasha would have been utterly destroyed, and the Soudan would relapse into the frightful barbarism described by Bruce a hundred years ago. It is ridiculous to suppose that any Soudan races are capable of self-government If we refuse this to Ireland, how can we expect a better result from ignorant barbarians, who would extinguish all progress by a chronic inter-tribal strife? As local autonomy would be impossible should Khartoum be evacuated by the Egyptian forces, the Soudan, deprived of its capital, would resolve into a political chaos, until some superior force should take advantage of the general disruption and restore order by militia conquest. Abyssinia is dangerously situated as a hostile neighbor. From the frontier at Gubbat the march would be a direct descent upon Khartoum by the River Rahad and Blue Nile, through a fertile country teeming with supplies. If Khartoum should be abandoned by the imperative orders of the British Government, Egypt will have abdicted her right, and the country will become an easy prey to the first adventurer. If I were a Frenchman I should not neglect the opportunity. French officers might assist the King of Abyssinia in the organization of his army for the conquest of Khartoum and the fertile Provinces of Sennar, Kadarif, and Taka. Kartoum and the richest portions of Africa would be annexed to Abyssinia. French influence would procure concessions of land to various officers in reward for their military services. By degrees, the embryo of a French settlement would be established, and in less time than many people would believe, we should discover a rival colony firmly rooted at Khartoum.

Life in High Altitudes.

The highest spot on the globe inhabited by human beings is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, Thibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The monks of St. Bernard, whose monastery is 8,177 feet high, are obliged to descend frequently to the valley below in order to obtain relief from the asthma induced by the rarity of the atmosphere about their mountain eyrie. At the end of ten years' service at the monastery they are compelled to change their level. When the brothers Schlagintswell explored the glaciers of the Ibi Gamin, in Thibet, they once encamped at 21,000 feet the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night. On Mont Blanc, 15,781 feet above the level of the sea Professor Tyndall spent a night, and with less discomfort than his guide, who found it very unpleasant. In July, 1872, Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a baloon to the enormous height of 38,000 feet. Before starting Mr. Glaisher's pulse beat 76 strokes per minute, and Mr. Coxwell's 74. At 28,000 feet Mr. Glaisher's pulse had increased to 84 and Mr. Coxwell's to 100. At 19,000 feet the hands and lips of the aeronauts turned quite blue. At 26,000 feet Mr. Glaishes could hear his heart beat and his breathing became oppressed. At 29,000 he lost all feeling, notwithstanding which he still ascended another 2 000 feet, when his hands were paralyzed, and he had to open the valve of the balloon with his teeth.

The Locomotion of Shells.

The great conch or strombus, has a very long sword that it thrusts out, sticks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the brightest forms of mullusks, leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink-bearers, and from their ink-bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, and have long, streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves rush away with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lima Nians is particulary remarkable for these fights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known to leap out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to jump out of a pot when placed upon a stove. A description of the different methods by which shells move would fill a volume.

The number of cross-ties in a mile of railway track varies largely in different roads. Every first class line has at least 2,640, or one to every two feet, and some exceed 3 200 per mile. Then, again, there is a difference on different parts of the same road. A tie, or grade, must present a clear surface of eight and a thickness of six inches. Sometimes ties below grode are used and the difference balanced by increased numbers.

A Woman As She Is.

At the theatre the other evening I had the pleasure of sitting near a young lady whose dress shot up at the shoulders like the ears of a rabbit, and I was once more reminded of the masculine freaks that female fashions now take to with such marked degree. Why should the sleeves of a lady's dress extend two inches above the shoulders? For no other reason than that men in the military wear epaulettes. Why do ladies wear tailor-made suits? Because man do. Why should a lady wear the broad heavy shoes which they do? Because men do. Why do women wear ulsters? Because men do. Why do women wear stiff white collars about their necks? Because men do. Have you thought of the gradual approach towards man's dress that the women have made in the last ten years? The old female dress reformers started wrong. They wanced to put bloomers on the women. That would not do. Neither would trousers, such as Dr. Mary Walker wears. No modest woman could jump out of dresses into a pair of trousers and preserve her self-respect, and the respect of her masculine admirers. The approach to the male costume was by a more circuitous route, and the result reached is pleasing and endurable. Feminine attire is not so feminine as it used to be, and it is altogether sensible and proper that it should not be. Take a girl now dressed in an ulster that reaches her heels, that has lappels in front and big buttons, that is made of good, heavy, warm cloth, and if she has a cap and stout shoes she looks when walking away from you on a cold day in winter very much like the gentleman at her side. You say she is sensible, and so she is, but how far has she departed from the style of her grandmother, when everything was silk, and lace, and feathery finery! It is coming to be recognized that a woman is not a kitten to be kept in a satin bag at home and dressed in a blue ribbon when she goes out, but that she has muscles to be developed, and a skin that may surely come in contact with the dancing breezes and the light of heaven. In other words, women are becoming more sturdy and robust than they used to be. Croquet is not the game now, but it must be lawn-tennis, which requires more exertion, more strength, and more activity. The girl of the future will be an athlete. She will have strong arms and a ruddy complexion. She will ride horseback and row boats. She will dig the juicy clam at the seaside and feast like a king as the result of her honest toil. And she will be all the better for it—all the stronger and healthier physically, mentally, and sentimentally. She will be a better specimen in every way than her puny sisters of a generation back. Above all, she will make a better wife and a better mother. All this she can be and still retain every real and essential womanly character.

Women at Breakfast.

Perhaps there is no better test of a woman's health and beauty than her appearance at an early breakfast table. She is then more as nature made her than at any other period of the day, when art has been brought in with a view of heightening her charms. If she has slept well, is argues, to some extent, a sound nervous system, and the effect is seen in the brightness of her eyes and the tone possessed by the muscles of the face and neck. Her movements are full of grace for her limbs have been refreshed and strengthened by repose, and her mind is clear and bright, for it also has rested, and there have been no bad dreams to exhaust her nervous system and make her limp and haggard. Her intelligence is then at its maximum, and she feels the mental recklessness that is so generally the result of sound, healthy sleep, and that is only a natural elation of the emotions, pleasant, doubtless, for her to exhibit, but far more pleasant to those to whom it is manifested.

If, on the contrary, she has slept badly, or has suffered from nightmare, in consequence of a feeble digestive system, her eyes are weak, dim and watery, her face is flabby her head appears to be held unsteady on her shoulders, for it drops on her chest, or bobs helplessly from side to side, her complexion is dull and blotchy, red where it ought not to be red, and pale where it ought not to be pale. Her expression is indicative of the discomfort she has undergone during the night, her movements are either painfully slow, or aggravatingly brusque, her intellect shows stupidity, her emotions are torpid her perceptions dull.

While the woman that is in good physical health exhibits all the beauty in the early morning that her features are capable of expressing, the one whose organic life is deranged is at this period of the day at her worst. There is no better test of a woman's health than her ability to eat a hearty breakfast, and it might almost be said that her physical beauty is in direct proportion to the amount of beefsteak or mutton chops she can put into herself at this meal. Certainly, pretty women can always eat a hearty breakfast.

Queer Advertisements.

The second column of the first page of the London *Times* is known as the "agony column." In it are inserted such sad inquiries as, "information wanted" of some young man who disappeared, one, five or twenty years ago, and has never been heard from since. There too are to be found the pathetic notices intended for one pair of eyes only, entreating "S P." or "T. L. M." to return, "and all will be forgotten." But there are other advertisements which make us laugh more than these can make us weep. Punctuation, or want of it, is responsible for many of the strange advertisements. Take these, for instance:

WANTED—A woman able and willing to wash iron and milk three cows.

WANTED—By a German girl just landed in a private family a situation with or without children.

WANTED—A comfortable room for a young man four feet by ten.

WANTED—Boy to milk and mow lawns.

A rather singular announcement appeared in one of our city papers.

A large blue gentleman's overcoat lost in the vicinity of the market.

TO RENT—An elegantly furnished room to gentlemen already heated.

Among the artistic advertising was one declaring that, "Two young women want washing," and another cheerful advertisement says:

Try our coffins. You will never use any other.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884. 383-4

BUTLER'S

Celebrated Waterproof Blacking,

BROWN'S BOSTON DRESSING,

Saratoga and Bon Ton Dressing,

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes, also

Jaquot's, Lamb's, and Mason's Blacking,

—AT—

T. ROBERTS'

Madoc Boot & Shoe Store

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

RUSSEL PROPERTY,

MADOC.

Village Building Lots

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all necessary information as to prices, terms, &c.

Mr. R. D. Russel has no further connection with Mrs. Sarah Russel's affairs.

(Signed.)

H. & J. RUSSEL
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

I MUST go to BELLEVILLE for my

SHIRTS AND NECK WARE.

I ALWAYS BUY AT

S. C. RETALLACK'S
SHIRT FACTORY.

White, Oxford and Flannel Shirts made to order on short notice.

Agent for English, Canadian and American Bicycles and Tricycles. Bicycle hose, shirts, &c., in Stock. 360-6

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

—o—

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT

IN THE CLOTHING TRADE.

—o—

150 More Watches Now Given Away 150

to every buyer of a

Suit at $12.00, and upwards.

Every watch warranted to keep correct time.

SECURE ONE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

—o—

Men's Suits at $5.00.
Boys' Suits at $5.00.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

NEW GOODS

—x—

NEW GOODS, - NEW GOODS!

Constantly arriving at

John Robertson's,

Madoc, Ont.

GEORGE A. ROLLINS,

NUMBER 3, DURHAM STREET, MADOC, ONT.

—DEALER IN—

STOVE AND TINWARE.
HARDWARE AND WOODENWARE,
LAMPS AND LANTERNS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS & PUTTY,

COAL OIL.

Prices to Suit the Times. Please Give me a Call.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES
Manufactured by the

Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.
Also Agent for

Forsyth's Patent Cone Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,
MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

—o—

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which

I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

FURNITURE.

—:—

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

MAYBEE'S.

—o—

PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

—o—

UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

FOR THE FARMER

Gentleness will help to fill the milk pail.

Oil meal and carrots make sleek cattle.

There are said to be fifty-two kinds of sheep in the world.

The pig is no exception to the rule that all domestic animals require salt.

More butter is spoiled by being overworked than by not being worked enough.

A cream thermometer will save backache; sixty-four degrees is the correct thing.

Cows become very fond of beanstalks, after a little use of them, and prefer them to good hay.

When the cream gets too thick in the churn, add some warm water (not hot) to float the butter, and it will come sooner.

When corn stalks are fed, clover should be fed with them, or cottonseed meal. Timothy and clover mixed is better than clear clover.

Sheep should not be allowed to run in muddy yards or be driven through the mud to and from the field. Such treatment may engender foot-rot.

A writer asserts that after 35 years' experience in Iowa he has never known a mortgage foreclosed on a diary or stock farm.

The best butter ever produced from a churn would have been wretched stuff if the cream had been allowed to absorb odors from the cellar or kitchen.

A good dip for young lambs infested with ticks is made of a mixture of one gallon soft soap, six pounds grease, one pint crude carbolic acid, all boiled in ten gallons of water, with nine gallons of cold water added.

Horses that are troubled with worms may be safely and speedily relieved by giving them a small dose of turpentine two or three times in their feed. It nauseates the worms so that they lose their grip on the intestines and pass through the excretions of the stomach.

Breeds of cows strongly predisposed to milk production will sometimes give milk before the heifers have had their first calf. The tendency is increased where the young calves run together, in which case, unless precautions are taken, they are almost sure to learn to suck each other.

To fatten a horse, mix a bushel of flax seed, one of barley, one of oats, one of corn, and grind the mixture together. Feed two or three quarts of the mixture three times a day, mingled with a peck of cut hay and straw. If the horse eats readily, let the quantity be gradually increased until he will eat four or six quarts at every feeding three times a day.

A recipe for a small cream cheese is as follows: Take one pint thick cream, mix a little salt, according to taste; put it into a wet, scalded cheese cloth, tie it, and hang up for two or three days; then change again into another cloth for a day or two, and put a weight on it, by which time it will be ready for use.

If you do not get as good a price for your butter as some one else does you may count that there are nine chances out of ten that the fault lies with you and not with the purchaser, remarks an exchange. Really choice butter is not so plenty but that any one who makes a really first-class article can easily obtain the highest market price. It is very natural for all to think that their butter is just as good as their neighbor's, but if the neighbor's brings a higher price it will pay to try and improve the quality a little.

The farmer's cow, the one which supplies his family with the milk and butter he uses in his family, is seldom, if ever, a thoroughbred one; she has no registered pedigree; she is not pampered and pushed up to that extreme which is dangerous alike to health and profit, but she is usually a good sized and good natured animal, generally with a good share of Alderney, Jersey or Guernsey blood in her veins. She is a milker of more than average merit, while her milk is rich in butter. She drops fine calves every year with becoming regularity, and does not stay dry and unprofitable two or three months out of every twelve. She carries only a moderate amount of flesh, has a fairly large and not meaty udder, with clean and good sized teats. She has a bony and intelligent head, soft hair, fine skin, fair horns and a heavy and well developed rump. Her skin is soft and velvety and of that yellow tinge which denotes butter qualities. The inside of her ears, as well as the base of her horns and just back of the forelegs, on the body, are heavily tinged with yellow.

Ploughing in the Fall.

That depends upon circumstances; we believe in the idea of pulverizing the soil by all possible means, but if a field is so situated that accumulations of surface water are to flow over it and follow the course of the furrows, and in its passage carry with it large quantities of the finer portions of the soil to no one knows where, then we should say omit ploughing until spring; or again, if the soil is of that peculiar character that its surface, on becoming dry, is carried away by the winds of winter, as is frequently observed, then we should say again, omit fall ploughing. We like the idea expressed in an article we recently read upon the subject, which was, to plough in very narrow land so that between the dead furrows there is little more than an elevated ridge of earth, leaving the dead furrows to be carefully cleaned out with a shovel, the loose earth being thrown upon the ridges; in this way the dead furrows serve as drains for the free passage of the water in winter, and in the spring the soil can be worked almost as soon as the frost is out of the ground. This would be especially desirable when any particularly early crop is to be planted, and earliness is one of the important factors of success.

Oats and Peas.

Judging from the practice of many farmers, and, in fact, we might say of all within the circle of our observation, the real feeding value of the combination of oats and peas has been lost sight of. We remember distinctly in our younger days, how the farmers placed great reliance upon ground oats and peas as a fattening food for swine, and how essential it was believed to be to sow a patch to be used exclusively for feeding purposes. Regarding the proportion of each kind of seed employed, our memory fails us, but we call to mind how the oats would grow and afford the support for the pea vines, which were thus supported and kept off of the ground; and the oat and pea patch often contributed a fine mess of peas for the family dinner. When ripe they were cut with the scythes, handled carefully, and when thoroughly dried taken to the barn to be threshed, to be ground for early feed, which could be provided some time before corn would be sufficiently dried for grinding, and either swine fattened very rapidly under the oat and pea feed, or else our powers of comprehension are at fault. But in these times it is an exceedingly rare thing to see a field of oats and peas, or, in this section, to hear of peas being grown for feeding purposes. It is possible that some of the practices of the past might be pursued with benefit in these days of advancement.

Hunting the Porpoise.

The capture of a school of porpoises is exciting in the extreme, and involves enough apparent danger to set the blood in lively circulation. When the school is discovered the steamer puts off, paying out a large sieve, nearly a mile long and some twenty-four feet deep. With this the school is enclosed as far as possible, the net cutting them off from the open sea.

At the wings and bag of the sieve small surfboats are stationed, whose crews endeavor to frighten the porpoise out of their purpose when they attempt a combined charge upon the net. Such a charge is fatal to any net if persisted in, for the huge animal, weighing often a thousand pounds each can burst through anything in the shape of a net when once they give their minds to it, and the only safeguard is to distract them and divert their attention. In so large an enclosure they have, of course, a wide semi-circular space, in which they can swim about freely, and a general panic can usually be avoided.

Slowly and steadily the great sieve is drawn in toward the beach, and when near enough a second smaller sieve, made of quarter-inch line, is brought into play inside the larger one. With this a few porpoises at a time are cut off from the main school and hauled by main force to the beach, where they are despatched with lances and knives. It is no boy's play hauling this small sieve ashore through the surf.

No part of the animal goes to waste. His hide, when properly tanned—and the process is a long one—makes excellent and costly leather; the oil which is tried out from his fat is the best known to commerce for lubricating purposes; his flesh, fresh cooked, is well esteemed by those who like it, and when smoked, like beef, is a delicacy. The rest of him is, by a simpler process, converted into a fertiliser. Upon the whole, the porpoise seems to have a future of usefulness before him.

Fatal Quarrel Over a Cow.

On Thursday in Newark, Wirt county, W. Va., a cow belonging to James P. Buffington, a farmer, broke down a panel of fence surrounding the garden of August Kilteau, and entering the garden, destroyed the growing vegetables. Kilteau drove the cow out with a club just as the owner was passing. The two men, after bandying epithets for a few moments, engaged in a rough and tumble fight in the course of which Buffington was repeatedly struck with the club in the hands of Kilteau. Several men, including a Justice of the Peace, interferred and separated the men, but Buffington drew a dirk knife and rushed at his antagonist. Kilteau struck him on the head with his club, knocking him down. Buffington sprang to his feet again, and stabbed Kilteau seven times in various parts of the body, leaving him in a dying condition, but not before he had again clubbed Buffington, breaking four of his ribs, and fracturing his skull.

All this time the spectators were endeavoring to stop the fight, but their efforts were unsuccessful until the two men sank to the ground exhausted and covered with blood from head to feet. They were taken to their homes, where both are reported to have died.

A Relic of a Lost Steamer.

Eighteen months ago the steamer Manistee went down in a gale on Lake Superior and all on board perished. On a recent Sunday afternoon a party of trout fishers, while angling up Fish Creek, which runs into the lake at Ashland, Wis., some distance from its mouth, found a sealed bottle containing a piece of paper on which was written:

"On board Manistee. Terrible storm to-night. May not live to see morning. Yours to the world.

JOHN McKAY."

McKay was Captain of the Manistee. The people of Ashland pronounce the handwriting on the slip to be his without doubt. None of the bodies of those on board were ever recovered, but stray pieces of the vessel were found soon after the disaster.

There is a youth up-town who is so lazy that the only work he does is when laboring under a mistake.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Vast Preparations and Little Work.

The Panama Canal is in such a state that its ultimate completion is beyond question. But it appears equally certain that the present company never can complete it. Three-fourths of the estimated cost of the canal has already been spent, and the result is a mere scratch across the Isthmus. But the preparation for the actual work of digging the canal, the clearings, borings, soundings, surveys-houses, barracks, hospitals, dredges, excavators, etc., are complete. The building of the Suez Canal was child's play compared to the building of this one. There nature seemed to have intended that the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea should mingle. Here she has opposed every possible obstacle to the marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific. The configuration and geological structure of the country, the deadly climate, the intense heat, the difference in tides, the Chagres, alternately a brook and a devastating torrent, the thickly matted jungle, all conspire to render the digging of a canal across this isthumus one of the most difficult pieces of engineering work ever attempted by man, if not absolutely the most difficult. It is a common saying that every tie of the Panama Railroad represented a human life. Every foot of the Panama Canal will represent not only a life, but a fortune as well. The work of preparation for the actual digging of the canal has met with great obstacles. The soundings in the section between Pedro McGill and Gorgona I believe never would have been made but for the indomitable energy of Mr Burt, now general superintendent of the Panama Railroad, who transported on men's backs, through a before impassible jungle, the machinery necessary for the work. In going along the line of the canal one sees to-day the perfect state of preparation and the utter absence of anything like a canal at a glance. In those pretty villas on the hillsides live the chiefs of sections. Leaning on their spades or loitering beside the huge excavators are a few scattered men. Everywhere are idle excavators or empty cars bearing evidences of long disuse. The songless birds drowse in the shadow of the drowsy palms. The handful of sleepy laborers doze in the shade or throw a few shovelfulls of earth to one side with a weary motion. In short, in going over the canal route one gets the impression that work is practically stopped; and from the best information to be got at here I believe such to be the case. The last revolution here, of course, has had something to do with this state of affairs, for when bullets fly, spades drop. But revolutions have their benefits, too, for they afford the canal company a reasonable excuse for giving up the work; and give it up they must before long or get a large amount of new capital.

The greatest difficulties of construction have not as yet been grappled with at all. At Culebra the summit, where a cut 260 feet deep will be made to tide-water level, only about fifteen feet have been excavated. The great dam which it is proposed to build between the hills of Obispo and Santa Cruz to control the waters of the Chagres has not been begun, nor has spade been put to all those sluices and channels which are to be built to carry off the waters of the turbulent river in the rainy season.

An Indian Dude.

The Calgary Herald says: Give Bull's Head, chief of all the Sarcees—a tribe numbering ten men, 57 women and several children—a cigar, put him on the platform of I. G. Baker's store and he's there every time. With his left hand resting on his left hip, his body curved back like a Grecian bow on the wrong side, and his right hand daintily toying with his Havana, he is an Indian exquisite—a dude of the first water. This was apparent on Tuesday last, when he brought in his tribe to have a grub dance for the benefit of the pale warriors. Bull's Head was in a state of glory, which has not visited him since Inspector McIlree took him by the necktie and snatched him off to the guard-house. His men squatted round in a circle, the tom-tom in the midst and the fun commenced, while the 9th Battalion and the men of the 92nd, who were yet in town, gathered near and looked in wonder at the heathen fight. There were several ladies there also, and no doubt the redskins reminded themselves ally that since Poundmaker had won a white wife, their turn might come. After the grub dance was over, Col. Amyot put the 9th Battalion through the bayonet exercise for the benefit of the dusky visitors. The Sarcees had never seen a bayonet exercise before and their eyes protruded at the sight to such an extent that they would have served readily as hat-pegs. Mr. Begg laughed heartily. After the dance at the fort, the braves proceeded to the corner of I. G. Baker's and went through a very similar performance. W. Bowen brought out some tea, tobacco and biscuits to them, and the poor creatures lost all their Indian decorum in their delight at the welcome presents.

A Lion's Suicide.

The only recorded attempt of a lioness to devour herself is reported from Dublin. The lioness was in captivity, and constituted part of the show in a zoological garden. One morning it was discovered that six inches of her tail had been gnawed off. She was watched, and was seen in the course of the day to gnaw off as much more of her tail as she could get at, whereafter she began to eat her fore-paws. She was shot. One explanation offered of the singular conduct of the animal is that she pined in captivity, and deliberately set about to destroy herself. Another is that she was afflicted with hysteria, and was not responsible for what she did. It being a first case, it is hardly reasonable to demand a positive statement of the cause. More may be learned when another lioness makes a similar attempt.

France and China.

The treaty of peace which is said to have been concluded between France and China brings to an end a war which has lasted about three years. The conflict has been one of conquest on the part of France, and one of resistance to French encroachment on the part of China.

On the eastern side of the peninsula of Siam is the long and narrow strip of territory which is called Cochin China. The upper part of this strip comprises a kingdom called Annam. It is this region which France has occupied, and which has been the seat of the war, which, it is to be hoped, has now ceased.

The war was the result of a long series of events. As long as two hundred years the French had a project of establishing colonies and settlements on the coast of Cochin China, as they had already done on that of Hindoostan.

A century later—just about a hundred years ago—the French King made a treaty with a king of Annam who had been driven from his throne, whereby the King was restored, and certain places on the coast were ceded to France. But the French waited seventy years before availing themselves of the privilege thus granted to them.

In 1858 they made their claim to the territory ceded, but were resisted by the ruler of Annam. They sent a naval expedition thither, and bombarded some places on the coast, but did not long remain. Three years later, however, the French troops who were returning from the Chinese war took possession of a part of the peninsula.

This conquest was gradually added to as years went on. A French protectorate was established in Cambodia, and later the French arms were carried as far as Hanoi, the principal stronghold on the Red River, which flows through Annam.

About ten years ago the French made a treaty with Annam, by which certain commercial rights were conceded to them, and by which they were permitted to establish garrisons and trading-posts at various points.

This treaty lasted for eight years. But in 1882 the French entered upon vigorous operations, with a view to extending their Annamese possessions. A force of five hundred men advanced upon the Red River, and seized Hanoi. The country was at this time overrun by marauding bands called "Black flags" who were called on by the Annam chief to aid in resisting the French.

But in spite of the Black Flags, the French retained their hold on Hanoi. The Annamese were now aroused to desperate defence. They refused to allow French troops to land on their coast, and proceeded to the aid of their comrades at Hanoi, whereupon France began war on a larger scale.

Troops and war vessels were sent out, and Admiral Courbet captured Hue, the capital and chief port of Annam, in the summer of 1883. Victory after victory attended the French advance. The two strongholds of Sontag and Bac Ninh, in the delta of the Red River, were captured, and the French had now approached the frontier which divides China proper from Annam.

The Chinese Empire has always claimed to be the feudal superior of Annam, and looked with jealousy upon the French occupation of that country. But the Chinese did not interfere in the struggle until the French attacked Bac Ninh. There, a Chinese force joined the Black Flags in defence of the place; and so an informal war came about between France and China.

The French followed the Chinese troops as they retreated to Lang Son, which is a hundred miles north-east of Bac Ninh, and nearer the Chinese frontier.

But now a treaty of peace, which was soon to come to naught, was concluded between France and China. Scarcely had it been ratified, when a misunderstanding as to its terms arose. A French force advanced to take possession of a fort which China had not agreed to cede. The French, being repulsed, demanded a heavy indemnity, which China refused to pay, and thereupon the French seized several points on the Island of Formosa, which lies off the Chinese coast.

Later, they succeeded in taking Lang Son; but were again driven out of it by a superior Chinese force. Here the military operations came to an end. The general result of the war has been to add the extent of the French possessions on the peninsula. They have annexed Cambodia, obtained control of a large part of the Red River Valley, and secured a portion of Burmese Siam.

It can scarcely be doubted that sooner or later French ambition will seek further conquests on the Siamese peninsula. The sequel of the lodgment of France there may, perhaps, be the acquisition of Siam itself.

A Narrow Escape

A nurse in Munich, according to a story which comes from their, set her little charge on the grass, in order that it might amuse itself by rolling about and getting green stains on its frock. Suddenly a large eagle swooped by the face of the policeman who was talking to the nurse, and attacted the baby. Quick as a flash the nurse threw her shawl at the eagle. The shawl settled over the noble but unscrupulous bird in such a way that it not only blinded him, but prevented him from using his wings, and the policeman was enabled easily to take him in. When the King of Bavaria heard the story he sent a handsome present to the nurse, and ordered the eagle to sent to the menagerie. No distinction was conferred upon the policeman, although the misdemeanor of his talking to the nurse was overlooked, nor upon the baby, whose luck in escaping from the eagle was considered sufficient.

We want to ask one question: "Can a person go around a square?"

A BATTLE WITH SNAKES.

Perilous Adventures of a Party of Young Men.

Last Sunday morning a party of three young men, W. P. Hall and two brothers named Westfall, had an encounter with a lot of rattlesnakes and blacksnakes at Rose's Switch. The locality is wild and romantic. It is in the centre of a bluestone country, and every spring the quarrymen in blasting the rock come across large quantities of snakes which have ensconced themselves in the bluestone ledges to escape the rigors of the long winter months. They emerge in the spring, and after basking in the hot sun for a few days they leave the spot for food and water. Just above Rose's Switch is a thick ledge or succession of rock known to almost every quarryman as the snake den. The young men had this place in view when they started out. Providing themselves with stout green clubs they advanced cautiously upon several large rattlers found sunning themselves, and quickly dispatched them, not, however, before they had given the peculiar rattling noise for which they are so well known. This and the effect of bringing out countless numbers of reptiles, and before the young men were aware of it they were surrounded on all sides by a hissing rattling lot of snakes that made them shudder with fear. Fortunately they had on stout boots, and the snakes were not in as good condition to bite and do harm as they would be later in the season. The number of snakes kept increasing to such an extent that the young men in their terror maintain that they must have encountered 150 or 200 snakes of the rattlesnake and blacksnake varieties. Finally it was noticed that the snakes were fighting among themselves, on inspection it was seen that the black snakes were attacking the rattlers, and vice versa, both being warmed up to their work by the beating they had received from the young men. Although blacksnakes and rattlers mingle with each other during the long, cold winter months, yet on the approach of spring they separate after a deadly combat, wherein the blacksnakes are sometime victorious and the rattlers on other occasions. A spitz dog which followed the young men was an object of especial hatred, and was soon covered by the reptiles, which wound themselves about his body and bit him to such an extent that he swelled to twice his natural size. After a fight of about fifteen minutes the men had everything their own way, and over fifty were gathered up and carried away as trophies of the affray. They were sold to an old medicine-man, who extracts the oil from the fat to sell to persons afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sprain, and other ailment. As high as $5 per ounce is paid by those who believe in the wonderful curative qualities of the snake oil. The young men cut off the rattles of many of the snakes, some having as high as fifteen or twenty, and the snakes ranged in size from sixteen inches to six feet, one large blacksnake, a perfect specimen, measuring a trifle over six feet. Had it not been for the fight between the rival snakes the young men might have been dangerously bitten.

The Money of Tonquin.

The currency of the country is the best indication of the poverty of its people. The only money of Tonquin is the sapek, a small coin of base metal resembling the Chinese cash but only one-fourth as valuable. Forty-three of them are worth one cent. There are therefore 4,300 in a dollar, which weighs over 20 pounds. Ten dollars make a heavy load for the strut wheelbarrows which fill the place of drays in America in doing the heavy city transportation, and the pay of a regiment in the old days of Tong-duc rule sufficed to load a good-sized junk. The population of the cities is somewhat habituated to the Mexican dollar and the silver and copper coins of Hong Kong, the straits settlements and Cochin China, but in the country nothing but the sapek is current. The rustics know no other coin. Wages are necessarily low with such a standard. In Hong Kong coolies on the public works are paid 20 cents per day. In Hanoi, for more arduous labour in constructing streets, quays, wharves, canals and bridges, where they have to remain all day in mud and water, from 5 cents to 10 cents, which, as they would scarcely earn in the fields more than that in a week or a month, does not seem an inadequate recompense. Boys or men employed as cooks or body servants are paid from $1 to $5 a month, the last amount only for the best skilled labour, and it is considered princely. The advent of the French is furnishing an extraordinary market for certain kinds of manufactured goods, for curios and for farm produce, which is in great demand with the officers and soldiers. Still prices rule extraordinary low when compared with any European standard. The money gained in trade or earned in labor is squandered at once by this most improvident people in the world. It is often only by paying small wages and avoiding gifts that a person can secure the desired service. If the stipend is thoughtlessly raised or a "cumshaw" is given for duty unusally well performed, the recipient is too apt to disappear, not to appear again till the money has been uselessly spent and he has been driven to hopeless beggary.

An Artesian Well.

Charleston, South Carolina, hopes to have by August next the deepest Artesian well in the world. If it fulfills expectations it will be two thousand feet deep, will have a diameter of at least six inches at the bottom, and will yield forty million gallons of water a day—enough for the ample supply of the whole city. Work upon it is just about beginning. There are manufacturers in rocky New England who would bless their stars to be able to sink such a well in so short a time.

Cold feet—Two feet of snow.

DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Hotel Street, Belleville. Consulting hours 9 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 6 p. m., daily.

House to Let.

ON St. Lawrence Street, west, a large, new brick building, lately occupied by M. McLean. Possession on May 1st. Apply to JOHN CASKEY.

Madoc, April 22, '85. 416

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $40,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased as a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

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DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE

Office next door to the Bank of Commerce, opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

Mr. Walker's visits

Madoc the 3 first d'ys of every month

Rooms in the Madoc House.

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the LATEST and BEST agent for extracting teeth without pain, only administered in the Office in Belleville.

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DON'T BUY YOUR

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before you have looked through my stock. I can sell you better and cheaper BOOTS than any firm in the County.

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T. ROBERTS,
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Pure Wines and Liquors,

QUALITY GUARANTEED, AT

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SOMETHING NEW for MADOC

TROY

Steam Laundry,

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A. E. FISH & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

Leave your parcels at M. W. Sine's office on Mondays, and you can get them again on Fridays.

Work done equal to New.

Ask for price lists.

RUSSEL PROPERTY.

MADOC.

Village Building Lots.

FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all the necessary information as to prices, terms, etc.,

(Signed),

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361

TO LET.

The dwelling lately occupied by Mrs. Campbell for sale or to let.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

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REYNOLD'S
BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY.

Fruit and Fresh Oysters every day.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

Give me a call.

T. REYNOLDS.

G. A. Rollins,

DALE'S BLOCK,

MADOC, - ONT.

Stoves and Tinware,
Hardware,
Lamps and Lanterns,
Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

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NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS,
NEW SPRING MUSLINS,
NEW SPRING PRINTS,
NEW SPRING LACES,
NEW SPRING TWEEDS,
NEW SPRING HATS,

at very low prices—from 10 to 20 per cent. cheaper than last year, at

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THE "RIGHT HOUSE" AGAIN!

GENUINE CLEARING SALE!

Owing to the depression in trade I am now offering a large portion of my stock at cost price **FOR CASH,** rather than hold them over for another season. A large stock of

TWEED AND BEAVER OVERCOATS,
WHITE AND GREY WOOL BLANKETS,
SCARLET AND FANCY FLANNELS,
LADIES' MANTLES,
BLACK AND COLORED VELVET,
MEN'S WOMEN'S & CHILDRENS' FUR CAPS,
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A great variety of Langtry Cord Dress Goods, Gents underclothing, Gents Hats, Ladies' Shawls, Clouds and Mufflers, all of which will be sold below cost.

We guaramtee to do just what we advertise. Give us a call and save money.

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S. C. RETALLACK,

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All Styles of Shirts Made to Order on Shortest Notice.

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HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTE, BLANKETS,
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which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

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DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, MUSLINS,
STEAM LOOMS, COTTONS, SHIRTING,
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READY-MADE CLOTHING at very low Prices,
HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,
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3,000—ROLLS WALL PAPER,—3,000

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